

Australian

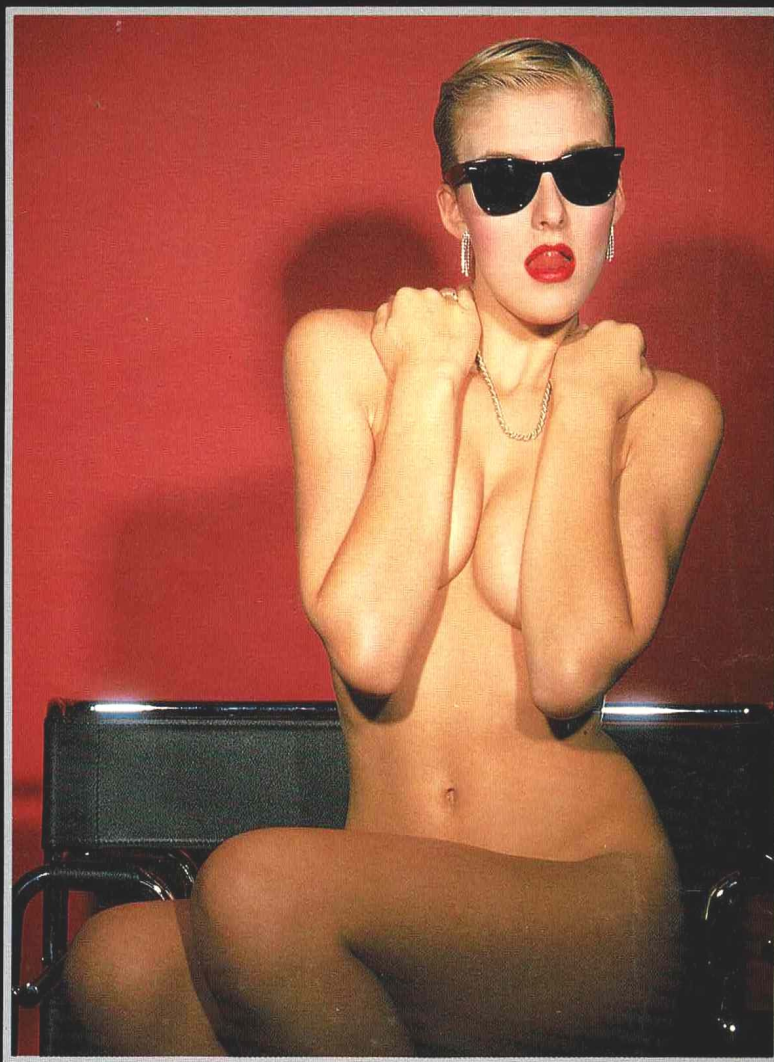
# PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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## SPECIAL PET OF THE YEAR ISSUE



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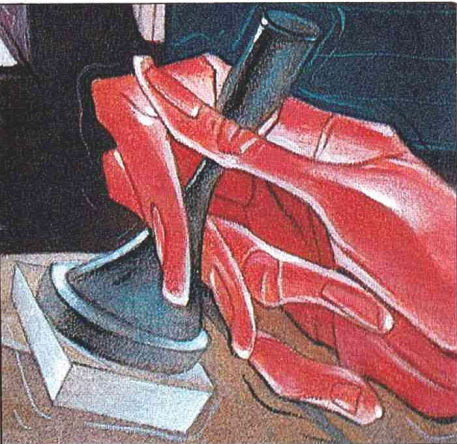


Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 5/May 1986



Rambo Of The Rinse Set



Great Compo Con



Pet Of The Month



How Do Ya Feel?

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# Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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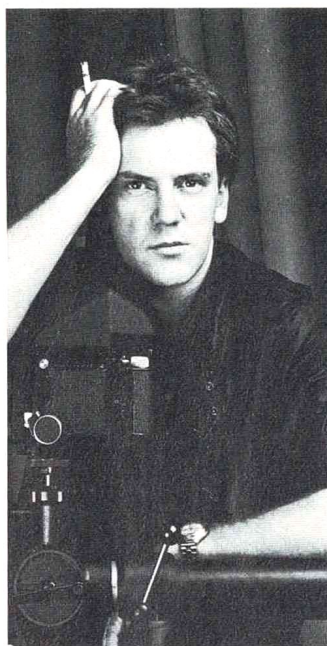
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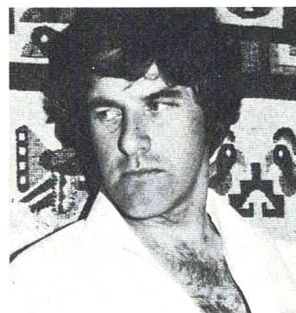
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MAY



NICK GLEITZMAN



GRAEME ORR



FRANTS KANTOR



MUNGO MACCALLUM



CHRIS PAYNE

## HOUSECALL

### PET OF THE YEAR

It's our pleasure to present the 1986 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year award to Miss Julie Mulherin. This stunning Sydneysider, originally photographed on Hamilton Island by American photographer Stephen Hicks for our September '85 issue, made the vote count a mere formality. Julie's sultry good looks gave her a runaway lead in this year's contest and she walks away with a queen's ransom of glittering prizes. Turn to page 43 and you'll agree that Julie is looking like a winner.

### SEXIEST WOMAN POLL

A storm of controversy arose with the announcement of the "Australia's Sexiest Woman Poll" a couple of month's ago. *Penthouse* sent a list of 40 well-known Australian girls to 100 prominent Australians and asked them to list the ladies they thought had the most sex appeal. Plenty of people have been awaiting the results of our poll, which are sure to create another wave of comment. See if you agree with our respondents' conclusions on page 53.

### VIETNAM REVISITED

Our memories of the Vietnam War are predominantly visual, so it's appropriate that Christopher Pillitz has sought to capture the new spirit of Vietnam a decade after the horror with a fascinating photo essay starting on page 80. Claudia Valentino contributed the insightful commentary.

### THE GREAT COMPO CON

Some doctors have had enough of malingerers who shuffle through their surgeries to get a rubber stamp for fraudulent Workers' Compensation claims. They opened

their confidential files to *Penthouse* writer Graeme Orr, who culled some of the more outlandish rip-off cases to support his argument that if "compo" fraud is some kind of joke, it's a damned expensive one for honest taxpayers. Frants Kantor created the illustration on page 34.

### HOW DO YA FEEL?

When Peter McDonald asked a selection of Australia's finest sportsmen to recall their worst moments on the field, he recorded a litany of true confessions ranging from the hilarious to the horrible. The result is a real treat for hapless weekend sportsmen, starting on page 74 and with a superb illustration by Chris Payne.

### HIGH CAMPING

In the past, the idea of a "dirty weekend" camping out with a favorite lady has turned out to be just that. But no more, thanks to the development of dazzling innovative and sophisticated campers' requisites that can turn "roughing it" into sheer self-indulgence. Graeme Sims explains how to feather an outdoors love nest in style on page 120, with the help of photographer Nick Gleitzman.

### GARETH EVANS INTERVIEW

Gareth Evans, former Federal Attorney-General and now Minister for Resources and Energy, is no longer resorting to the "streaker's defence." The eager beaver reformist of the first Hawke Ministry has reached political maturity, as Mungo MacCallum discovered when he put the acid on Evans for the *Penthouse* interview, which starts on page 102 with a photo portrait by Heide Smith. 

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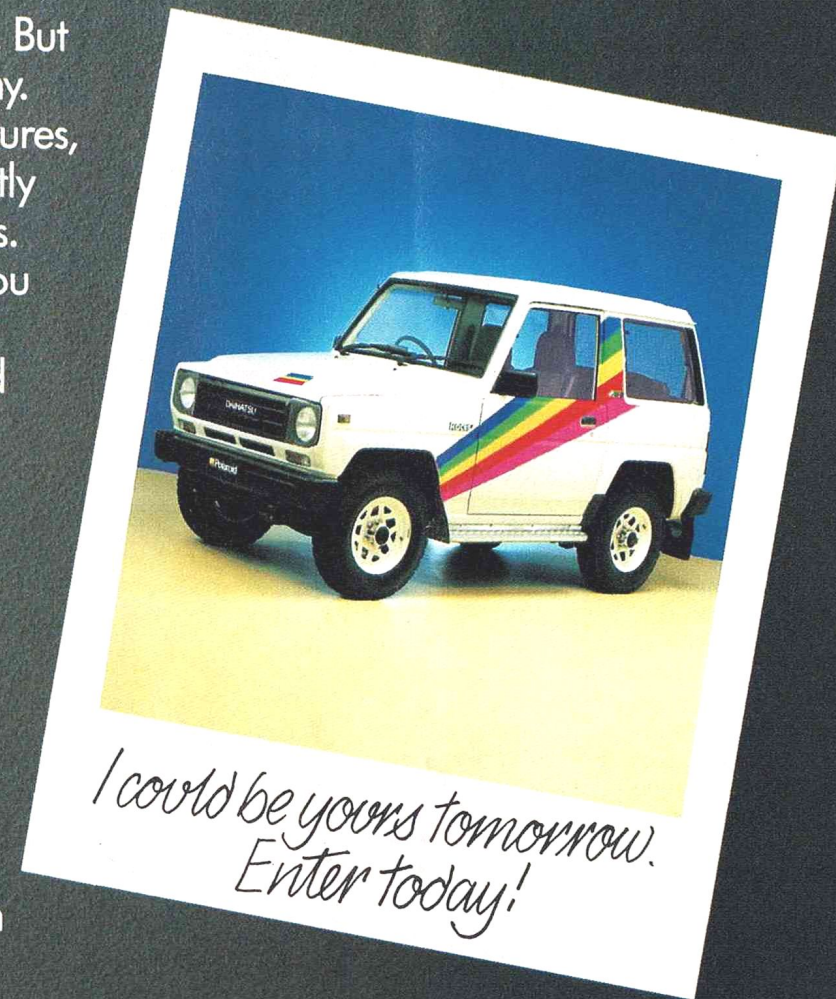
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# PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

## The damage done

It's about time somebody wrote *Under The Hammer* (February *Penthouse*). As a former heroin addict I've been shunted through the system and survived in spite of it; many of those who trod that path with me did not. They milked the rehab system for all it was worth and laughed at the "mass deception" of the public, who really do believe that part of their tax dollar goes to the rehabilitation of the victims of White Death.

It's taken someone with real guts, as well as understanding, to point out the truth of the matter, and I congratulate Gordon Gately for doing that and *Penthouse* for being the medium. I hope somebody in a position of power and influence reads that story and does something about it. — P.J.L., Newcastle, NSW

## Roasted toast

So when is your magazine going to publish an article celebrating the joys of being around heroin addicts? How about a snappy thousand words about the fun of chronic glue sniffing? And what about a nostalgia piece about dear old grandma's addiction to Bex? The appearance of any of the above in your pages wouldn't surprise me in the least, since I have just read *A Toast To Bad Drunks* by Paul Mann (February *Penthouse*).

Mr Mann's fascination with another man's alcoholism and his admission to missing "the real-life entertainment value of a man who was slowly but spectacularly killing himself in public" was the sickest thing I have ever read. It is about time society was taught to shake off this attitude that drunkenness is funny, or in the view of Mr Mann, morbidly fascinating. Alcoholism is a mammoth problem in Australian society, and instead of using your pages to educate readers you have chosen to print a story that all but glorifies this serious illness. — J. Shaw, Melbourne, Vic

## What a winner!

More! More! More! The girl is a winner! I refer to Miss Ebony Marshall, covergirl and centrefold of your February issue. Miss Marshall's cheeky expression drew me like a magnet to *Penthouse*.

The centre pictorial of Ebony was simply superb. And such a diverse selection of photographs — how many ended up on the cutting room floor? Photographers and editors, please note that in many of the



*Ebony Marshall . . . what a winner*

most enticing photos Miss Marshall wore clothing but hinted gloriously of the treasures to come. And she looked like she was enjoying herself! Encore! — B.Q., Brad-don, ACT

Your February centrefold Ebony Marshall is the girl of my dreams. I have a farm in outer Victoria where I run a lot of horses. To ride a horse with Ebony would be this man's wildest dream.

Blonde, beautiful, just 22 years old and she loves the feel of the wind in her face as she takes her horse through its paces — she is the farmer's ultimate fantasy girl. Give us outdoor lovers another look at Miss Marshall — she is wild. — Tom Buckles, Clayton, Vic

## Pulling for Australia

On behalf of the Queensland chapter of the Rod Wallopers Association, may I bestow honorary membership and the Order Of Onan (O.O.O.) upon the author of the story *Autosex*. Your writer provided an entertaining and educational story which made great strides in legitimising masturbation. He is welcome to speak at

any of our forthcoming meetings. For the record the association's motto is: "RWA. If you can beat it, join it." — Kirk Ross, O.O.O., Mermaid Beach, Qld

Congratulations to *Penthouse* writer Greg Hunter for his hilarious article *Auto-sex* (February issue). Hunter chose an interesting and humorous subject to spin one of the funniest yarns I've ever read. Keep it up (no pun intended). — David Steer, Killara, NSW

## Number one fan

I am a 21-year-old female who's happy to say that she feels *Penthouse* is the only magazine worth buying. Friends often raise an eyebrow when they see *Penthouse* on my coffee table, but I'm quick to tell them that I believe women's magazines are an insult to my intelligence.

That may sound funny coming from a girl who was weaned on *Dolly* magazines, but with maturity I have turned away from articles which encourage me to slavishly pursue fashion trends and quiz me as to whether I'll know Mr Right when he comes along. Other women's magazines seem to cater exclusively to bored and dormant minds, their pages so often filled with diets of the rich and famous or wardrobes of the rich and famous or drug and alcohol problems of same. I've given them up as a bad joke.

*Penthouse* publishes concise, hard-hitting articles alongside light, entertaining lifestyle pieces. I love the black and white — and as for the pink, well, I'm not ashamed of sex or the female body. On the contrary, I revel in it.

I thought you'd be interested to know that your number one fan is female. Please keep up the good work. — L. Sherrin, WA

## Blonde on blonde

After I saw your December '85 centrefold Ulrike I thought it was time to pack up and go home. I didn't think anyone could surpass this gorgeous blonde in the perfection stakes. But then I picked up a copy of your January issue and fell instantly in love with luscious Lisa Baumann, the exquisite blonde who's not backward in coming forward, according to the story published with her pictures. If anyone in future questions me as to why gentlemen prefer blondes, I shall refer them to Ms Lisa Baumann. — R.J. Wilson, Clarence Gardens. SA



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### Screw the universe

In my day I have heard outrageous tales of people who screw bananas, watermelons, bathtub taps, milk bottles and holes in trees. But none was good enough for me. Their adventures seem to me to be banal and gross.

I had to find, for myself, the ultimate orgasm that man has sought ever since woman came from rib, a quintessential and a completely glorious experience.

It took months before I conceived what had to be the super-screw of all times. Once I made up my mind, I had only to prepare myself for this ultimate sexual confrontation. For weeks I spent long hours in rigorous masturbation, teaching myself ever-increasing self-control and, most important, the ability to eject sperm great distances.

Once I could strike the ceiling from a position on the floor, I felt I was ready. Two days later, conditions were perfect. It was a wonderful night with brilliant clear skies and stars spread from horizon to horizon. I left my place and drove excitedly to a nearby park.

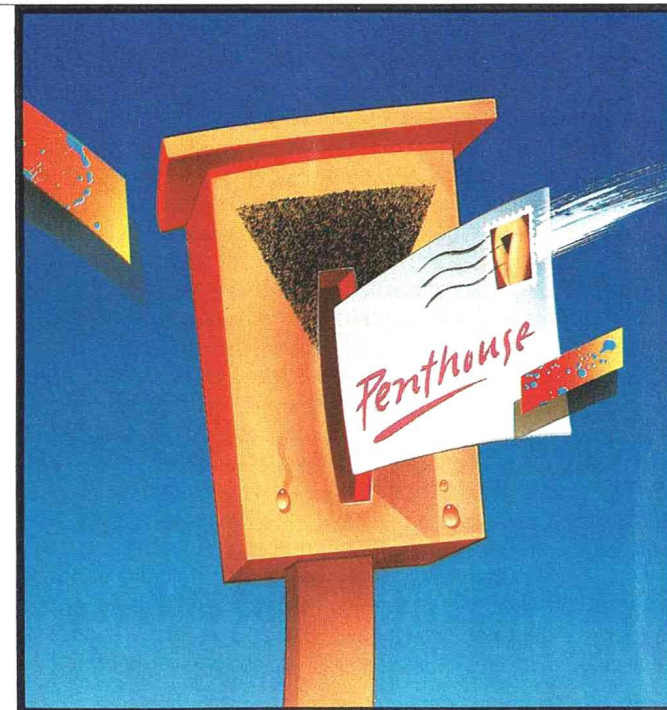
I was so thrilled and horny just from the contemplation of my plans, I could hardly control my old car. With my heart pounding, I strode across the lawns and bushy areas of the park until I located open ground which was treeless and totally deserted.

I undressed and lay on my back under the night sky. Gazing up, I looked at the object of my love and mad lust — the universe.

How my unsatiated desire to screw the whole universe gripped my body! Boiling with mad desire, I began to make long, slow, upward thrusts, as my erection built and built. Within five minutes I was nearly erect and before ten minutes had passed the overwhelming passion in my loins had made me completely hard.

I gazed fondly at what I had wrought, then turning my attentions to the sky, I began to make love in thrusts that made the very stars twinkle. In response the wind came up and gently stroked my organ with tender, reciprocal affection.

Let me say that considering the challenge



the legs of the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. At first I wanted to walk in and ask them to leave, but the look on her face made me wait. As I watched, my eight-inch cock throbbed till it almost tore open my pants. After about ten minutes I couldn't take it any longer. I took my chances and walked in.

At first the couple was surprised to see somebody, but after they saw the bulge in my pants they knew I had been watching. We exchanged names, and then Mindy asked me if I would like to finish the job that Neil had started. I told her for sure, and got on my knees. Mindy lifted her dress to expose a beautifully shaved snatch. I have never done anything with a woman who shaved herself, so I'm sure you can imagine

how excited I was. At first, all I could do was stare. I looked at every nook and cranny.

Then Mindy eased my head between her waiting thighs. I could taste her sweet honey immediately. I started out slow, teasing her pink button with the tip of my tongue. After a few minutes of this, Mindy started bucking like a horse. She exploded in orgasm and filled my mouth with the sweetest juices I had ever tasted. I got up off my knees when Mindy asked if there was anything she could do to repay the favor. Seeing that it was very late I suggested that we got to the pool and see what we could come up with.

I let Mindy and Neil into the pool area while I went to one of the bars to get a bottle of champagne. When I got back to the pool they were wrapped together like a vine on the massage table. Mindy asked if I had come up with any ideas yet. So I took my clothes off and walked toward her. She started by giving me a super handjob. When my cock reached its full eight inches, Mindy put it in her mouth. She teased me like I had teased her earlier, but when Neil started ramming his cock into her, Mindy took all of my manhood in her mouth. We all climaxed together, and Mindy didn't spill a drop of my come.

After we got untangled I opened the bottle of champagne and we drank the bottle while sitting in the pool. At about 5.30 am

of the task I had set for myself, I did my mighty best. When at last I was at the peak of passion, arms and legs spread wide, groin heaving in rhythmic convulsions to the sky, my sperm spurted wildly up, arcing in a fountain that disappeared into the darkness.

At that instant, I saw a wonderful thing. From the southern sky, a shooting star blazed across the firmament, waxing brighter and brighter, then fading and finally disappearing beyond my vision.

I lay there on the grass, spent, limp and exhausted. But, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had not only fucked the universe . . . but I had even made it come.

— Name and address withheld

### TV stars

I have been a reader of yours for about three years now. I'm not sure what's compelling me to write this letter, but the experience cannot be left untold.

I work third-shift security for a large hotel. One morning in the early hours, I received a call from my partner, who was watching our TV monitors. He told me to go to the sixth floor of our parking ramp. I asked him what the problem was. All he could say was: "You won't believe it till you see it."

Just to be safe, I walked down the parking ramp instead of taking the lift. When I got to the sixth level I looked into the bay only to find a guy with his head between



# FORUM

we got dressed. I thanked both of them for everything, and they thanked me. We left the pool area and I walked them to their car. I asked them if I would see them again. They told me probably not, but if they were ever in a parking lot again they definitely would be thinking of me.

On my way back to the office I was trying to think of what to tell my partner. When I arrived, I found the TV monitor set on the sixth level of the ramp and my partner in the back office with his pants down to his knees and a handful of jism. He gave our first TV appearance four stars. — *Name and address withheld*

## Birthday bonus

I'm about to share my wildest fantasy-come-true with you. I work at a college with a guy I will call Danny. Although we mainly share a fine working relationship and friendship, our animal instincts occasionally lead to bouts of what I call no-holds-barred sex. It has nothing to do with our respective mates. It's usually just a very satisfying, physically intense, highly erotic, kinky release, and once complete, it's over and all that remains is a warm memory.

Danny was out of the office for a week and was due to return on his birthday. Due to the fact that I was low on money, I decid-

ed to put on my creative-thinking cap and provide him with a present he would be sure to appreciate. The results went something like this...

After reviewing the week's activities with him, I presented him with an X-rated birthday card in which I had composed several naughty limericks, leaving no doubt as to my intentions. I also gave him the latest edition of your magazine and suggested he look through it. I hoped that by reading the Forum section it would arouse him and spark some desire to receive his present. I then announced that I had to go to the auditorium to check out a problem in the film room and asked him to join me in a few minutes.

I had dressed carefully for this day by wearing a loose-fitting dress without underwear. When Danny joined me several minutes later, I was already wet and dripping with anticipation. I had dimmed the lights and he had to call my name when he entered the room. I called back and, as the sound of his footsteps approached, my clit throbbed harder and harder. I motioned for him to join me on the carpeted floor. With a few hurried movements, I rapidly undid his zipper and pulled his pants down. I gave him a deep birthday kiss and tickled his throat with my tongue. I reminded him that although it was his birthday, it is better to give than to receive. As I hoped he could see my logic, I huskily informed him that I certainly wanted to receive ev-

ery last drop of love juice that could be drained from his now-erect cock.

I did feel that since it was his birthday, some birthday cake or goodies were in order. His pulsating cock was as firm and hot as any birthday candle, so I felt it appropriate to quickly decorate it with some whipped cream I had stashed earlier in the room. After covering it completely and singing a shortened chorus of "Happy Birthday", I told him I was going to blow out his cock candle and asked him to think of a wish I could help come true. As he closed his eyes and relaxed, I began to clean his magnificent nine-inch dick with quick, catlike licks. Moving my mouth slowly up and down, I began to ready my throat for the eagerly awaited final result. Slowly his hips began to match the movements of my head and mouth. Several small, quiet groans began to escape from the both of us, and time seemed to stand still as I felt his hot and sticky love juice pump into the back of my throat.

After a few moments of blissful recovery, I asked if I had made his birthday wish come true. His reply was that although I was close, he did have something else in mind. Imagine my moan of pleasure as he proceeded to liberally anoint my pink rosebud. I kiddingly chided him about his ability to perform again so soon, at his age, and he quickly informed me that although he was older, he was indeed getting better. He turned me over and, as I looked

over my shoulder, I shuddered and saw that once again his huge cock stood at proud attention. My imagination of the pleasure this throbbing organ would bring me was nothing compared to reality when Danny entered me from behind. We bucked and fucked like dogs in heat and, after what seemed like an eternity in heaven, I felt his cock once again pump oodles of come into me.

A few moments of relaxation enabled us to collect our wits and rearrange our clothing. We then proceeded back to work and our day-to-day routine.

I can't wait until my birthday comes. I'm sure Danny will think of something I'll like as much as he liked my birthday present to him. — *Name and address withheld*

## Computer programmers

I have been an avid reader of your Forum section for many years, and now I feel I should do more than just read what others have written. I am a 28-year-old male employed as a computer programmer. In my job I have to spend one day a month in the capital to interface with a group of programmers. These meetings only take a few hours in the morning, so the afternoon hours are free.

About three months ago a new programmer joined our group. Following the first group session Emily seemed amazed that we were done at 10.30 and I suggested that if she had nothing better to do, she and I could get a cup of coffee and go for a walk. Emily thought that was better than trying to work, so we grabbed a cup of coffee and headed for the main park. As we talked I learned that Emily was married and lived just outside of the city. I told her I too was married and lived in the same area. I also found that I was very attracted to her. The wind was blowing and every so often it would lift her skirt, exposing her long slender legs, and the chill in the air kept her nipples erect atop her large breasts. Emily said she was getting a little cold so I suggested we go shopping inside. She was not too keen on that idea so I said that we could get a motel room and go over the morning's session. She thought that was a great idea, so we headed to a nearby motel.

When we got to the room Emily excused herself to go to the bathroom. This was the first time I got a good look at her from behind, and boy, was this girl built! When she came back into the room, I asked her where she wanted to get started. She said, looking right between my legs, "Right there, if you don't mind." I must have turned 30 shades of red, but I managed to say that I didn't mind. Emily pulled off her sweater letting her bountiful tits fall free. Then she unzipped my pants and pulled out my eight-inch tool. This woman acted as if she had not had sex for years. She moaned as I played with her nipples, while she deep-throated me to an explosive orgasm.

Wanting to return the favors, we stripped off all our clothes and I dove into the wettest pussy I have ever licked. Emily rode my face like a wild woman, grinding her pussy all over my face. After about ten minutes of expert tonguing she exploded, shaking and bucking for about a minute. Not being one to pass up a hot twat, I quickly mounted my new love and we fucked to a jolting joint orgasm.

After recovering we dressed and made arrangements to meet after our next meeting for another session of afternoon delight. She said that she had never orgasmed with her husband. Too bad for him, but great for me. I intend to keep pleasing my afternoon lover as long as she wants me to. — *Name and address withheld*

## Break from routine

Over the past year, my husband and I have become quite good friends with a woman whom my husband, Jacob, works with and her husband. We have gotten to know them quite intimately, and have found them very open on sexual matters.

For the past year or so, even though Jacob and I have a healthy sex life, our love-play had become a bit on the routine side. We have often talked about dabbling in a little swinging but never had the opportunity — until one night at Penny and Jerry's place after dinner. We'd had a few drinks and were all feeling quite loose, so to speak, when we decided to play cards.

After a few rounds of gin, Penny suggested we play strip-poker. As soon as she said it, I felt my knees weaken and my stomach do a few flips at the prospect. Everyone was in agreement; Jerry was the first one to lose all his clothes.

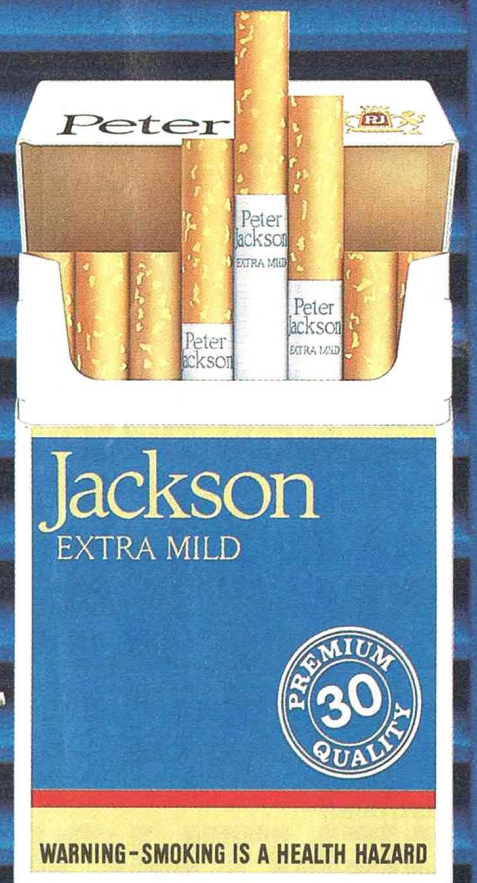
I had often wondered what his member looked like, and I was far from disappointed. God, I couldn't take my eyes off it; it was bigger than my husband's and wavered around of its own accord, reminding me of a water diviner — seeking out something moist. Well, by now my pussy was soaking my undies, and I found myself squirming in my seat and feeling a little flushed. I started cheating so that I'd lose my gear a little faster. I'm quite well built in the right areas and pleasing to the male eye. I hammed up my strip, between nervous giggles, but I knew I was doing something to Jerry. I could also see that Jacob was quite smitten by the sight of Penny.

With everyone naked, there was something of a nervous moment until Jerry suggested we all take a shower together. The reply was a chorus of "yes" as we stampeded naughtily into their ensuite bathroom and began soaping each other. I thought it would go no further than that, until I felt Jerry's hand reach around and start soaping my breasts and then my pussy. I turned around and we began to kiss, oblivious to the other two. I was ready to devour that man, so there was no hesitation when he motioned me to get out of





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## FORUM

the shower. I found myself lying on their huge bed. Jerry buried his face into my vulva and began stroking the fire of my passion with the long, slow strokes of his tongue. Jacob and Penny disappeared to another bedroom.

Jerry's tongue worked magic. I may have been a little rough on his hair as I urged him on, tugging and yanking when he'd brush my clit, but his response was equally as voracious. Just as I was on the brink of climaxing he shifted position, filled his palms with my breasts, and sank his heavenly shaft to the hilt into my pussy. I heard myself gasp at the ease with which he entered, and I clenched and gripped him. He began to fuck me with slow, deliberate, measured strokes. In no time, I was over the moon as the waves of my first orgasm blasted me off, but I continued to meet his thrusts and grind my clit against his pubic bone, even after I had felt him come.

We kissed again, and I flipped him over and straddled his face, hungry for more of his expert tongue work. With his mouth glued to my twat, I turned around into the 69 position and went to work on his member, which responded in no time. It was my turn now to drive him to the edge. I'd lean as far forward as possible, while maintaining contact with his face with my pussy and

flick my tongue like a viper across his buttocks. Then I'd slowly retreat, taking first one ball and then the other in my mouth and rolling it around my tongue. Once at the base of his cock, I'd purse my soaked lips and lash his tool like there was no tomorrow. Between his grunts and moans, he in turn lifted his game still further. As I approached another orgasm, I turned around again and impaled myself on his rod. This time it was me fucking him, and I think I surprised him with my strength as I urged him deeper, fucking him furiously until we were both locked in a simultaneous orgasm.

A little tired by this time, I lay on top of him, still gasping at the heat of our encounter and in awe of his still erect cock. We heard Penny and Jacob out in the kitchen making coffee, which brought us back to reality, and we joined them there.

When Jacob and I went to bed, we both found ourselves amazingly turned on by the new aromas on each other's bodies. We fucked each other with an intensity we both thought we had forgotten. Since then, our sex life has improved immensely, and we would like a repeat performance with Penny and Jerry. I think Jerry is still a little taken aback by the way I responded to him; he said he'd never known a woman to be so wild and out of control, and he may be a little reticent about another session. But I have plans for that cock of his. — *Name and address withheld*

### Share accommodation

Before I begin, let me tell you about myself. I am a student in a large university and it's not uncommon for me to get complimentary whistles as I walk down the street. I usually have no problem picking up men in the local bars. Not unlike other people, I never even thought that I would be writing to you — that is, at least, until a few months ago.

When I first came to college, I had two room-mates. Jenny, the older of the two, was tall with a great-looking body, and Robin was shorter but with the nicest tits I've ever seen. I really didn't mind having them as room-mates since they were both so attractive, but I thought that they would be pretty boring people with no sense of adventure. Boy, would I be proven wrong!

The first few weeks were pretty uneventful, but once we got into our daily routine, things started to pick up. One Saturday night, Jenny and Robin decided to stay home to do some homework, but that didn't stop me. It had been a while since I had a nice hard cock in me, so I wasn't going to try to convince them to shuffle down to the bars. I dressed in the tightest jeans I could find, with a nice T-shirt to show off my breasts. Out at the bars, I met lots of good-looking guys, but none of them really interested me. So I decided to just pick up a bottle of Southern Comfort and head back to the suite.

When I got to my room, it was pretty late

and Jenny and Robin's room was closed with the lights out, so I flipped on the tube and started enjoying my bottle. About five minutes later, I heard strange sounds coming from inside my room-mates' rooms. Thinking that something might be wrong, I slowly opened the door to their room and what I saw truly surprised me. Under the glow of a soft orange light, Jenny and Robin were locked in such an intense sixty-nine position that they didn't even notice me. I had had a few lesbian experiences before, but seeing this really amazed me. Watching these two women making love immediately started my juices flowing. I stood there in awe as they showed their sisterly love for each other. I quickly stripped out of my skin-tight jeans and T-shirt and proceeded to shove my fingers up my already soaking-wet pussy. The scene was so incredible that I quickly reached orgasm, crying out loudly.

It was then that I realised that Jenny and Robin had heard me. I tried to hide behind the door, but that was no use. They asked me how long I had been standing there, and when I told them, they told me that I would have to be punished. I was pretty worked up and high so I offered no resistance as they put me on my back on the bed. Jenny was first as Robin stood in the background. As she kissed my lips our mouths opened and she slid her wet tongue down my throat. I was totally stimulated as our tongues intertwined and explored each other's mouths. The feeling was enhanced as she slid down my body and found my excited, erect nipple. I looked down and watched as Robin found my other tit. It was great watching and feeling these two women satisfy my lesbian desires.

Jenny and Robin then told me that if I really wanted to make love to both of them, I would have to beg. I pleaded with them to let me suck their pussies. Finally Robin sat on the bed facing the headboard. While Jenny sucked on her nipples, Robin thrust her juicy pussy in my face. I had fantasised about having a chance like this and opportunity was knocking at my door. I lapped at her succulent lips until I was able to find her hard clit. She tasted delicious as she screamed out loudly when she climaxed. At this point I was so excited that I was hoping this moment would never end.

Jenny then moved down my hot body and buried her face in my love canal. I'd had guys eat me out before, but never like this. At first she teased me as her tongue circled my lips, expertly avoiding my womanhood. She finally attacked my area of personal interest. She knew exactly where and when to put her tongue. Her tongue felt like a miniature cock as it thrust in and out of me. She then found my erect clit and I came like I'd never come before. I begged Jenny and Robin to let me return the favor, and they let me up from the bed.

Robin and I then placed Jenny on the bed. As Robin sucked on her tits, I con-

centrated my attention on Jenny's delicious pussy. It was then that I discovered that Jenny was perfectly clean-shaven. I later learned that Robin had shaved her friend in preparation for this scene. They had been planning this ever since they had met me on that first day. I spread Jenny's moist lips and explored her box with my tongue as she thrust her hips in my face. I found her clit and sucked it passionately. I wanted to please her as she had pleased me. I was then surprised by Robin as she tongued my box from behind. Altogether, I must have climaxed five or six times.

Jenny and I then placed Robin on the bed. Robin had the most delicious set of tits I'd ever seen, so I decided to focus my attention on them. Her globes of flesh were so good that I licked and sucked for all I was worth. Jenny then went behind me and explored my pussy with her tongue as she worked on my clit with her fingers. It was pure ecstasy. I had never thought that anything like this could possibly feel good, but I wasn't one to doubt after this experience. After spending half the night together, we collapsed in each other's arms for the night.

We're lucky that holidays are here now. We've decided to continue our studies so we can be together. We're even trying to decide whether or not to find others to enter our little love group. Actually, I don't know how long I can continue with lectures now that these sessions take place almost ev-

ery night. — *Name and address withheld*

### Best leg-job in town

I am a 26-year-old, thoroughly liberated female — and happily married. Both my husband and I are regular readers of *Penthouse*, and he suggested that I write this letter because our sexual experiences and preferences seem to be somewhat unique and may be of interest to your readers.

My husband is an incurable leg fetishist, and although that is not the only reason I married him, it is marvellously convenient since I love a person who loves my legs! I am tall, very athletic, brunette and small-breasted, with just a slightly better than average face. The only remarkable physical trait I have is two strong, perfectly shaped legs, and I have learned how to use them to my advantage. I first began to realise that my legs were very appealing when I was about 18. I was in private school and was something of a tomboy. My calves, thighs and buttocks were already well proportioned and very solid. One day I twisted my ankle while playing hockey, and the school nurse kept me in bed for two days. She was about 30 and very pretty — a lot of the girls had a crush on her. The second night I was there, she came in to see how I was doing and, since I was really getting bored, I asked if I could watch TV. She agreed and helped me out of bed and on to the couch in the lounge. All I had on was a shortie nightgown and

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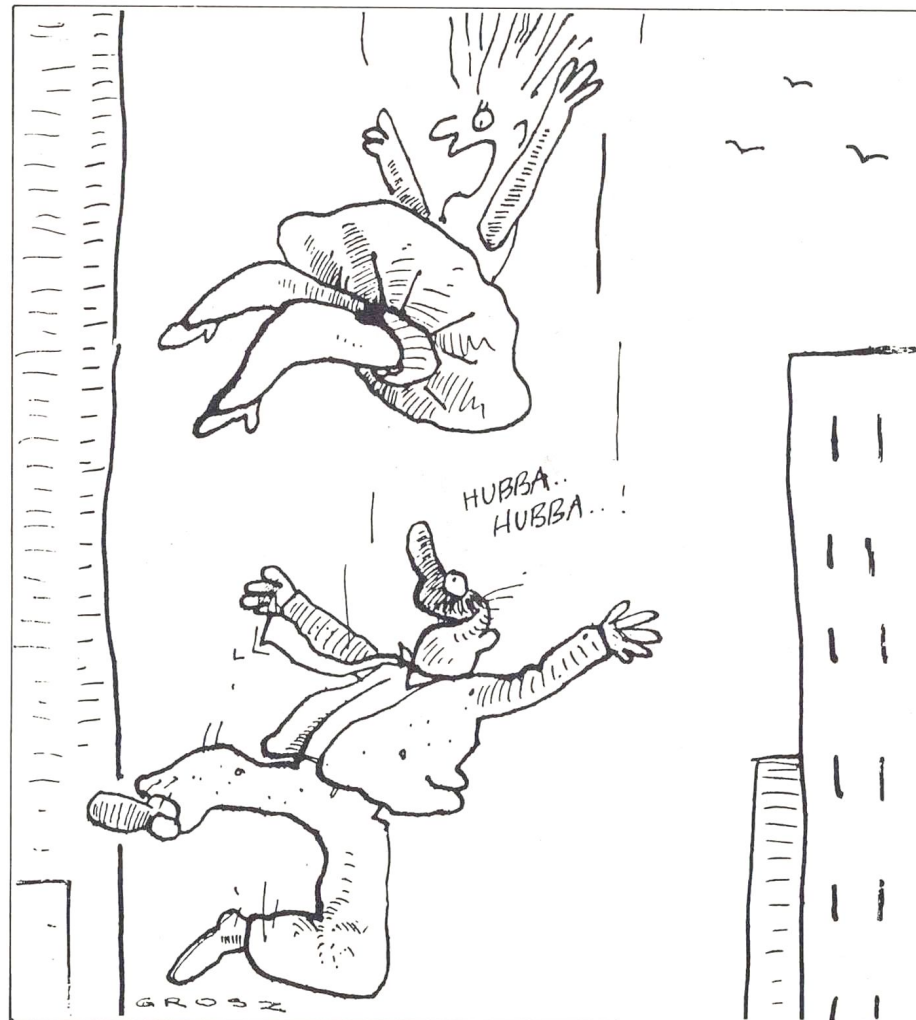
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## FORUM

a robe. Pretty soon she came back with two pillows. I put them under my head and turned on the tube. I thought she was going to leave, but instead she sat down with my legs across her lap. She looked at my sore ankle and gently began to massage it. Gradually the massage spread to my calf, my knee and then my thigh — first one leg, then the other. Firmly but gently. She worked the muscles, her warm, strong hands gliding up my calf, over my knee, over the long muscles of my thigh and then slowly down the inside again, in one continuous motion. Her hands felt absolutely delicious! I could hardly keep still — my thighs and calves flexed and stretched under her strong, demanding hands, and my hips involuntarily began to move. All the while she talked to me in a soft voice, telling me how pretty I was, how strong my legs were, and how lucky I was to have such a smooth complexion. I lay back in complete ecstasy, absorbed in all of this sweet attention, when suddenly she bent down and pressed her mouth to my thigh. It was as if an electric current had shot through me.

Startled, I sat up and looked at her. Her face and neck were very flushed, and I could see that she was excited. Abruptly she stood up, made some excuse about having to go to the bathroom and left me.

She was very cold and indifferent toward me for a considerable time after.

It wasn't long after that I realised I could turn people on with my legs. And I was fascinated by the idea. I began lifting weights, did special exercises and took modern dance courses, which gave my legs beautiful muscle tone and definition. I always got plenty of sun and I wore tight shorts and short skirts whenever possible. By the time I was 19 I was getting quite a lot of attention. Men would stare and I would get turned on just feeling their eyes on me.

I found out early that I could satisfy guys without having to lose my virginity. Whenever I would get in a hot petting session with some boy, I would simply take his cock out of his pants and clasp my thighs or calves around it and, by manipulating and flexing my muscles, I could make him come in no time at all. This is still my favorite technique: nothing turns me on more than to watch a huge prick spurting hot come all over my muscular legs.

My husband loves to be teased. I wear tight short shorts with the hems rolled up and heels (never stockings) around the house and occasionally I do leg exercises while he watches. Many times before we have sex I have him shave my legs, which he dearly loves. Then I put a light spray of perfume behind my knees. Normally I make him kneel on the floor, and he strokes and kisses my legs, knees and thighs while I'm standing. This is particularly pleasurable

for me, and by the time he reaches my clit I have a shuddering climax. Then I'll take his aching prick between my legs and make him come. Once I even made him lick my calves clean, which he did quite willingly, and it excited me so much I climaxed again. — *Name and address withheld*

### At the movies

I never thought that I would actually get up the nerve to write this letter, but thanks to some coaxing by my room-mate, I am. A couple of months ago, my friend Jane was in town. She had invited me over to this very expensive hotel for a business convention. I was to be her escort. When I arrived at the banquet hall, I felt out of place. Nonetheless, I soon found Jane and the dinner began. During the course of the evening I was introduced to many young, attractive women. But Vicki caught my eye. She was slim with an incredibly sexy body.

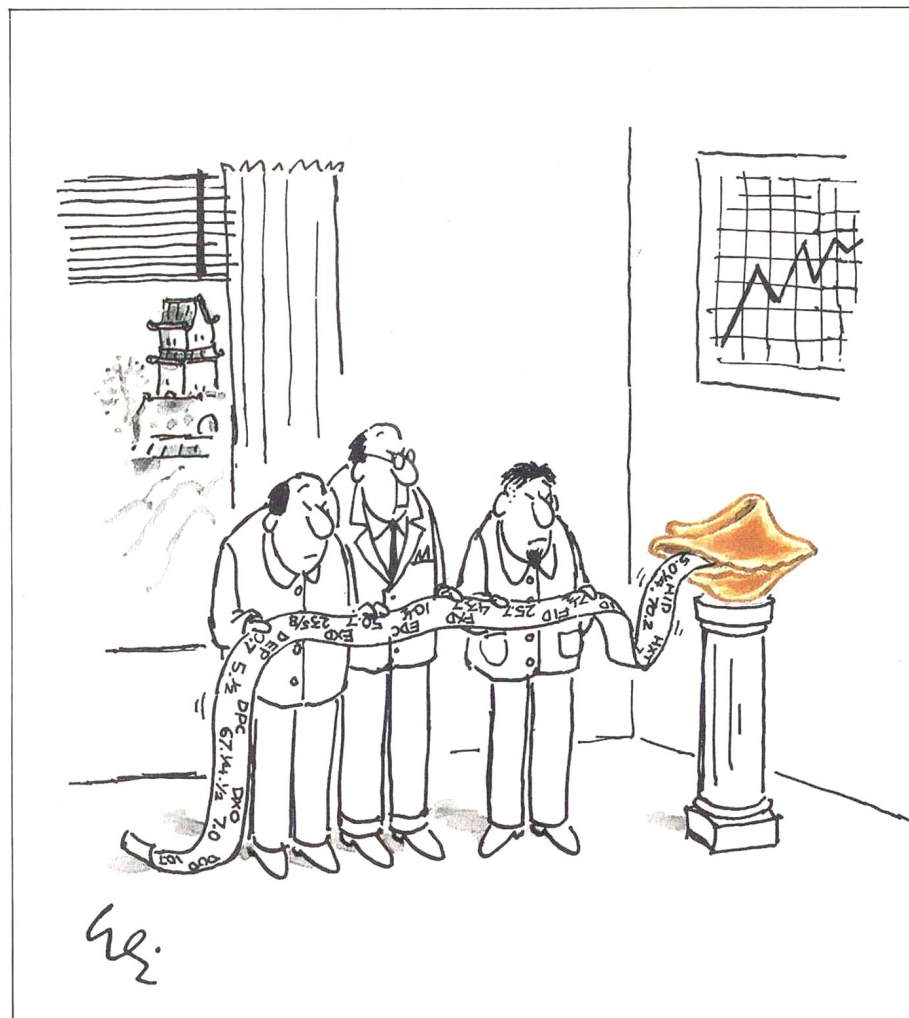
After the dinner, Jane, I, and this guy Marvin were supposed to go and visit my friend Phil at his unit. I protested that three guys and only one girl were just not good odds. By some lucky chance Vicki and three of her friends were walking by and I quickly asked, "Hey, would you like to go out and party with us?" Before I knew it, we were all at Phil's place drinking gin and tonics and dancing.

Somehow Vicki managed to seductively dance me into the walk-in closet where she landed the most sensuous kiss of my life upon my waiting lips; I knew that she wanted me badly. By this time someone had suggested that we all go and see a movie at the theatre down the street.

We arrived in the theatre and sat down just as the film began. We were sitting on the end of the row, against the wall, and before we were five minutes into the movie, Vicki was into my pants. Needless to say, I had a raging hard-on. Then she slowly leaned over and started licking the inside of my ears — one of my major weak spots! Becoming horny as hell, I decided to do a little work on her. I had been massaging her thighs, but she grabbed my hand and pushed it up to her crotch. I leaned over the seats and began massaging her firm breasts and opened up her pants. I slid my hand down until I felt her wetness on my fingertips.

I suddenly realised that anyone and everyone in the theatre could have and probably did see us. At this thought I started sliding off her and back into my seat. She looked deep into my eyes and whispered, "Please don't tease me. I need you inside of me." Upon hearing this I almost passed out, but that was the last thing I wanted to do. We got up and walked out of the theatre and into the lobby. We desperately searched for a place where we could fully release the sexual energy that had built up inside both of us.

It must have been fate, because we found a small office in the back that was





## FORUM

abandoned for the time being. We walked inside, quickly shut the door, and before I could say a word she had stripped us both.

She got down on her knees and started to lick the underside and tip of my penis. I was in complete ecstasy as she swallowed my full length. I then lifted her up and placed her on the desk so that her pussy was on the edge of the table. I lowered myself to her gorgeous, dripping snatch and began tonguing her clit and slit, driving Vicki to multiple orgasms. She wrapped her legs around my head and drove my face into her hot snatch. After about ten minutes more of this, she released her grip so I could enter her. She rolled me over on to my back and straddled my cock. As she lowered herself on to the full length of my manhood I thought I was going to explode with pleasure. Slowly and rhythmically, she gyrated her hips up and down until I orgasmed like never before. She came soon after with my member still inside her.

We got dressed and went back into the theatre just as the movie was ending. We were greeted with the knowing looks of all our friends. When we left the theatre, Vicki got into a taxi cab, and that was the last I ever saw of her. — *Name and address withheld*

### Casual stroll

I am a sailor and am writing to you about an experience that I have to share with you. Things like this don't usually happen to me, even though my sex life is not all that bad. But this experience is one that I must tell you about.

It started one day as I was walking down the street. It was a very hot day and on days like that I always wear shorts and no shirt. I'm rather shy and didn't even notice this gorgeous girl lying in the sun until she called out to me as I was passing by. She was lying on her stomach and had on only her bikini bottom.

She had blonde hair and the best body I had seen in quite a long time. She also had the nicest set of tits, which I was treated to viewing as she rolled over. She had beautiful blue eyes and I thought I was in heaven.

I finally pulled myself together enough to introduce myself, and she said her name was Patty. As we talked I fantasised about diving between her long slender legs and devouring her love juice. We were having a casual conversation and I think she could tell that I was uncomfortable. I couldn't stand still as my cock was getting harder by the minute.

I was trying to find a comfortable position, but couldn't. She seemed to realise what the problem was and invited me in for a drink. When she stood up I nearly blew my load. I don't know how many

times she called to me but I finally followed her into the house. I was not sure how old she was. I guessed 25 or 26, but then I saw a picture of her on graduation day and realised that she must have been in her late thirties. Well, this made me even hornier. All the while I was wondering what she had in store for me.

She offered me a beer, which I gratefully accepted. I still couldn't believe this was happening to me but was glad to be there. Her nipples were standing erect, just waiting to be sucked. We talked for a while and then she said she had to take a shower. But as she walked away she gave me a sly look and that was all the coaxing I needed. As soon as I heard the bathroom door close I ran over to it and the shower was already going. I was a little nervous, but feeling bold nonetheless.

I slowly turned the doorknob and stuck my head in, hoping she wouldn't hear me. All I could see was the outline of her body through the shower curtain. With that I said, "Fuck it," and pulled off my shorts as fast as I could. I stepped into the shower and to my surprise she had her fingers up her blonde snatch. That sight pushed me over the edge!

Our lips met in the most erotic French kiss I ever had, her tongue doing things inside my mouth I had never felt before. I slowly started to caress her soft body. I moved my hand over her luscious set of tits and then back down to her bush. She pushed me back against the wall, fell to her knees and started to suck my rock hard cock. She took all seven inches, right down to my balls. It was definitely the best head I'd ever gotten. I watched as she devoured my cock, and when I could hold back no longer, I shot the biggest load down this gorgeous woman's throat. She swallowed every drop of my come.

We got out of the shower and I picked her up and carried her into the bedroom. Well, she looked even better lying there with her legs spread and her body still wet from the shower. I wasted no time. I dived between that blonde snatch and began to eat her like a sex-starved animal. I nibbled on her very sensitive clit and buried two fingers in her dripping box. She was screaming, "Don't stop!" though she really had nothing to worry about. I couldn't get enough of her sweet, juicy love hole. She wrapped her legs around my head and started to fuck my face. After her grinding on top of me that way for about 20 minutes, my cock was hard again and I was ready to enter her sopping wet hole.

She begged for me to fuck her hard. I grabbed both her legs, put one over each of my shoulders, and slowly penetrated her eager pussy. She wrapped her legs around my neck, pulling me closer for deeper penetration. I started slowly at first, then gradually increased the tempo until my balls were banging against her sexy arse. I pulled out for a moment to tease her and plunged back in with all my might,

which caused her to let out an ear-shattering scream.

I turned her over and entered her from behind. Now she was going wild, screaming dirty words. I was banging her so hard, we rolled off the bed and on to the floor but never missed a stroke. Well, then she decided to take control and got me back on the bed. She jumped on my cock and fucked me like a wild woman. She pounded my cock like a well-lubricated piston. I couldn't hold back any longer and exploded deep within her.

I lay there exhausted, but she wasn't through with me yet. She brought my limp dick back to life with that incredible mouth of hers. We went at it again. This time, when I shot my load I passed out from sheer exhaustion. I woke up the next morning with her sucking on my tool. But that is another story.

I still visit her every time I walk down that street. And believe me, I make it a habit to walk that way as often as possible. — *Name and address withheld*

### Licking the blues

I'd like to pass on to your readers one of my greatest turn-ons. Several years ago I was employed on the staff of a large magazine. This meant I was faced with constant deadlines and much pressure. Soon after being hired, I became rather friendly with one of the secretaries, an extremely attractive blonde with long, beau-

tiful legs. Being a "leg-man", I would always enjoy her short skirts — she wore them on purpose, I figured — and lovely legs.

One day as I was toiling over an assignment with a really tight deadline, Pat came into my office. Her eyes almost rivetted on my bulging crotch, as my seven inch prick had become rock-hard just watching her come into the room. Without any preamble our eyes locked, and Pat said to me, "You look all tense; can I possibly help?" I smiled and looked at her legs, tits, then again into her eyes, and said, "Maybe." With that Pat got up, walked across the room, shut and locked my office door and came back to the chair.

She rubbed my cock and balls gently and then slowly eased my zipper down. Reaching inside my tight trousers, her soft, cool hand found my tool, and she gently eased it out to stand like a staff from my fly. With both hands she began jerking me off slowly until droplets oozed from the slick tip of my cock. Pat licked her lips again and then slid to her knees between my splayed legs. Her soft, wet tongue flicked out, catching the droplets. All this time not a word was exchanged between us. Moaning slightly, she swallowed and began to lick my staff from its swollen tip to its base. Her tongue was exquisite — she flicked, pressed and swirled it with obvious delight. I looked down at her, and her dress was pulled high to reveal her bush. She wore

no panties that day — and as I reached down to finger her delicious looking pussy, she paused and said, "No, today's your day."

Pat held my throbbing cock with both hands and poised her wet lips above its head. Looking up at me, she slid the tip into her mouth.

Lying back in my chair, I thrust my hips forward, making her mouth and my cock the focal point of our contact. She began sliding my long, thick prick into her mouth, working her lips and tongue as she did so. I felt her throat muscles contract and then relax, and soon felt her hot breath on the base of my cock. I looked down, and she had the entire shaft buried in her mouth. At this point my telephone rang. With as much composure as I could muster, I picked up the receiver — my cock then sliding in and out of Pat's talented mouth.

My boss wanted to know if I had my assignment ready yet and, speaking slowly as if distracted by my work, I told him it would soon be. We hung up, and I again let myself go as she rubbed her soft, silk blonde hair around my shiny prick as she sucked. Feeling me tense, Pat began deep-throating me, and as I came, she eagerly continued to work her tongue on the underside of my prick. Even after I came, she kept my cock resting in her delicious mouth until it shrank back to its normal size. Finally releasing it, Pat said, "Now you look more relaxed." 

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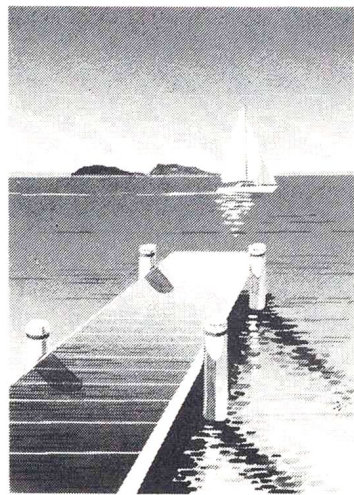
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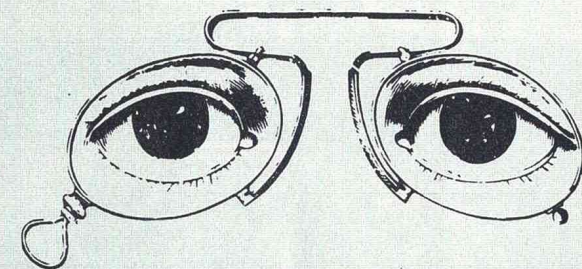




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## VIEW FROM THE TOP

### SAFE SEX

BY EMILY PRAGER

There's a new concept abroad in the land: Safe Sex. In the early Eighties the startling new concept was Limited Nuclear War. Odd, isn't it, how the two seem to have something in common?

In the Sixties, the startling concept of the day was Free Love, and what a furore it caused. Those of us now in our twenties can have little idea how unutterably shocking and terrifying that concept was to our collective consciousness. It forecast the disintegration of the family. It forecast the disintegration of our souls. It reverberated with the thundering crack of doom. Free Love.

Safe Sex. From Free Love to Safe Sex in 20 years. It's interesting how society evolves when you're having fun. AIDS has made the Western world get down and check its underwear. Fred Nile was right after all.

So what is Safe Sex? Well, that depends on who you listen to. But, come to think of it, it's only defined in terms of its clearly more intriguing opposite, High Risk Sex. Okay, so Safe Sex means not having *intimate contact* with AIDS victims. That's Number One — it's given that you don't do it. Or a member of a High Risk Group: gay men, haemophiliacs, intravenous drug users. They don't mention Haitians at all. Why not? But I wouldn't. I wouldn't have it off with them, either.

Or sometimes it means having *intimate contact* with High Risks but not *exchanging bodily fluids*, for Christ's sake. Closed-mouth kissing is okay, maybe, although not according to Hollywood's Screen Actors' Guild.

Anal intercourse is not recommended, they say, even between low-risk heterosexuals who were virgins when they met — just in case. *Mademoiselle* says to find out the sexual history of your partner right off the bat. Male models, I suppose, would be out, as would graduates of English public schools, airline stewards, interior designers, and descendants of the Hapsburg line.

For the men, female models (who are known to sleep with male models), former girlfriends of Sid Vicious, voodoo priestesses, and descendants of the Hapsburg line. The word on female prostitutes is still out, but with this caution: when in Central Africa — don't, ever.

So is everyone else safe? No, I don't think so. I don't get that impression. The doctors keep saying — they've said it a hundred times now — it's only a matter of time before the virus runs rampant in the heterosexual population. This is a quote from every TV station and newspaper: "It's only a matter of time."

So what is Safe Sex? I don't know. I'm having a hard time figuring it out. But it does seem that those of us who practised Free Love are clearly fucked. I mean, with a gestation period of God knows how long — estimates vary from 18 months back to September of 1966 — who of us could swear that he/she might not have had *intimate contact* with an ex-lover or one-night-stander or someone who once used the toothbrush of or licked away the tears of a member of a High Risk Group? Oh my God, we're all doomed. We were doomed when we started having Free Love and we're doubly doomed today. It looks like we've all

committed mass suicide by screwing each other. Well, too late for tears now. It was foretold and we just paid no attention.

The odd thing is, though, that the government assures us there is something called Safe Sex. They talk about it all the time. Sometimes they say it involves the use of condoms. Well, maybe that's it: they mean "safes", as in the American slang term for condoms. Maybe they mean as long as the boys roll on their safes and the girls make sure they do, we won't all die in the next 20 years. But I don't think so. I've heard the boffins say many times that condoms are not enough. What about spermicidal gels? Will a little dab do me?

Safe Sex. I'd dearly love to practise it. I don't want to die. But I just can't figure out what it is.

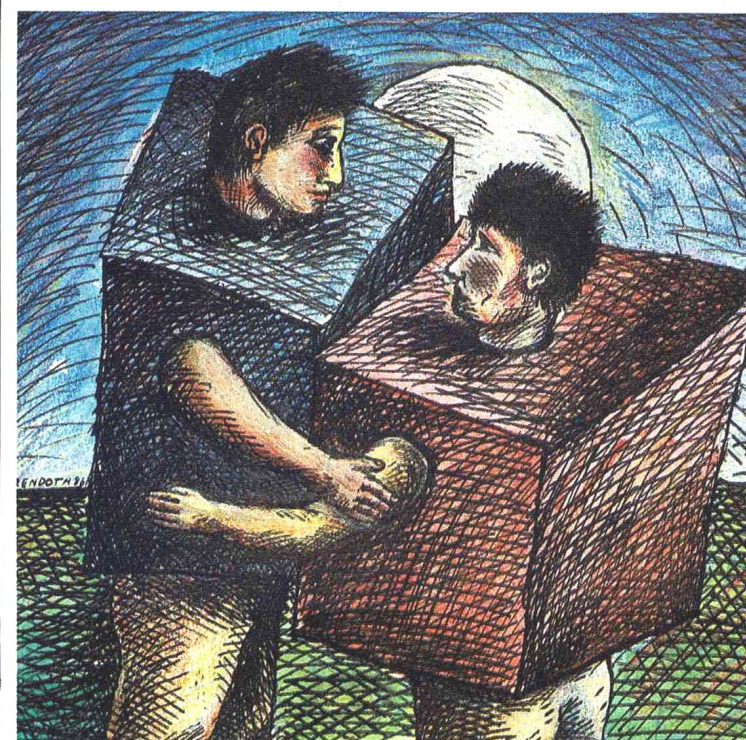
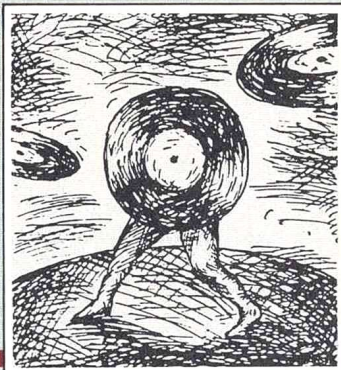


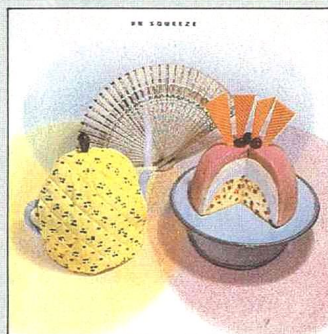
Illustration by Graham Rendoth





## SOUNDS

A CREDITABLE SQUEEZE

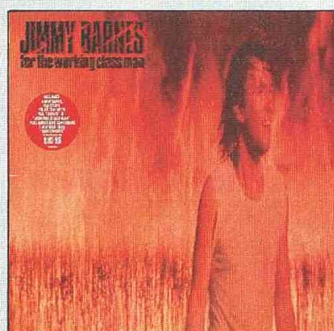
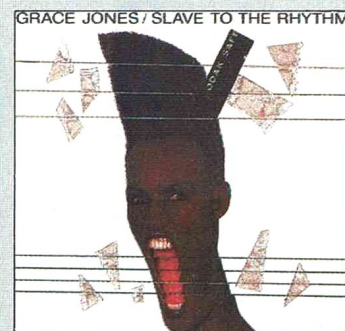


UK Squeeze . . . welcome return.

seek refuge in the nostrils of singers of a similar style, like Bryan Adams. All we await now is Barnes' duet with Tina Turner.

*Slave To The Rhythm* (EMI) by **Grace Jones** is one of the most fully realised pieces of musical onanism that you are likely to find. "What do you think you can still draw from lips?" goes the in-

Grace Jones goes nowhere while Jimmy Barnes fires.



The reformation of **UK Squeeze** is a welcome one to these ears and is almost solely justified by the hard corn cover of *Così Fan Tutti Frutti* (A&M) — they were never famous for their Brechtian intensity. Difford and Tilbrook have retreated from their solo outings back into the creatively comfortable company of old Squeeze comrades Jools Holland and Gilson Lavis. The only new blood is Keith Wilkinson whose muscular bass lines add a punch that the band never had in their rhythm section. Producer Laurie Latham has pushed the lads into taking chances with arrangements that they never really explored before. This approach blows away the cute cobwebs that often accompanied the more music hall moments of their humor. The trademark Difford/Tilbrook tandem vocals (high tenor with low background growl) are there, though often enriched with many chanting angels. Their basic songwriting hasn't altered and they still wear their influences with pride — "I Learnt How To Pray" is what "Norwegian Wood" if it could in the Eighties. There are hints of a paisley disposition on the part of Latham in some of his more swirling textures but this occasional sonic anarchy never squashes the band's forte of melodic pop.

While his old band is celebrated on **Cold Chisel's** *Radio Songs: A Best Of* (WEA) **Jimmy Barnes'** productive enthusiasm has prompted his disc *For A Working Class Man* (Mushroom) to spill over into a double album (but single album price) of guitar rock. Both US and local players are used including the corresponding gravel throat of Kim Carnes for the passionate anthem "I'd Die To Be With You Tonight." This is heroic rock and roll without cosmetic knee drops — a musical cocktail of two parts alcohol (anything), one part perspiration, garnished with good intentions. There is no doubt that this man's voice could acoustically force eyebrows to

quintet in fine form with guest appearance by Ron Carter on bass. The musical lineage from mid-Sixties Miles Davis is evident on most tracks. The Marsalis crew ignore the funk turn-off that Miles took and cruise down Swing Boulevard with grace and inventiveness. Some vintage **Miles Davis** that slightly predates this stylistic direction (drawn from sessions that span 1955-62) is celebrated on *Blue Christmas* (CBS).

Joe Strummer and the refurbished (now extinct) **Clash** extol us (again) to *Cut The Crap* (EPIC). Strummer is still trying to be a "dirty punk . . . gonna rock the neighborhood" but only really offers a noisy and tired postscript to a band that gave its name to stronger moments like *Combat Rock*. Ex-Clash guitarist Mick Jones has opted for some **BAD** colleagues on *This Is Big Audio Dynamite* (CBS). They build on seeds of songs like "Radio Clash" — dreadlocked funk that is a comic book cut-up of real life with necessary distractions.

**Split Enz** celebrated their demise a year after the last performance rites with *The Living Enz* (Mushroom). The final sextet mine the wealth of the band's decade for this totally live double.

**Midnight Oil** wave their colors for the preservation of the human race from nuclear horror on their four track *Species Deceases* (CBS). No carefully mulled-over studio exercise, this is a heads down, gung-ho thrash.

**Gondwanaland** *Let The Dog Out* (Powderworks) for their second album. A live set, the addition of percussion to the didgeridoo/synthesiser core adds to their hypnotic atmospheres.

Most of **Spandau Ballet's** brightest moments are reiterated on the double *The Singles Collection* (Chrysalis) while **Lloyd Cole and the Commotions** have grown stronger as a unit for their second album of *Easy Pieces* (Polydor). — *Jeremy Cook*

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## FILM

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

Filmdom's adolescent acne and sex-drive obsession appears to be in temporary abeyance. For the moment at least all the teenagers have stayed late at the Breakfast Club to squeeze tits and zits and swap Prince records. And someone may have been tampering with the little kids' milk, for Spielberg's extended family of under 10-year-olds is likewise nowhere to be seen. Maybe they're all down at the creche practising their obscenities, or with more luck they've taken that last BMX jump into the Great Beyond.

With the kids out of the way, film-makers have turned to such adult issues as the horror of war, a mother's love of her children, torture, death, separation — *heavy stuff*. Dragging us back from the future to the realities of the present come *Eleni*, *The Official Story* and *Twice In A Lifetime*.

In *Eleni*, *New York Times* reporter Nicholas Gage returns to Greece in search of the man responsible for his mother's execution at the time of the Greek Civil War, 30 years before. During his exhaustive investigation a picture emerges of a simple peasant woman, caught up in the turmoil of a confusing war, who sacrifices her own life so her children may es-

Kate Nelligan as Eleni



Scenes from *Twice In A Lifetime*

cape to America. Gage finds the wartime official who ordered his mother's death and though he had vowed to avenge her, he learns in the ultimate confrontation that he cannot hate enough to kill. His odyssey has exorcised the pain that has consumed him since childhood, and in plumbing the full love and devotion of his mother he realises he has been neglecting his own wife and family.

Producer Nick Vanoff and director Peter Yates have brought Gage's best-selling novel to the screen starring Kate Nelligan, John Malkovich and Linda Hunt. *Eleni* the movie is a slowly unfolding mystery that see-saws between the past and present, showcasing the fine talent of Kate Nelligan in the central role. John Malkovich, however, as the coldly driven investigative reporter, lets the film down with an unremarkable performance, failing to register the emotional nuances inherent in the Gage character. The story of *Eleni* is a good one, but it drags in the telling, and I for one keenly awaited its conclusion.

*The Official Story* chronicles one woman's dawning realisation

of the full horrors perpetrated under the junta that ruled Argentina until 1983. Alicia (Norma Aleandro) is a prim, bourgeois history teacher, married to a successful businessman and mother to an adopted five-year-old daughter. In both her comfortable private and professional lives she has never pried into the implications of the junta, always accepting the official version of events. Then a chance

reunion with an old schoolfriend who tells of torture, rape and banishment under the past regime acts as a chink in Alicia's blind contentment. She begins to ask questions about her husband's business, where he obtained their child and who were the child's parents. Her search for truth becomes an obsession that crumbles her bourgeois beliefs, her comfortable lifestyle and her relationship.

Directed by Luis Puenzo, *The Official Story* is a powerful film that raises many questions, not the least being how an intelligent individual could be so blind to the dark side of a totalitarian regime. Though it fails to tie up some loose ends, acting performances are impossible to fault and the overall film is an engrossing voyage into a country struggling to come to terms with the past and the future.

In such company the story of a family crisis that erupts when a man leaves his wife for another woman after 30 years of marriage could almost be seen as light relief. There's no war, no firing squads, no physical torture — and it could happen to you or me. That very accessibility is the beauty of Bud Yorkin's film *Twice In A Lifetime*, starring Gene Hackman, Ellen Burstyn and Ann-Margret.

Hackman plays Harry, a contented family man and steelworker by trade who at 50 finds himself head over heels with an attractive barmaid, Audrey (Ann-Margret). His painful decision to leave the wife he loves (Ellen Burstyn) but feels no passion for ignites an explosion of emotions within his family of grown-up children. The story of how each comes to terms with the permanence of the separation and accepts that Harry's decision doesn't mean an end to all family ties, unfolds with a refreshing realism that blends humor and pathos. There is an uplifting quality to this film that goes beyond the message that there is life after divorce. Its tangibility makes it one of the best adult films of the year. — C.J. Mackay

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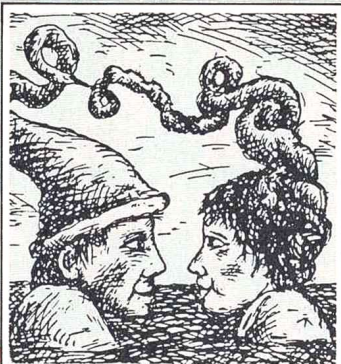
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## SEX

### GOOD VIBRATIONS

I am here to deliver a message about the miracle of modern electronics and mankind's boundless urge to build a better mousetrap (even though this mousetrap's designed for a pussy). It's the vibrator.

Don't laugh. I realise the vibrator's image is that of the last recourse of gals too homely, too angry, or just too lazy to bed down a man.

But you? Use a vibrator on a woman? Once you get past the image, though, it's very difficult to pull yourself back from one thought: why not?

First off, you and your lover have to fight back the disinclination to bring anything extra at all into bed, be it the latest issue of *Penthouse*, or an oven-warmed grapefruit (peeled and sectioned). There are a couple of reasons for an unwillingness to go beyond the essentials of two warm bodies. One is a macho, I'm-all-the-man-you-need attitude. Another is an insane urge to dissolve into hysterical laughter whenever you break out the old

nine-inch Wang-o-matic. Laughter is good for you. Get it over with, then get down to business.

Gentlemen, choose your weapons. Vibrators come in three main types: the phallic, the modular, and the tonsorial — fancy names you can throw around when you want to refer to, respectively, a battery-operated dildo, a vibrator with attachments, or a barber's scalp massager.

The dildo vibrator is, of course, modelled after your Yours Truly, your Sperminator. When the vibrator is cited as a single girl's best friend, it's usually one of these slightly silly, moulded-plastic cylinders we're talking about.

One major selling point for the dildo vibrator is that it's usually cordless. That means you don't have to be afraid of getting the cord wrapped around your nuts or having your toupee lifted off by a

random short circuit.

Stepping up the vibrating ladder a rung, we come to plug-in units with attachments. Attachments for modular vibrators resemble odd pickings from the limb pile at an extraterrestrial leper colony — usually with the same flesh-crawling coloring featured on dildos. There are cones and concentric circles and stippled, evil-looking "tinglers" as well as less euphemistic dildo and French-tickler attachments. Variety being the spice of life, I guess you pay your money and you takes your poke.

The high end of the vibrator scale is the barber's scalp massager, a unit which straps on to the back of your hand and turns your fist, fingers and palms into vibrating love tools. The best thing about it — aside from the fact it features no insipid flesh coloring whatsoever — is that the vibrator is still you, your fingers, your hand. It's more personal that way; you don't feel as if you've handed your lovemaking over to a machine. Drawbacks are that nut-snaring cord and the fact that these machines can get a bit pricey.

Okay, you've equipped yourself with one or another of the three vibrator models, you've got the power, she's got over her hysterical laughter, and is beginning to look mildly interested.

What do you do now? Four rules of thumb, one for each finger:

1. *Remember her.* One good way to start is to use the vibrator in the "nonsexual" way the girl at Myers will swear it's meant for: massage her whole body first, and then move to her central erogenous zones. By that time, you'll have her begging for mercy. I like to try a series of spirals of concentric circles, with her clitoris as the bull's eye. I also like to use my tongue, alternating it with the

vibrator, not only because I love to do it but because it keeps me involved.

2. *Proceed with caution.* Treat her clitoris the way you think Reagan should treat The Button: very gingerly. Vibrators represent the old in-and-out motion intensified to its excruciating extreme; too much of a good thing can also send a girl to the showers. Don't, in your nervousness, jam the thing down her crotch with all the finesse of an Argentinian prison guard. Ease it around a bit. Ask her how she likes it.

3. *Play up the kink.* You have to remember that what you are doing, while not illegal, is probably held in pretty low regard by most arbiters of morals and etiquette everywhere. It's not just the fact you aren't in the missionary position, it's that you've got the thing in bed with you. It's hot, it's sexy, it's something that nine-tenths of the men out there are too timid to try.

4. *Cancel out the clinical.* A gadget, any gadget, is likely to call up images of a dentist or doctor's office. Overplay the romantic mood setting to negate this: some Japanese flute music, perhaps, or some ethereal jazz fusion — anything to mask the insane buzz of the vibrator. Use low lighting or candlelight, just enough so she can see what you're doing. The vibrator is like a new act you're trying to introduce into the variety show of your love life, and attention should be paid to nuance.

Remember, the medium is the massage, not the gadget. I don't think a gadget can ever replace good old-fashioned sex, but not to use one at all seems dumb.

You may come to the vibrator as a rescue unit of sorts, for use when your own equipment is out of sorts. But it has a way of undulating right into your sexual repertoire, of becoming not so much a replacement for your dick but a faithful friend to it, one that you can proudly designate as your second in any sexual duel. — *Al Goldstein*



Illustration by Mark Tremlett

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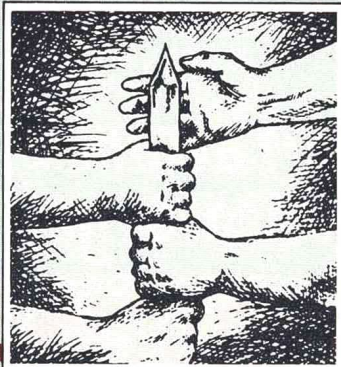
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## WINNING

THE POLITICS OF POLITENESS



**T**here is no greater sign of insecurity and weakness than the inability to get your way or express your displeasure by anything short of table-pounding or shouting "Fuck off!" into the phone.

I won't deny that it is sometimes tempting to respond to the crises of business life by behaving like Attila The Hun on a bad Monday, but it's seldom *productive*, and only momentarily satisfying. On each occasion when I have lost control of my temper the result has been instant guilt, followed by hours of time wasted on apologies or being nice to the people whose feelings I've hurt — not to speak of the damage to my cardiovascular system, since a temper tantrum is the quickest way known to send your personal stress factor zooming up to eight or nine on your body's Richter scale.

If I had to count the number of lunch dates I have made over the years to "stroke" people I wouldn't normally dream of having lunch with — had I not screamed at them over the telephone — the total time would probably be sufficient to write a best-selling novel, and the cost in restaurant bills enough to pay for a Lamborghini Countach. Worse still, it's all *wasted* time and money: once you've screamed at somebody, he or she will *always* distrust and/or despise you, despite lunch at whatever your local four-star restaurant is, notes of apology, or flowers.

The truth is that nothing beats calm, controlled courtesy, although many Australians have always felt that good manners were in some way a sign of weakness — the kind of thing your mother or schoolteacher urged on you, but lacking the solid gutsiness of the curse, the fist, or the four by two between the eyes. This is the Huck Finn syndrome — the notion that civilisation weakens a man — which all too often leads us to associate outright bad manners and a surly disposition with strength. This explains our traditional Aus-

tralian distaste for diplomacy (reflected in Gough Whitlam's speech on the steps of Parliament House on November 11, 1975: "Well might we say God Save The Queen . . ."), as well as a general feeling that "real men" approach any disagreement with a snarl and a raised crow bar.

Ninety percent of the time, bad manners get you nowhere — not just because they're unproductive, but because, in the final analysis, even people who *don't* have good manners put a high value on them. It is an axiom of business that while management will often reward brutish and aggressive behavior at the bottom level, they expect good manners in those who rise to the top. The underling who gets a pat on the back because he comes down hard on everybody often ends up in the same job 20

years later.

Manners, courtesy, the ability to get things done your way without raising your voice — these, not a scream of rage, are the hallmarks of the sophisticated executive. They are also the signs of rationality, common decency, and a respect for self. The most successful people I know in any field are conspicuous for their courtesy — which doesn't prevent them from being very tough indeed. People who have power are nearly always soft-spoken. It is those who don't have it — or are insecure about it — who behave badly, shout at waiters, or chew out subordinates in front of their colleagues.

Some suggestions may be in order. Among the useful phrases to make a part of your life, you might consider the following:

1. "With all due respect . . ."

Used before expressing disagreement or refuting somebody else's opinion, it is a great improvement (in most cases) over: "You're full of shit!"

2. "I'm sorry." This, like all other forms of apology, is difficult, if not impossible, for many people to say, and may require a great deal of practice before you get it right. With practice you'll find it's quite easy.

3. "I don't think this is for us." As a matter of fact, any variant of this phrase is an improvement over, say, "Shove it!" It is worth remembering the adage: "Be nice to people on the way up, because you'll meet them again on the way down."

4. "Thank you." This is probably the most important and underused phrase in business, right up there with "please." It is quite astonishing how many people in business are totally unfamiliar with the use of either of them!

Several things are worth *avoiding* — among them:

1. "Frankly", "truthfully", "I'm going to be honest with you", etc. All of these imply that most of the time you're *not* frank, truthful, or honest.

2. "Have a nice day." This is the kind of fake mechanical politeness that should only be communicated by computers, telephone operators, and androids.

3. Being courteous to somebody *after* you've been rude to them. It merely makes you look like an absolute hypocrite.

4. Being rude to your subordinates and courteous to your superiors. It makes you look even worse.

It is not just that courtesy pays — courtesy would be worth it even if that weren't true, since it costs nothing and makes life more agreeable. It is also, in the final analysis, the *real* sign of the powerful man — someone who is strong enough, sure enough of himself, to *always* be polite.

Anything else is second-best — or second-rate. — Michael Korda

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## LIQUOR

### BOURBON — THE ORIGINAL KENTUCKY WOMAN

In the US they drink a spirit they call "whiskey." But it's very different to the Scotch that most Australians, descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, call whisky, because it's made from corn and not barley grain. The Irish can't spell whisky either, and also leave an "e" in it, although they do at least use barley to make the stuff.

Now, the American brew was first made in Georgetown, Kentucky by a Baptist minister, the Rev Elijah Craig. He was certainly one preacher who knew a thing or two about the spirit of the Lord. As its popularity grew the liquor came to be known as "bourbon", and since those times much of the mystique attached to the American South has also surrounded this truly American spirit.

The early Scottish, Irish and Dutch immigrants to North America tried to recreate their own native spirits, using various fruits and cereals as a base for gin, rum, brandy and whisky production. However, as the settlers moved westwards, the only cereal grain available for fermentation was native Indian corn, so corn whisky — bourbon — soon became the national firewater. Remember those 'coonskin-capped pioneers didn't only drink it, but also used their alcohol as a medicine, water purifier and anaesthetic.

More than half of America's bourbon is produced in the state of Kentucky, although Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Illinois and Indiana all produce the drop. All the distilleries are located over a belt of limestone which runs through these states; it's said the limestone imparts a special character to the water which is used for the distillation. The Scots also claim a special influence from their water, which flows over granite. Seems you need to be a geologist as well as a distiller.

Most bourbons are aged from six to 12 years, although the legal minimum is only two years. The older ones are more mellow, but usually more expensive. One

reason for the unique taste of bourbon is that it's aged in new charred white oak barrels. Scotch gets its own smoky character from the use of a different grain (barley) and from drying the malted grain over peat fires. Scotch is also often aged in old sherry casks.

The Yanks made it easy for you to work out the alcoholic content of liquor from the proof content on their labels. For example, 80 proof means 40 percent alcohol: you simply divide the "proof" by two. Often labels proclaim that a bottle is a "straight bourbon whiskey." That simply means that it's the unblended product of one distillery.

There are some subtle variations in taste between different styles of bourbon. Tennessee bourbon (like Jack Daniel's and Dickel's) is similar to Kentucky

bourbon, although it usually has a greater smoothness and a less noticeable corn taste. This is because it slowly filters through vats packed with fine ground charcoal made from maple trees. However, some of the Kentucky bourbons, for example Jim Beam, are charcoal-mellowed to produce a lighter, more elegant product.

Some bourbons are made by the "sour mash" method and this is usually indicated on the label. All this means is that the distillery used some of the previous day's mash to start and assist the corn's fermentation, rather than simply adding yeast (sweet mash) that morning. It is a longer and costlier process, but it produces a more aromatic product with a fuller flavor and a floral fragrance.

The factors, then, which in-

fluence a bourbon's character and taste are whether or not it is made from 100 percent corn, the fermentation time and yeast strain used as well as the mashing technique, whether or not continuous or pot still distillation equipment is used and the way it is distilled, the maturation process and extent of ageing, and whether or not charcoal-mellowing has been employed.

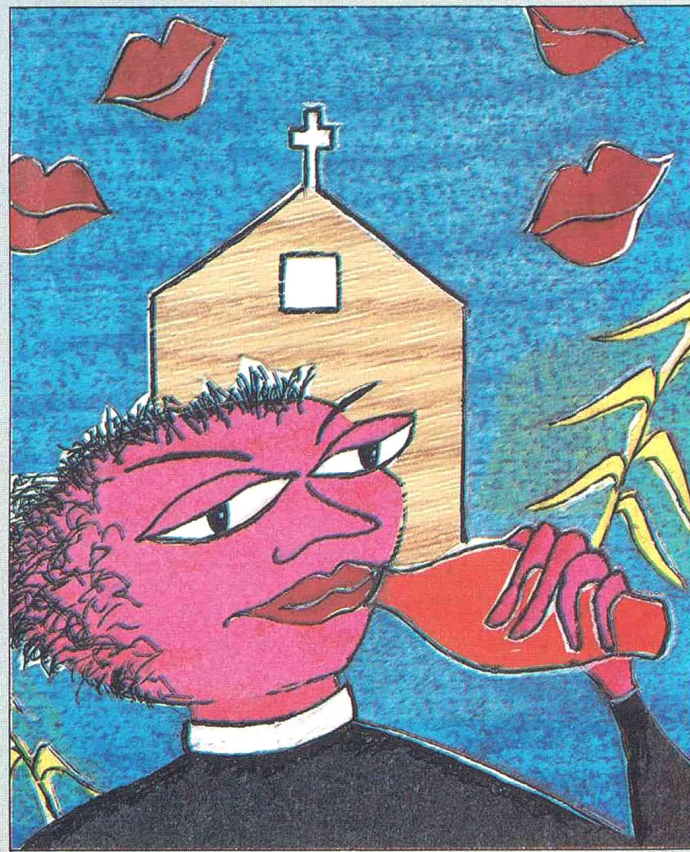
A typical bourbon will have a distinctive, sweetish, nutty flavor, with an attractive woodiness. The smooth and mellow palate should have complexity, long length and a clean finish. The aromatic nose should have a lifted, almost floral corn character — it all sounds like a bloody wine tasting, doesn't it?

Generally speaking, the fully imported bourbons are better. Some good ones to try include Old Granddaddy, Beam's Black Label, Early Times, Jack Daniel's Old Time No 7, Dickel's Old No 8, Seagers and Ancient Age.

The liqueur, Southern Comfort, is often considered to be related to bourbon since it is a heavy, aromatic, sweet bourbon-styled spirit. The makers, however, claim it isn't bourbon-based, even though it tastes like it. The alcohol probably comes from sugar cane (like rum), rather than from a distillation of a corn mash. It is made to a family recipe of Francis Fowler, the company's founder, and, although it was originally produced in St Louis, Missouri, it is now fully imported from St Croix in the US Virgin Islands.

Although it can be drunk straight on-the-rocks, many young people commonly prefer Southern Comfort as a mixed drink, especially with cola. It is an excellent base for a summer punch or a poolside fruit cocktail. Peach, citrus and marzipan flavors assault the senses — with its sweet fruit taste you can see why the youngsters like it so much. But for my palate, give me a Southern belle with the scent of real bourbon on her lips any day.

— Mike Lawrence



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We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

*Car and Driver* noticed. They said, "Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."

### Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to

make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

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In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

### Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

### Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver*: "The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."

1981 *BMW Roundel*: "The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."

1982 *Car and Driver*: "The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."

1983 *BMW Roundel*: "The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."

1983 *Car and Driver*: "The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."

1984 *Rotary Rocket*: "Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."

1985 *BMW Roundel*: "Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."

### Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT:

"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace." That's probably our favorite quote ever.

### New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

### Do It Today

It's easy to try ESCORT or PASSPORT at no risk. Take the first 30 days as a test. If you're not absolutely satisfied, return the unit and we'll refund your purchase and your postage costs. No questions asked. We also back our products with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labor.

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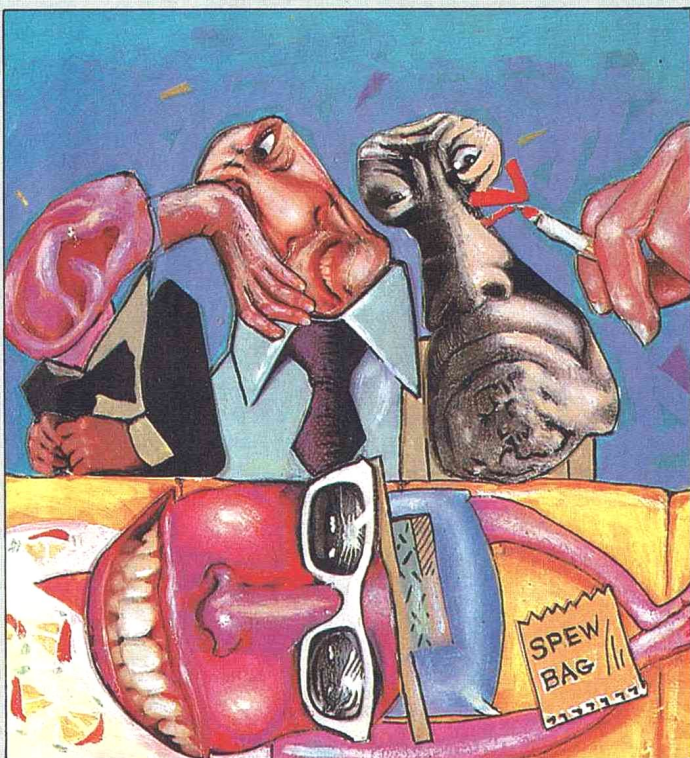
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## TRAVEL

THE GENTLE ART OF SEATMANSHIP



**H**ow do you spot a truly seasoned international traveller? A well-stamped, visa-packed passport, perhaps? Or maybe a suitcase covered in the chalked hieroglyphics of a hundred different customs inspectors?

The acid test is simple: the seasoned traveller is the person who can con three or four empty seats abreast in the Economy section of a jet so that, immediately after take-off, he can doff seat belt, pull down pillow and blanket, remove the detachable arm rests, and blissfully doze off in his own airborne bunk while the rest of the passengers lurch against one another for long hours of fitful sitting-up sleep.

How does the ordinary traveller set about getting better than First Class-type spaciousness at Economy jet fares? It takes the discipline of a mathematician, the precision of an engineer and the cunning of a high stakes poker player. As in any well-laid plan, timing is important. Fly when other people don't; that's one way to ensure an empty jet. Take-offs at 6am are almost always made by half-empty planes, and so are just before-midnight flights.

Pick your day of the week — midweek is best — and time of year intelligently. Europe-bound flights in June or trips to anywhere at Easter and just before or after Christmas are always overcrowded times. School holidays inevitably present problems. Avoid these rush hours, however, and four abreast is often yours for the asking.

Sometimes it pays to opt for a "neutral" airline. For instance, if you're flying between London and Sydney, it may pay to avoid QANTAS or British Airways. But that can mean increasing the number of time-consuming stopovers, or having to change planes, and that's never an endearing experience. You can be almost guaranteed of three seats to yourself if you're prepared to fly with

airlines with poor safety records — like Russia's Aeroflot, or some of the Third World airlines, which often offer a further incentive of much cheaper fares.

Even your choice of movies can be critical. Some of the US airlines are showing two films on their jumbos: a "mature" show, usually featuring a bit of Hollywood sex, and a "general" film, often a Walt Disney, for the kids. Most passengers opt for the sex, filling up that section of the plane to near capacity and leaving the other compartment empty. The thing to watch about this ploy, however, is making sure you don't get stuck all night with a bunch of screaming kids. That can be fate worse than having a Sydney Supersonics basketballer's knees stuck in the small of your back for three and a half hours.

When making your reservation, lie a little. "I'm a wounded war

veteran and need to spread out a bit" is a good ploy. Limp a little when you walk up to the counter.

In cases where the airline reservation clerk assigns seats to boarding passengers, the seasoned traveller always asks early for the middle seat in a bank of three — seats B or E in the Boeing 737, for instance. Most people travel in pairs: husband-wife, two business executives preparing for a conference etc. Consequently they'll want to sit together, but won't be able to pick your row because the middle seat's already gone. If you're lucky, your row will be completely passed over. If you're unlucky enough to get someone who takes, say, your window seat, you can always move to the aisle seat after take-off and at least claim two seats for yourself. If you get flanked by two people, resign yourself to it just not being your day.

In a wide body ask for a seat in the centre section, and on the aisle. Aisle seats put you in the position where you can spring up and take control of any empty row of seats. Which side of the aisle? Left side if you're right-handed to give you extra room to eat and write before you turn in.

Where the airline does not make seat assignments, the experts urge the "first-on-spread-out-and-sleep" ploy. The clever traveller is always among the first up the stairs, takes a seat in a row close to the door, spreads out flight bag and other belongings on all three seats, closes his eyes and pretends to fall asleep. Never make eye contact with anyone looking for a place to sit.

Following passengers will be uncertain as to whether the gear belongs to others who have taken the seats but then gone to the lavatories, and will be unwilling to awaken the sleeping traveller to find out. Once wheels are up, the slumberbound expert picks up his gear, stows it and stretches out for a soothing snooze. Seize at least six pillows and blankets from the overhead racks to plug gaps in the seats.

If everything else fails, and you're hemmed in, your best bet is what seasoned travellers call the "whoopie bag" ploy. If there are any other seats empty on the plane, grab the barf bag, smile wanly to your neighbor and say, "Before you strap in, I think you ought to know I get awfully, awfully airsick. It's a long flight and I wouldn't feel at all offended if you took another seat because of my malady." That usually sends them packing. And if you're "ill", why shouldn't you spend the whole flight lying down while they're bouncing off each other's shoulders and jamming their knees into the people in front of them?

The result of all this chicanery may be a guilty conscience. But it's so much easier to endure if you've had a good night's sleep. — Arturo Gonzalez

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# 4RUNNER CRAWLS AHEAD



## MORE POWER AND A NEW FRONT END GIVE 4RUNNER EXTRA OFF ROAD AGILITY

Extra agility in tough off road situations is one advantage of the all-new independent front suspension introduced in the 1986 Toyota 4Runner.

By allowing each front wheel to act without affecting the other, tyre contact is maintained when traction is all important.



Since its release in mid '84, the 4Runner has been a huge success with serious and not-so-serious off roaders. The removable FRP canopy, huge loadspace, comfortable interior and undoubted off road ability have made 4Runner first choice for a variety of driving needs.

Now, with the release of the 1986 model, several important changes have been made. Apart from the new suspension there's an all-new engine and a new "no-frills" model.

### A VOTE FOR INDEPENDENTS

The advantages of a sophisticated independent front suspension are immediately apparent. Ride comfort, control and stability are much improved on the highway, where most vehicles spend more time. Driver fatigue is substantially reduced and passengers appreciate the car-like comfort.

Careful design and thorough testing has ensured that 4Runner's off road agility has not been impaired. In fact, rugged testing has shown that the increased power and torque available from the new 2.2 litre engine combine with the new suspension to actually improve off road performance.

### HOW IFS WORKS

Independent suspension gives each front wheel its own axle, allowing both to deflect independently. Which means when one wheel drops into a hole or runs over a rock, it doesn't force the other wheel up or down or throw the vehicle into an unstable attitude.

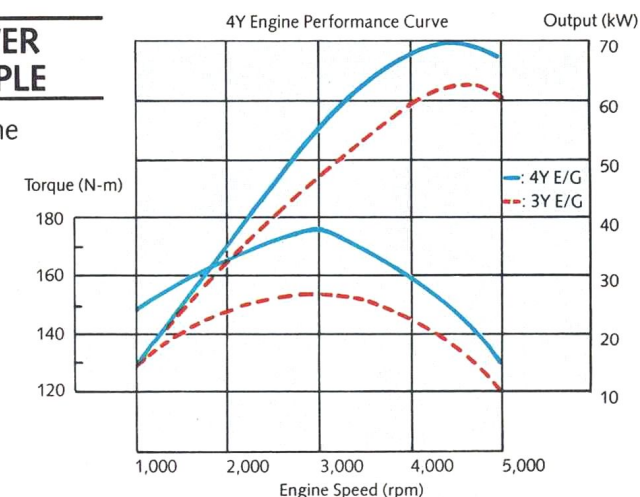
Unsprung mass is also reduced allowing better control of the wheels being steered.

Stress on the vehicle (and passengers) is also reduced which is especially important in recreational use.

### MORE POWER TO THE PEOPLE

A quick look at the performance charts shows you just how much difference the all-new 4Y engine makes to the 1986 4Runner. Peak power is up 11% to 70kW and torque is up a whopping 16%. In fact, torque at only 1000rpm is about the same as maximum torque in the old motor.

More torque down low makes off road work much easier, especially in rocky terrain. The increased power makes light work of highway cruising with a full payload.



### THE NEW 2.2 LITRE ENGINE

Although it's based on the proven 3Y engine, the new 4Y has many minor modifications to improve power, torque and efficiency.

The 5mm increase in bore brings displacement up 12%, from 1998cc to 2237cc, while the larger intake ports improve torque and breathing, for improved fuel efficiency. The 2L diesel engine is also available with a new superglow glow plug system which shortens pre-heat time and improves starting and cold running.

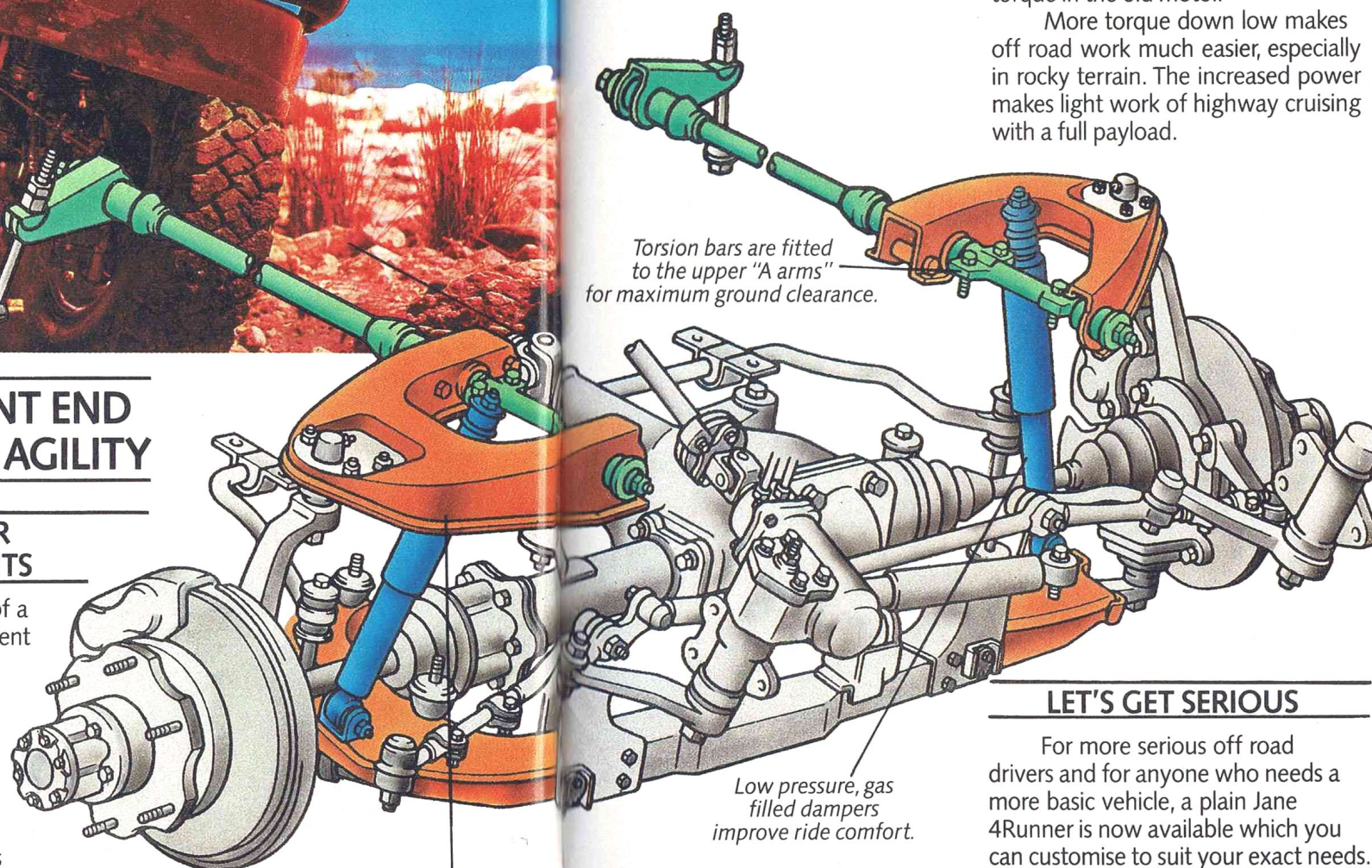
### TEST CRAWL A 4RUNNER

If you're looking for a genuine 4WD with lots of load space, plenty of comfort and real highway performance, go to your Toyota dealer and ask to test drive the new 4Runner. Just remember that the 4Runner's popularity means vehicles are always in short supply.

### LET'S GET SERIOUS

For more serious off road drivers and for anyone who needs a more basic vehicle, a plain Jane 4Runner is now available which you can customise to suit your exact needs.

**TOYOTA**  
Oh what a feeling!





# THE GREAT COMPO CON

The outrageous cost of bogus workers' compensation claims is enough to make an honest Australian sick

BY GRAEME ORR

**C**olin (a pseudonym) is 34 years old, married with two children, and lives in a comfortable suburban home. He drives a late model car, enjoys a regular bet on the horses and likes renovating houses, which he sells for a profit. Colin's wife works at a local medical clinic and his children attend a non-government school.

Colin doesn't work. He "developed" an injury three years ago while working for the Victorian State Transport System and has been receiving compensation of \$80 per week since then. He is awaiting a hearing by the Workers' Compensation Tribunal, from which he is anticipating a lump sum settlement of at least \$100,000.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR





# COMPO CON

According to medical reports, Colin claims to suffer consistent pain in his hand, despite the fact that the injury does not show up on X-rays and is apparently not responsive to regular treatment by a physiotherapist. The insurance company considers Colin a malingerer and remains fascinated that his injury improves dramatically whenever he wants to press on with his home renovation program.

Colin's case is by no means an isolated one.

Eileen (a pseudonym) has upcoming appointments with the Workers' Compensation Tribunal based on three work-related injuries she allegedly suffered in just three months. Apparently Eileen was most unlucky. First she stumbled in the storeroom where she worked and bumped the back of her head on a wall. The injury was reported but did not seem to manifest itself again until about four weeks later, when a large box slipped and struck her on the right shoulder, pushing her with modest force against another stack of boxes. This produced a sore shoulder and, when reporting that injury, Eileen reminded her employer that she was still suffering headaches and nausea caused by the initial mishap.

However, Eileen was to suffer further. She slipped on the step of a bus she was

entering when leaving work, injuring her knee.

Medical reports fail to find any evidence of injury to her head or shoulder, although mild bruising was evident in the area of her left knee. Eileen says she cannot work again and has lodged three claims with the Workers Compensation Tribunal — each claim using different doctors and lawyers.

The doctors who gave *Penthouse* access to these and numerous other confidential patients' files are concerned about the enormous cost to the community of Workers' Compensation abuses. They're also angry about being blatantly and cynically used by patients intent on milking the system for all it's worth.

Eileen's case, involving the use of different doctors for separate "injuries", is a common example. A Melbourne suburban doctor with long experience of Workers' Compensation claims said he'd had a number of patients who asked him to treat one injury and ignore another. "They don't hide the fact that the other injury is being treated by another doctor and is subject to a compensation claim." The reason for this approach, he explained, was that people would visit several doctors in order to use the most advantageous medical report when making their claim. The doctor understood that in some cases the solicitor would choose the most favorable of his clients' reports.

And doctors agree that once a compensation case is completed they're unlikely to see the patient again. "Obviously a number of patients will change doctors a few times in their lives," said one, "but the more flimsy the claim under Workers' Compensation, the more sure I am that I'll never be treating that person again."

Even more galling to doctors is the fact that obvious malingerers can still end up laughing all the way to the bank. One practitioner located in a heavy industrial area recounted the case of a man who complained of frequent migraine-type headaches. "Initially I felt considerable sympathy for this patient, but eventually I became convinced that he was feigning the condition and wrote in those terms to the insurer concerned." Despite the damning opinion of the doctor, the man was awarded \$70,000 in a lump sum settlement, which he used to buy a fast food outlet on the NSW north coast.

However, the best-laid plans of compensation scammers do sometimes come unstuck. Often it's because their performances aren't quite up to Academy Award standard — as in the case of a man who entered the surgery of a Sydney doctor with a very pronounced limp in his left leg and walked out with an equally pronounced limp in the right leg. The same doctor recalled a woman patient who, claiming an injured hip, refused to lift up her leg because of the pain. Later, when asked to climb on to the examination table, the lady was able to get up and back down without wincing.

And apart from those caught out by a lapse in concentration, there are others who succumb to the wiles of insurance investigators. One investigator who specialises in surveillance of people suspected of lodging bogus claims recounted the classic case of a man who claimed he was unable to work because of an injured back. The agent trailed him to a local airfield where he was found to be enjoying his favorite hobby: parachute jumping.

People tend to find these stories amusing. In fact, Workers' Compensation, or "compo", has inspired many a standard office joke. If it is a joke, then it's an expensive one — and it's become more so every year. In both NSW and Victoria, for instance, the number of claims is increasing by around ten percent each year. And the sheer weight of compo claims is quite staggering: in NSW alone, in the year ending June 30, 1984, a quarter of a million claims were lodged; although many of these were trivial, more than 100,000 involved at least three days' absence from work by the injured employee. About ten percent of all claims were disputed and so ended up before the Workers' Compensation Tribunal for determination. A total of 25,835 applicants





# COMPO CON

in that year received amounts ranging from a few hundred dollars to many thousands. The total payout in the previous year (1982-83) was \$508 million, with additional costs of \$130 million (including \$34 million for legal costs and \$17 million for investigation of claims.)

Up-to-date figures for Victoria reveal a similar picture: claims arrive at a rate of 100 to 160 a day, and more than 22,000 cases were initiated in 1985, with 19,000 waiting to be heard. Of course, most of these claims are genuine — but because of the huge volume, even a small percentage of bogus claims amounts to a costly imposition on the community.

Spiralling costs have forced the NSW and Victorian governments to unveil a new set of compo rules, involving different "ceiling payments" for specific injuries. (In NSW, premium costs rocketed from \$278 million in 1977 to more than \$1 billion in 1984.) Efforts have also been made in NSW to speed up the agonisingly slow process of dealing with claims. The Victorian reforms are more substantial, but in neither state has there been legislation to try and curb the abuse of the system. Acquiescent doctors remain the spanner in the works, allowing malingerers to prosper.

Although government officials tend to

play down the fraudulent element in compensation claims, none would deny that there are dishonest claimants. As far as the insurance companies are concerned it's a serious problem. Rodney Lester, executive director of Edward Lumley Ltd, describes the old claim settlement process in NSW as "a travesty which favored everyone but the honest claimant and, in recent years, the insurer." He adds that the proposed new NSW system "cannot afford to fail."

The large number of fraudulent claims isn't the only problem facing the machinery of compensation. Apart from the genuine applicant and the worker motivated by a cash settlement, there exists a third category: the individual who sees Workers' Compensation as a means of extricating himself from a soul-destroying work environment. People in this category are normally over 40, trapped in a job with no prospect of promotion, with a superior who's determined to make life unbearable, and perhaps an unhappy home life. According to Melbourne psychiatrist Dr Claude Rowais, "In such cases the most minor injury becomes a catalyst for pursuing a compensation claim, and fuelled by sympathy from friends and a desire to develop this avenue of escape, the number of symptoms will multiply." Eventually, says Dr Rowais, the worker in this position will actually come to believe his injury is serious, and with minor regard

for the financial possibilities will pursue the claim vigorously.

The system of compensation has given rise to an equally strange condition referred to as "litigation or compensation neurosis." Psychiatrists believe it stems from an abnormal preoccupation with the injury and is exacerbated by the inevitable long delays involved in the settlement process. It is often most evident in cases where the existence of the injury is not supported by medical examinations. Normally the condition is relieved not by compensation but by the completion of the treatment and of the litigation — whether the settlement is favorable or not.

Oddly, though, the symptoms don't always disappear as soon as the judgement is finalised. Patrick O'Bryan, a Melbourne solicitor who deals extensively with compensation claims, quotes the case of a Melbourne laborer who should have returned to work some months after recovering from a knee injury. Instead, the man has been off work now for almost two years. "Every time he comes in to see me he's tearful," says O'Bryan. "He is a picture of misery with a list of bodily complaints unrelated to his knee injury."

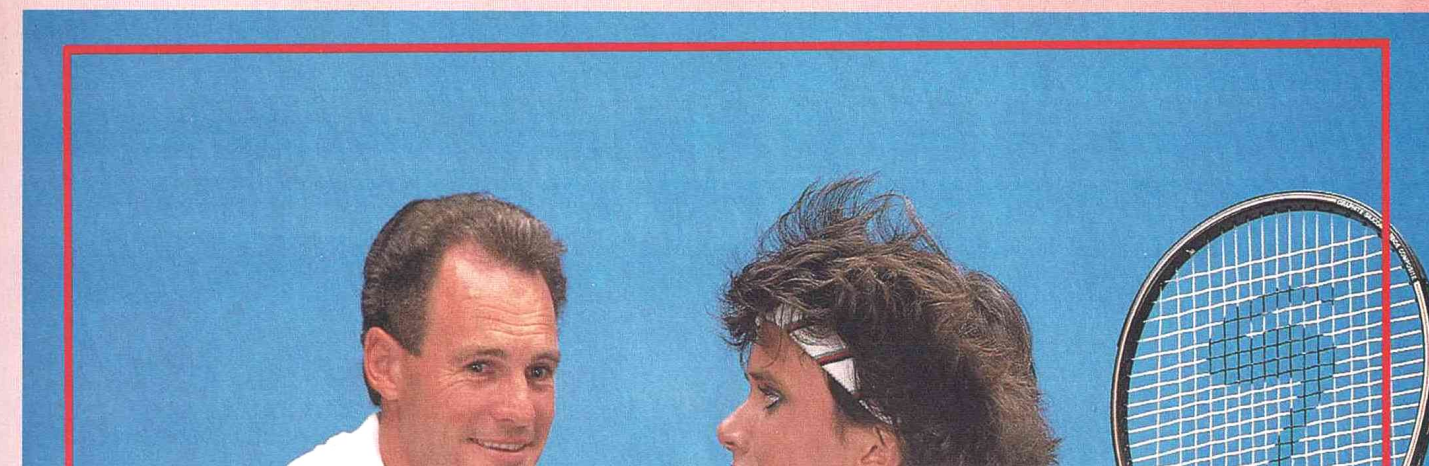
O'Bryan recounts another case involving a young female office worker who, having suffered cheek fractures and a knee injury, now believes she'll never work again. The solicitor considers that both these people could have returned to work had they not become totally obsessed with their injuries.

One psychiatrist has termed the condition "functional overlay" but admits there's no medical name for it at present. Another, Dr George Mendelson, wrote last year in the *Medical Journal Of Australia* that "functional overlay" and "litigation neurosis" were both invalid descriptions. Mendelson asserted that some patients diagnosed with the condition were actually suffering classic symptoms of depression and anxiety, while the behavior of others was better described as an emotional reaction to the social values of their families.

Whatever the case, members of the legal professional are becoming increasingly familiar with, and wary of, this peculiar illness. Just how wary can be gauged from an incident which occurred recently in the office of a Sydney solicitor. On a very hot day, a client of the solicitor entered the reception area wearing a heavy overcoat. The receptionist, suspicious of this odd attire and mindful of a previous occasion when the same client had threatened her boss, told the solicitor of her fears. He arranged for some colleagues to be in his office before showing the man in. As soon as the client entered the office he was set upon by the group of legal men just as his hands reached into his overcoat pocket.

"Grab the gun!" shouted one of them.

The result was something of an anticlimax. The man reached not for a weapon but for a letter in which he formally dismissed the solicitor from his case.



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## COMPO CON

Both lawyers and doctors support the view that the compensation system itself adds fuel to the emotional fires that give rise to these illnesses. Some people lodging claims are forced to recount their symptoms over and over to a succession of specialists. Then, having dealt with the medical profession, they have to confront the legal business. The cumulative frustration, confusion and uncertainty often causes the seriousness of the injury to be exaggerated out of all proportion.

Dr Mendelson notes that there is a heavy incidence of these neurotic conditions among blue collar workers, who are very apprehensive about any physical injury they sustain since they're aware that all they have to offer is brute strength.

Among the genuine Workers' Compensation claims are some that have the capacity to bankrupt large companies. CSR, a major asbestos mining company and manufacturer based in the US, took huge quantities of asbestos from its Australian subsidiary, Australian Blue Asbestos, mined at Wittenoom, Western Australia between 1948 and 1965. The WA Health Department traced 6200 of the 7000 migrants who worked at the Wittenoom mine and found 66 had mesothelioma, 120 had lung cancer (twice the average figure) and some 400 more had asbestosis. The WA government was forced to set a ceiling settlement when claims against Australian Blue Asbestos climbed to \$70 million and the company revealed it had net assets of just \$337.

Workers suffering from diseases such as asbestosis can of course be clearly diagnosed with the aid of technology. The same technology can't necessarily be applied to confirm or deny the existence of recurring pains in the shoulder, neck and back. And so the insurance investigator enters the fray, equipped with binoculars, two-way radios and giant zoom lenses, striving to capture on film the evidence that will demolish the case of a bogus claimant in court. It's a frustrating task, made more so by the fact that the public is seldom inclined to offer any help. If an investigator does get any assistance, it's usually in the form of an anonymous tip-off by phone.

Each of the cloak-and-dagger men has a story of spectacular failure. One recalled the time he tailed a man for a few hours and managed to photograph him scrambling up a ladder — despite an alleged back injury — to fix a broken tile on his roof. In spite of the damning evidence, the claimant was awarded \$80,000 and months later was working in a city office. "He was able to convince the court that his back only hurt when he sat down, stood up, wrote his name, went to sleep, drove his car or lifted a cup of tea . . . but not when he climbed a ladder."

The same investigator told another story which illustrates the fact that method acting comes naturally to most people. "I was following a lady almost every day for six weeks, and she always seemed to show her back pain — which she claimed was so bad she couldn't lift a litre of milk. I bought things I didn't need in supermarkets and sat for hours outside hairdressers . . . When I was virtually convinced the lady was genuine, she came staggering out of her house carrying a large portable television. She struggled four doors down the street with it and into a neighbor's house. I took the photos and disproved her claim."

Insurance investigators agree on their biggest frustration: if they can't get the "dirt" on a malingerer before the determination hearing, all is lost. No further surveillance can be done once a case is finalised, and beyond that point it matters not a bit if the claimant suddenly finds his

Both lawyers and doctors support the view that the compensation system adds fuel to the emotional fires that give rise to illnesses

debilitating pain has disappeared. It goes without saying, then, that Workers' Compensation officials accept that they only catch a percentage of bogus claimants. What percentage is anyone's guess.

There are some highly entertaining cases in the files of all insurance spooks. A favorite case of one investigator was that of a married couple who decided they would both "develop" injuries with a view to an early retirement. The husband conjured up a shooting pain in his hip that struck him with almost every movement. The doctor referred him to several specialists, but to no avail: neither physiotherapy nor medication could relieve the pain. His wife invented a back pain, supposedly resulting from her work (which did involve some lifting). She also failed to respond to a range of treatments. Before long both were waiting in the queue for a hearing that was expected to net them a total of around \$200,000.

However, the couple had never got along well with the wife's mother. In fact, they owed her a tidy sum of money which she'd virtually written off as a bad debt. On a New Years Eve, after a few drinks, the

wife acquainted her mother with the plan. To make matters worse, the husband got into yet another argument with his mother-in-law. On the following day, in a fit of rage, she phoned the insurance company to tip them off about the bogus claims. Surveillance was begun and within two weeks photos were produced of both husband and wife performing tasks they'd claimed were impossible.

Then there was the American case which extended compo payments from the workplace into the bedroom. In September 1981 Mr Peter McCabe, then the chief executive officer of the Amalgamated Transit Workers' Union in Portland, Oregon, suffered a severely disabling stroke while having it off with his girlfriend in a motel room following a union meeting. McCabe applied for compo benefits on the grounds that extreme stress and overwork had led to his illness. The State Accident Insurance Fund rejected the claim. The case went to court, where a doctor testified that work stress had been a major contributing cause of the disability, since it was responsible for exacerbating McCabe's condition of aneurysm. He added that sexual intercourse was the precipitating cause of the rupture. McCabe won his case.

Workers' Compensation Board officers in Australia noted that McCabe had been staying in the motel room in another town while on union business, a fact which might alone have qualified him for a compensation payout. Seems it's only a matter of time before we get a similar case here. Lance Boyle would have been proud of McCabe's ground-breaking effort.

The various State Motor Accident Boards in Australia rival the Workers' Compensation Boards as fertile avenues for unbelievable occurrences. In Victoria, for example, 54,000 claims were lodged in 1984 and, oddly enough, the number of claims has grown by about 10 percent per year in the past few years — the same rate as for compo claims. Many of the claimants had one accident per year over a period of several years.

A Victorian doctor told *Penthouse*: "One of my patients had four accidents in four years and received a total of \$18,000. Two of them involved his next-door neighbor, and in the third he managed to collide with his wife only a few hundred metres from their home. The fourth accident involved a driver he didn't know, but who bore the same surname as his wife's maiden name . . ."

Doctors, compensation staff and insurance company execs are becoming hardened cynics as more and more outlandish tales are trotted past them in the hope of attracting a rubber stamp. If the great compo rip-off is a source of amusement to office workers, it's cause for hilarity among those who are laughing all the way into retirement at the expense of honest taxpayers. ☐

## PET OF THE YEAR



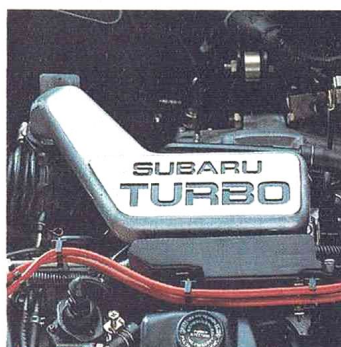
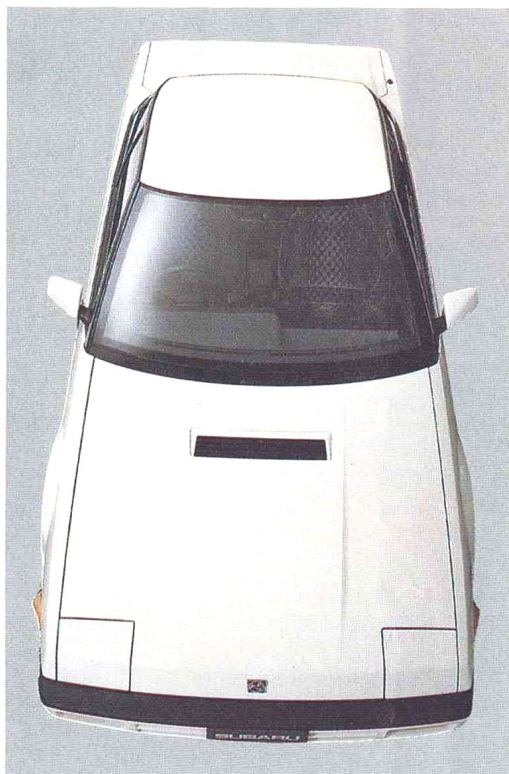
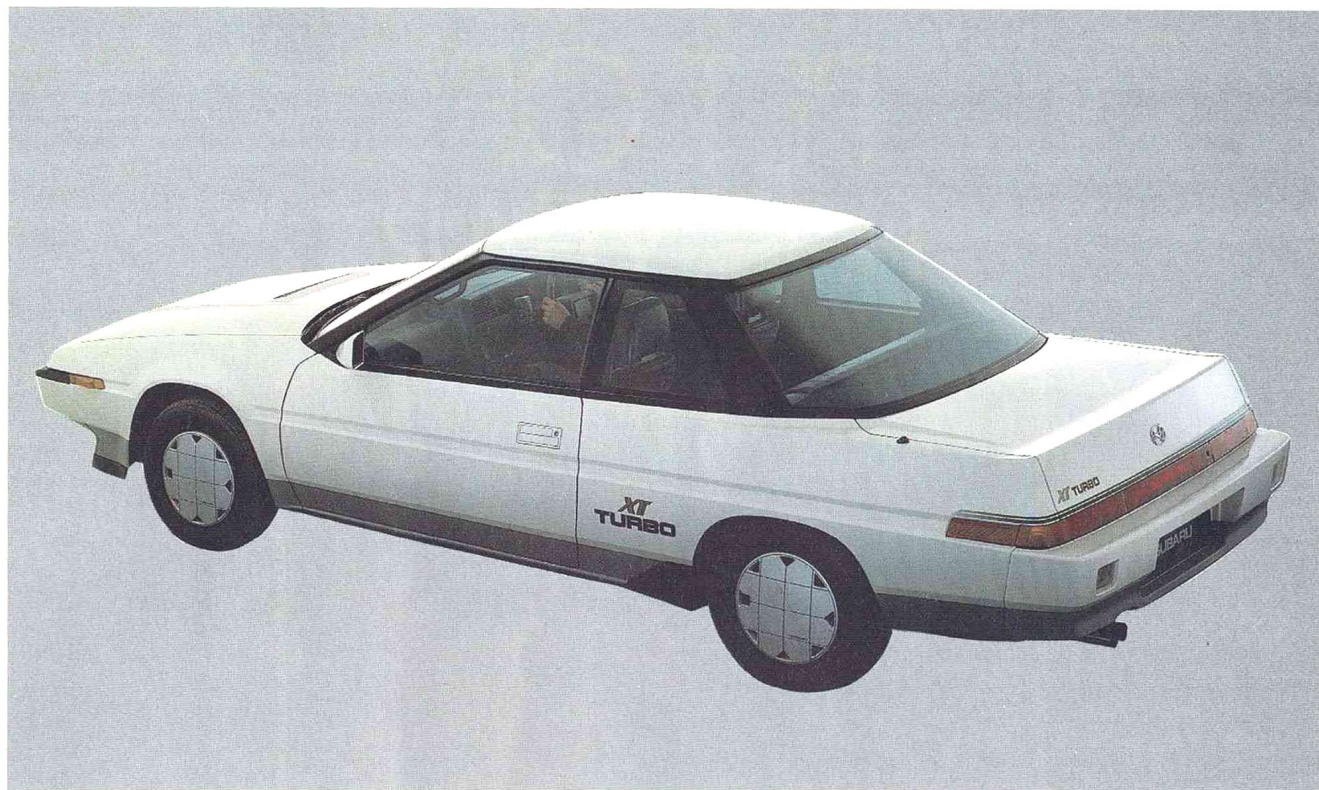
JULIE MULHERIN

From first ever modelling assignment to *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year in ten months is pretty good going. But the writing was on the wall for 20-year-old Sydney beauty Julie Mulherin from the time her sizzling portfolio appeared in our September '85 issue. A flood of reader feedback celebrated Julie's dazzling debut back then, and when it came time to cast their votes in the rich Pet Of The Year competition an overwhelming majority of readers named Julie Mulherin number one.

Your taste is to be applauded, for not only does Julie look a million dollars, her bright personality and easy, confident ability to mix with and charm all who meet her make her an incomparable representative of *Australian Penthouse*. In the two years since she left her childhood home in Canberra, Julie has blossomed from a timid country girl to a mature and assured woman. But none of her wide-eyed enthusiasm and country friendliness have been lost in the transformation, making her a rare woman who is at once stunningly beautiful yet magnetically approachable.

As 1986 *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year, Julie wins the rich array of prizes detailed with this all-new pictorial. If you saw Julie last September lapping up the Whitsunday sunshine and playing the outdoor girl, the pictures that follow will surprise and delight you. If you missed her last year, stand by for a visual feast of the woman voted by *Penthouse* readers to be the sexiest centrefold in Australia.





The 1986 *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year will travel at speed and in style with this magnificent turbo-charged Subaru Vortex. Take one look at the Vortex and it's obvious that this car was born and raised inside a wind tunnel. With a staggering 0.29 Cd drag co-efficient, it is the most aerodynamic production coupe available. And that means it's very fast, very economical, and very good at turning heads. But the Vortex's attractions are far from skin-deep. Inside, standard equipment includes everything you'd expect in a luxury performance car — power steering, 20 Watt radio-cassette with quartz-locked tuning, rake and reach steering wheel adjustment, electric windows, and large, easily-read analogue instruments including a safety monitor which provides information on vital functions. But there's more. The "space shuttle" design of the controls, mounted on two wings, allows fingertip control without removing hands from the wheel — and the wings themselves adjust to allow for steering wheel adjustment. Very refined stuff, with the emphasis on style in a safety-fast performance motor car. The 1.8-litre fuel-injected four-cylinder turbo Vortex will race our Pet Of The Year from a standing start to 100 km/h in under ten seconds, and on to an effortless top speed of 200 km/h. And because of its low centre of gravity and advanced all-independent suspension, the front-wheel-drive Vortex handles like a dream. This superb machine was supplied by LNC Industries, importers of Subaru vehicles, and it's valued at a cool \$26,000. For the equally superb Julie Mulherin, it's a gift.



This beautiful Omega watch, the epitome of status and style, is fashioned from 18-carat yellow gold, bezel set with 28 diamonds. It's perfectly complemented by a fine mesh bracelet with Florentine finish, and features a scratchproof sapphire glass face. The Omega Jewellery watch, crafted with traditional care and attention to detail, is an exquisite Pet Of The Year prize valued at \$4500. Nothing but the best for Pet '86.



Robert Manzo, one of Australia's most outstanding jewellery designers, has created this dazzling *Penthouse* key exclusively for Julie. The key and chain, valued at \$5500, are fashioned from solid 18-carat gold, expertly hand-crafted by the team at Manzo Park Lane Diamonds in Sydney. The piece is set with a perfect brilliant-cut fine white half-carat diamond. Manzo Park Lane diamonds will also present each of the runners-up in the 1986 Pet Of The Year Poll with an exclusive *Penthouse* key and chain in solid 9-carat gold, valued at \$330.



Every *Penthouse* Pet wants to spark the flame that will light up the sky with her name. And why not? The Artransa prize could provide that spark for our 1986 Pet Of The Year. Artransa Productions will use its sophisticated facilities to produce a super-high quality video tape which will display the talents of the lovely Julie in the best possible light. Artransa, established 29 years ago as a branch of Channel 7, is far and away the best equipped production house in Sydney and has built a reputation for unsurpassed quality in the field of documentary and commercial production. For our Pet Of The Year the Artransa people will spare no expense in ensuring that the lighting, sound, make-up, props and production are first-rate. Then they'll make dozens of copies of the video and send them to casting agencies, television companies and film producers all around Australia. Everyone who's anyone in "the business" will know all about Julie Mulherin before this year is out. What more could a *Penthouse* Pet ask for than this unique and exciting chance to break into an acting career? The Artransa people estimate the cost of the video production at around \$20,000, but who knows what it could turn out to be worth? It may just be the most valuable glamor prize ever presented to an Australian girl. We're betting that in view of our Pet Of The Year's undeniable talents, it will be.





Williams, Sydney's most elegant and sophisticated night spot, will become a home away from home for Julie during her reign as Pet '86. Her Williams Gold Card, valued at \$800, will entitle her to VIP status and first class service all the way, as well as a range of special benefits including free entry for herself and six guests, 20 nights' free accommodation at the luxurious Boulevard Hotel, and a personal liquor cabinet in the exclusive cocktail bar. Williams has every facility you'd expect of a nightclub that rivals the best New York and London can offer, including a five-star restaurant which has already attracted an international reputation. Australia's premier night spot welcomes Australia's premier *Penthouse* Pet.



Julie will be swimming in the sweet wine of success during her reign as Pet Of The Year and beyond. Krondorf, located in the Barossa Valley and a prolific award-winner in the past few years, has provided for Pet '86 a magnificent selection of limited release wines including Eden Valley Rhine Riesling, Chardonnay, Fume Blanc and Cabernet Sauvignon, together with premium red and white table wines, with a total value of around \$4000. Krondorf is one of the success stories of the Australian wine industry, being based on a philosophy of producing only premium wines which show true varietal and regional characteristics. Liquid refreshment fit for a princess.



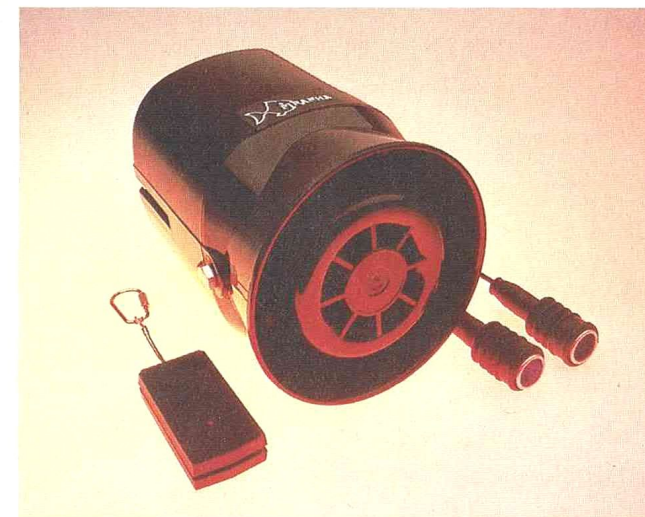
When Julie wants to operate on the other side of a camera lens, the Canon MC ("Micro-Compact") 35mm autofocus camera will ensure she's a star performer. With a Canon MC, nothing is left to chance; the technology encased in this tiny camera is so sophisticated our Pet will be able to take superb snapshots using just one hand. *Everything* on this camera — load, focus, exposure, wind, rewind and flash — is fully automatic. Just the thing for a girl in a hurry. The state of the art in 35mm photography is valued at \$415.



Our Pet Of The Year will cut a cool figure in Ray-Ban sunglasses by Bausch and Lomb. Ray-Ban "Classic Metals" feature gold electroplated frames and optically correct glass lenses. Added to that is fine English bridle leather for the stylish Ray-Ban Leathers collection. Julie receives a pair of Ray-Ban sunglasses with a total value of \$240.



It's not much use having a turbo-charged performer like the Vortex unless you can put the hammer down. When our Pet Of The Year feels like putting her prize through its paces she can get her thrills without bills with this Passport miniature radar detector from Cincinnati Microwave. The autophile magazines ran out of superlatives in describing the brilliant performance, technical wizardry and unprecedented convenience of the Passport. It's small enough to slide into a shirt pocket, beautiful enough to win an international design award, and powerful enough to provide the best available protection from police radar. The perfect companion to our Pet Of The Year's life in the fast lane, the Passport sells for \$595.



Great cars attract great car thieves. But Julie's Subaru Vortex will be as secure as Fort Knox with the ultimate in car alarms, the Piranha 908 from Piranha Security Systems. This piece of hi-tech wizardry features a quartz-controlled ultrasonic internal movement detector; as soon as the sound waves inside the cabin are disturbed by any movement the alarm goes off. And the remote control Piranha has a revolutionary "Piezoelectric" shock sensor that will pick up a window being smashed, a wheel lock nut being removed, and an attempt to prise open the door or tow the car away. If there's a thief out there who can get around all that, he deserves a new Vortex. The Piranha is valued at \$550.



Brian Rochford, winner of six Fashion Industry Awards for excellence, will present a \$500 wardrobe to our Pet Of The Year. Julie will take her pick of the magnificent range of Rochford Active Wear and Swimwear, as well as the newest After Five collection. Brian Rochford, known as the doyen of swimsuit designers in Australia, is the man responsible for doing both men and women a favor by inventing the soft top bikini. *Penthouse* gratefully salutes his ingenuity.



PET OF  
THE YEAR

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JULIE















Jana Wendt, Australia's sexiest woman. "She has brains, beauty, and the ability to make you feel like the most important person in the room."



Runner-up Greta Scacchi. "Grace, beauty, intelligence, sexiness and general splendor — and she can act!"

# Who's hot and why? Opinion leaders state their preference

## AUSTRALIA'S SEXIEST WOMEN POLL RESULTS

**S**ixty Minutes reporter Jana Wendt has been voted Australia's sexiest woman by a panel of Australian opinion leaders.

Wendt won the poll by a narrow margin. She was closely followed by actresses Greta Scacchi, Olivia Newton-John and Sigrid Thornton, and golfer Jan Stephenson.

To select Australia's sexiest woman, *Australian Penthouse* sent a list of 40 Australian women to 100 prominent Australians. We asked them to select the girl whose beauty, personality and raw physical appeal most attracted them. We requested that they list the five women they thought were most sexually attractive in order of preference from one to five.

A space was left on the voting form in case they wished to nominate any lady who had not been listed by us, and we gave them the option to remain anonymous. A number of men chose this option, justifying their cowardice with excuses such as, "Sorry, it's more than my life, or at least my marriage, is worth."

Our respondents were effusive in their praise for the winner. "If Bo Derek was 10 then Jana's a 20," crowed Sydney journalist Malcolm Andrews. "She has brains, looks and the ability, when talking to you, to make you feel like the most important person in the room."

"She is glamorous, intelligent and has a sense of humor," added John Michael Howson, while Harry M. Miller said simply, "She just is, baby!!!"

Actress Greta Scacchi was only one point behind the winner when the poll

results had been finalised. Doug Aiton from Melbourne's Radio 3DB expressed his appreciation of Scacchi's "grace, beauty, intelligence, sexiness and general splendor. She can also act, which is a nice change for women in Australian cinema." An anonymous respondent described her as looking "cool, elegant and intelligent", while a number of suggestions made in regard to the second place getter are not fit for publication.

Former Australian Prime Minister Sir William McMahon expressed his liking for expatriate actress Olivia Newton-John, without being specific about his reasons for placing her at the head of his list. Newton-John was only a point behind Scacchi, while Sigrid Thornton was the next most popular choice.

Terry Willesee's comments were typical of those which justified the selection of Sigrid Thornton as Australia's sexiest woman. He selected her "because of her smouldering eyes and the way she carries herself, but mainly because she looks sexy without even trying. Sigrid would look sexy under any circumstances; all that and a fine actress to boot."

Golfer Jan Stephenson was number five on the list after the results had been tallied, receiving comments such as: "She has great legs, moves with style and obviously has a strong personality, having had to contend with the amateur women's golf association in her early days."

Today host Patrice Newell was also a popular selection. Philip Adams mislaid his poll form. "But I remember the an-

swer: Patrice Newell. Nos 1-5 inclusively." Journalist Grant Vandenberg agreed, saying, "She's intelligent, has class, personality and she's very, very attractive."

The king of Kinselas, Tony Bilson, nominated actress Wendy Hughes as Australia's sexiest woman, stating that "not only is she physically beautiful, but she has a lack of pretence and a lot of spirit." Columnist Dorian Wild agreed, adding: "Her voice makes my spine tingle. There is a constant look of mystery about her. What's more, she turns me on!"

Only one of our 100 opinion leaders chose to use the blank space and nominate someone other than the 40 women selected by *Penthouse* as contenders for Australia's sexiest woman title. Parramatta rugby league footballer Ray Price proved that he's a gentleman as well as the Eel of Steel, when he chose Christine Price as his number one selection. "She is the woman I married and to me she is the sexiest," wrote Price.

A number of men refused to take the poll seriously. Peter Graham of Radio 2WS picked Christina Amphlett "because I love school uniforms." Fatuous funnyman Jonathan Coleman nominated I'm Talking singer Kate Cerebrano. "She is the closest thing to the perfect sex kitten. She can dance, she's got island charm and coloring, she sings beautifully, she's got rhythm, a voluptuous body and a great sense of humor — plus she likes ME!"

Dick Smith avoided making his wife suspicious by nominating Joyce Mayne while television newsreader and commentator Clive Robertson also avoided making a decision, despite the fact that he commented on every contender, invariably offensively: "I have selected none," asserted Clive. "It's absolutely impossible to assess the 'sexiness' of a woman by looking at her. I mean how many of the above actually wear a deodorant? How many really find men so attractive? We are left to fantasise." Robertson, who will no doubt be rude with his last breath, included the PS: "Who the hell chose these — George Shearing? Ray Charles? Stevie Wonder? PPS I never get a copy of your mag. Ignore the rumors. I'm blatantly heterosexual." Your free subscription is on its way, Clive.

Comedian Rodney Rude was also extremely irreverent. His choice of Australia's sexiest woman was Flo Bjelke-Petersen. Rude described a fantasy involving the senator picking him up at his house on a motorcycle and "taking me on a strump down the National Park . . ." We are unable to print further details of Mr Rude's fantasy, which involves black leather and wet scones.

So who do you think is Australia's sexiest woman? Write to *Penthouse* and let us know. 



Sigrid Thornton. "She looks sexy without even trying."

Jan Stephenson . . . She's got legs, knows how to use them.



Patrice Newell . . . She gets Philip Adams' stamp of approval.

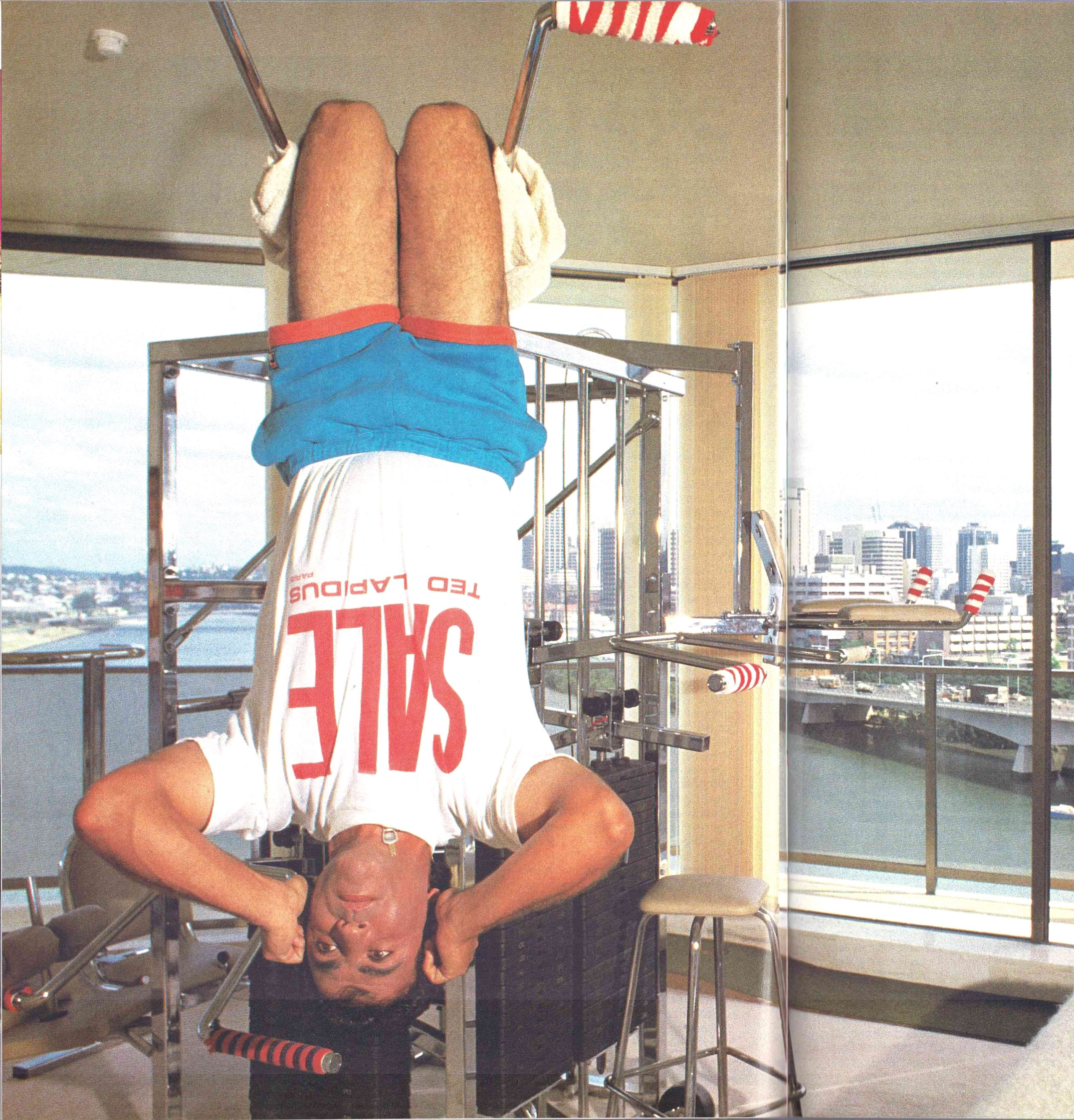


Christina Amphlett . . . A special for boxpleat connoisseurs.



Olivia Newton-John . . . A favorite with a former Prime Minister.





Queensland millionaire  
Stefan Ackerie is out to  
get Australia by the short and curlies

# RAMBO OF THE RINSE SET

PROFILE BY FRANK ROBSON



**F**ifty animated eight-year-olds from a country school are outside the studios of Channel Nine in Brisbane, waiting for a guided tour. Suddenly their chatter fades. They turn, almost as one, and point across the car-park at a short, sturdy man in salmon pink jeans, tan boots and a white jacket.

He approaches swiftly, with an athlete's gait. His eyes are large, dark and widely spaced beneath a cap of thick black hair, as lustrous as the plumage of a pampered crow.

"STEFANI!" the children gasp, still pointing as he moves among them to reach the doors. The man flashes snow-white teeth. His face radiates infectious but puzzling excitement, as though this just might be the most fabulous day of his life. He winks engagingly at the little girls, who giggle helplessly and whisper his name behind their hands.

Minutes later in the studio where he's come to record a series of commercials, the world's most successful hairdresser takes a technician aside and asks if the kids can be brought in to take part in the filming. "If we use them in the film," he says, "they might all scream STEFANI!" He smiles to himself, pleased with the idea, then turns his attention to 12 women seat-

PHOTOS BY DANNY NOLAN



# RAMBO

ed at one end of the studio, sipping champagne and anxiously touching their new Stefan hairstyles. Near them on a table are a row of dummy heads wearing various wigs. They have disconcerting necks almost a metre long and haughty, contemptuous expressions.

Stefan tells the women — here to show off their hair on his weekly five-minute television spot — how he's just returned from the Adelaide Grand Prix, where racing car tyres were changed in four seconds.

"The trouble with you women," he points out, "is that you don't understand mechanical things." His guests laugh delightedly, as if at a good joke. They pass a champagne bottle. It's only 11am and the women seem caught up by a sense of illicit fun that spills into giggles each time the hairdresser hovers by.

But now he's busy arranging the school-children before the cameras. The carpeted set contains several chairs positioned before a large plastic rainbow, instantly recognisable as the symbol forming the entrance to 67 Stefan salons and Jo Jo's Restaurants throughout Australia.

Just before the cameras roll, Stefan grabs a company-name brush and tidies his hair. Then — a revealing moment — he stares down into the brush with a slight frown. (Later he will confess: "Baldness —

I would hate it! Stefan without hair would be like Alan Jones without a car!")

Surrounded by kids, he listens to the Stefan theme music introducing his segment, a marching beat accompanied by visuals of dowdy women revitalised by the Stefan treatment:

"Discover yourself, at Stefan's, Discover yourself, at Stefan's, Discover yooou, with beautiful haaair!"

"Five seconds," calls the director. "Happy, happy, happy!"

Stefan introduces his guests, winking and flashing that dazzling smile. Are they happy?

"YES!"

"Now," Stefan asks, "what's a good thing to do if you want to be successful?"

"Have nice hair!" trills one kid.

"Brush our hair!" hollers another.

"Wash our hair!" erupts a third.

But Stefan has something else in mind. Something leading, no doubt, to one of the countless truisms, slogans, epigrams, quotations and platitudes he applies to his own life and the working lives of 1000 employees.

"Nothing to do with hair," he prods (a strange sentence on Stefan's lips). "Something else you have to do?"

"Get a job!" a boy shouts.

"Right! And what's a good thing to have when you're looking for a job?"

"HAAAIR!"

The kids think they've hit the jackpot this

time, but it isn't the desired response and Stefan moves on to something else. If the children are confused, it's understandable. As little Queenslanders, they know Stefan as "the hair man." Since they were old enough to stare at a TV set, and for about 12 years before that, Stefan has been on the screen talking about hair.

He has a way of doing it . . . a painstaking, emphatic, slightly patronising delivery that stays in your head like . . . well . . . like hair. When he *isn't* talking about hair, but something else, it seems . . . *wrong*, like snow in Cairns or a cat that barks.

Of course, there's more to Stefan than hair. But because he is Stefan, everything he does — his many diverse and remarkable achievements — make you think instantly, Pavlovian-fashion, of hair. Stefan is so well known in Queensland, as he soon will be around the country, it's as if his face and his theme song have been painstakingly implanted in our subconscious minds.

This is no accident.

Everywhere you look, there is a Stefan rainbow. Every newspaper carries a Stefan article or a Stefan advertisement. Every second sporting event has Stefan sponsorship or Stefan participation: Stefan the Australian Champion offshore racer (he won the title in 1985) in his vast, improbable lolly-pink boat; Stefan breaking seven tiles in a *kung fu* demonstration; Stefan the tennis whiz; Stefan the competitive golfer.

On another level, equally visible, he's the darling of the Queensland establishment, friend and confidant to the rich and powerful: Stefan with Sir Joh, Russ Hinze, the Governor; Stefan at the races, piloting his plane or showing yet another newspaper columnist through his penthouse pad where the 15-metre palm trees in the rooftop garden were lowered by helicopter.

Born in a Lebanese village where male children are named for Saint Stefan (to ensure their wisdom and prosperity), Steven Ackerie was raised a Catholic, migrated to Australia with his parents and five sisters, and is now counted among our most shrewd and capable free enterprise movers. At 43, he runs his tonsorial empire along the lines of a Japanese corporation. His staff — especially at management level — are regarded as "family" and lectured tirelessly on bits and pieces of borrowed wisdom accumulated during Stefan's ascent to the glossy crown of international hairdressing.

His system of staff incentives and awards is novel in this country. Workers with the "correct" attitude zoom up the ladder, inspired by gifts of jewellery and sports cars and overseas trips. He has an annual, televised wing-ding where awards are made to his Most Popular Girl, his Most Efficient Girl and his Most Creative Girl.

But the ultimate, unspoken incentive is a living symbol, a model for every hungry young go-getter of the success-crazed Eighties: the suave and magnanimous Hair Baron himself.

For there's no doubt that Stefan is a man of his times. Two of the people he most admires are Ronald Reagan and Sylvester Stallone. He has complete faith in his own perspectives, not merely on the subject of hair, but on almost every vexatious issue facing mankind.

Like Reagan, his solutions to complex problems are startlingly simple. Of his homeland and the rivers of blood spilt there in the name of religion, Stefan says: "I would love to get hold of those people and say, 'Hey! Settle down! Get your conscience to be your religion!' If they did that, I'm sure the killing would stop."

His company employs the same American organisation that devised a "communications program" for the Reagan Administration, and in the foyer of Stefan's offices there stands perhaps the grandest imitative accolade to the old President's sense of public relations: an enormous jar of free jelly beans.

Free jelly beans, of one kind or another, have been a key element in Stefan's success.

Back in the Channel Nine studio, when the kids have appeared in two of his hair chat segments and are filing out to reboard their coach, Stefan arranges for them to call at one of his suburban salons to collect complimentary Stefan hairbrushes ("They never scratch") and shampoo for every pupil present.

"Thank you Stefan!" the youngsters sing. And you *know*, by a certain light in their eyes, that they will not forget this smiling man (or his products) for as long as they grow hair and draw breath.

Stefan likes everyone around him to be happy. Sometimes, he virtually *insists* on it. During the 90 minutes he spends making no less than 12 commercials, the hairdresser occasionally glances my way and launches one of his galvanising winks. I find it increasingly difficult to respond, especially with the kind of radiant, exhausting smile worn by his sister Mona (who runs the new Stefan Nail Shop) and most of the 12 women chosen to display their hairstyles.

During a break, Stefan instructs his staff to give me a piece of cake brought from one of his Jo Jo's Restaurants (named for and run by another sister, Josie). "Happy him up a bit," he says significantly, heading back to the set for a segment featuring a man wearing "Stefan's beautiful permanent hair — weighs less than half an ounce and permanently stuck to your own hair."

The filming over, Stefan announces he will tell a joke about "attitudes." But the women guests have already consumed four bottles of champagne and are laughing in advance.

"Listen to the joke," directs a Stefan staffer.

It goes like this: A man wants to show his wife who wears the pants in their relationship. He removes his trousers and asks her to put them on, but of course they are

much too big. The husband says this proves he wears the pants.

But the wife takes her pants off and gets him to try *them* on. They are too small.

"I can't get into these," he says.

"Until you change your attitude," his clever wife shoots back, "you never will!"

The women guests hoot their appreciation of the Attitude Joke to the studio's high ceiling.

"I don't get it," says a cameraman.

"Attitude is very important," explains Stefan, and invites the entire production crew to a free lunch at Jo Jo's.

Stefan's father leads the way into a tiny room at the rear of Antoine Ackerie Hair Fashions in Adelaide Street, Brisbane. There's barely space for us to settle at a small table. Coffee-making equipment is stacked on a shelf and on the wall hangs a framed photograph of Stefan.

He was just ten when the picture was

There is no doubt that Stefan is a man of his times. Two of the people he most admires are Ronald Reagan and Sylvester Stallone

taken in Lebanon, yet it is almost a mirror image of the famous man today. Only smaller. Thirty-three years later, even his hair is the same. The boy looks into the camera with a smile, radiating self-confidence.

Antoine's own hair is grey, but bountiful and well maintained, making him seem younger than he probably is. His thin, cedar-colored face is dominated by deep-set, doleful eyes. Unlike Stefan, who is often critical of migrants who don't learn correct English, Antoine speaks classic "New Australian" . . . yet his meanings, more so than Stefan's, are precise, unadorned. He is deeply proud of his son's achievements and describes how, when the boy worked at his salon in their hometown of Batroum, near Beirut, customers would predict great things in Stefan's future.

"In hairdressing," Antoine says, "I was big in Lebanon, very big, for woman and man. But his ambition was ten times . . . 100 times greater than mine! I was big, but he jumps over all that. Always he wanted to be a lot bigger than what I am."

When the family migrated to Adelaide,

Antoine opened the salon where Stefan did his apprenticeship. The son studied English at night school and made extra money by cutting the hair of patients at a public hospital.

At 20 Stefan had his first salon, but soon sold out and set off in his blue MGA to tour Australia.

Antoine: "I watch from South Australia and in very short time he got chain of shops and in very big way. Then (ten years ago) he get too big and ring me to come join him. I say okay. When I come and see what he is doing, I try to tell him this and that. But whatever I say is not . . . big enough. I was scared of the way he is going. To me, he get too big — too much! In the end he say, 'Look — you worry me. Better you work yourself and I work myself' — so we do."

Asked what drives his son, Antoine looks at the photograph on the wall and slowly shakes his head. "I don't know what is in him," he says. "He done everything. Sport — he come to the tennis, then golf. Then water ski. He used to ski on bare feet, then one feet! Then change maybe 20 boats he own, then two aeroplane. He like to do *everything*! I don't think nothing left . . ."

Is there rivalry between them?

Antoine laughs, shaking his head.

"I getting too much phone calls even with three shops (he owns two salons in the suburbs). I worry my son is getting too big, but doesn't seem so. When I'm worried, he explain it to me, then seem like he on right direction. Personally, I like him to stop. But he won't. I ask him many times. 'Oh no, no, no, no,' he say, 'I enjoy it!' I don't think he ever going to stop."

I had been told Antoine was fiercely independent, disdaining his ex-wife's inherited wealth. He is divorced from Stefan's mother, whose parents made a fortune in Lebanon from dry cleaning and real estate.

Now Antoine says warmly that Stefan, too, has always made his own way in life. "And he gives so much away! I don't know how he can do it . . . always giving money for this thing or that. Of course, is good for business, yes?"

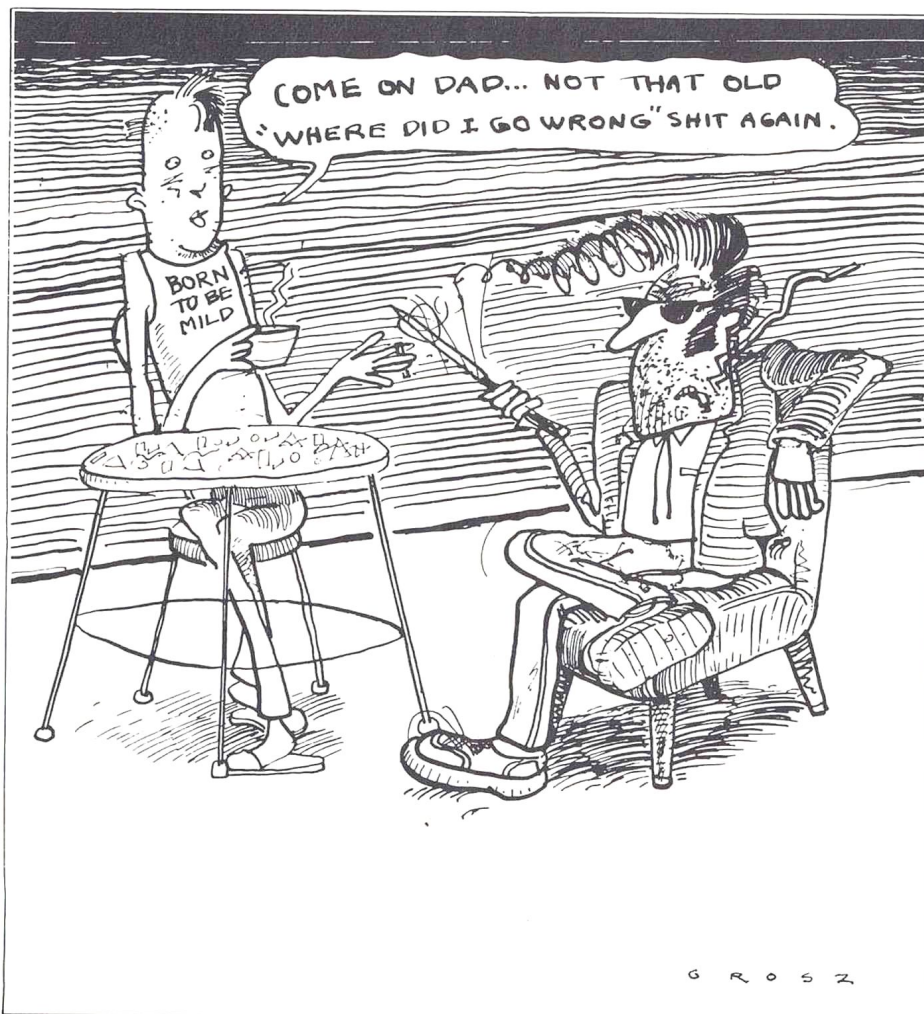
Then, for perhaps the fourth time since we've sat down, he returns to a subject that seems to trouble him. "From the beginning, he never ask my help. He helping me from many directions, but he didn't ask my help. I wish he would — but he doesn't."

I thank him for his time, but Antoine waves this aside. "I am very happy you come to ask me. I am so proud . . . wherever I go, people ask me: 'You Stefan father?'"

He straightens his white smock, ready for work in the busy salon.

"I think," he confides, "to be Stefan father is good for my business."

The Pavilion Shopping Centre occupies half a block in the heart of Brisbane. It is Stefan HQ, honeycombed by his shops: salons, the Hairpiece Centre, the Nail Shop, two Jo Jo's Restaurants and, on the





# RAMBO

second level, the administrative offices and the Stefan Training School.

In the school the Hair Baron officiates at weekly classes, sometimes watching aspiring employees struggling to lift a log — a “teamwork” attitude-former he picked up from innovative Marist Brothers during his unhappy days at boarding school.

In the afternoon following the filming session I have lunch in the basement Jo Jo’s with the 12 women TV guests, Stefan’s secretary, Rose, and his sister, Mona. Here, the previous day, Stefan had hosted a Melbourne Cup luncheon for his diverse range of high-profile friends: titled millionaires, real estate tycoons, newspaper executives, TV stars, construction company owners and others of an entrepreneurial bent.

Today it’s a low-key affair. Mona tells of a phone call from a woman who spoke to her in Stefan’s absence. “She rang to confess that she used to hate my brother because he seemed like just another uppity wog. Then she started to see the good he was doing — providing jobs, boosting the economy, giving an example for others to follow — and she came to admire him intensely.”

Smiling, Mona picks at her food. “It was such a lovely call,” she says. “I almost cried.”

Rose describes another call in which a man claimed to be in possession of the first-issued Queensland number plate, Q-1, swiped from Stefan’s company Porsche when the car was being rail-freighted to Cairns (Stefan paid \$100,000 for the plate at a government-organised auction). Rose: “The caller offered to return the plate if Stefan met him at a certain place at a certain time. But the government had already issued a replica plate, so of course we didn’t take up the offer.”

Waiting in the foyer upstairs for a promised interview with Stefan, I bone up on some of the extraordinary things written about him. Male reporters tend not to flatter the little mogul, but women — perhaps infected by whatever spell hairdressers possess to melt their hearts — lean toward journalistic incontinence.

Consider this report by a female investigator: “Married and divorced, Steve has two sons and is adored by women of all ages. They wave and smile as he prowls restlessly around his salons and restaurants and he waves and grins back. Their eyes dart excitedly over his lovely clothes: designer jeans and finely pin-tucked lizard skin boots. They stare and point and giggle . . . his staff admire him and most women find him warm, generous and approachable.”

And how does Stefan respond to the adoration of women?

From the same emotion-charged article: “I love women, but they need to have more

confidence in themselves . . . Women are . . . pretty and nice and soft and kind. I like that, but some of them don’t try hard enough to make the most of what they have.”

Lizard skin boots or not, other men have been kneed in the groin for less patronising utterances than these. And yet . . . if Stefan’s responses suggest a certain arrogance it may be due more to the fawning manner in which questions are asked than what he sets out to convey. No-one really likes a wealth groupie, however much some millionaires may come to believe what the groupies say and write about them.

Minutes after this bout of idle reasonableness, I’m in the restless prowler’s private office. Breathing is difficult because the fingers of Stefan’s vice-like right hand (developed by a lifetime of scissoring) are clamped about my windpipe. He stands beside my chair, his left hand imprisoning

“  
A lot of people regard him as a free-enterprise superhero. Like the woman who once thought him “an uppity wog” but changed her mind, they admire him intensely  
”

the wrist of my extended right arm.

From this semi-reclining position I can see framed photographs of my assailant with famous people arranged along one wall. There he is with Vidal Sassoon, the hairdresser’s hairdresser, and a beautiful model at the Albert Hall, London.

When Stefan yanks my arm toward him the view changes slightly and I see a picture of him applying precisely the same *kung fu* hold to his martial arts master, Malcolm Sue, who looks to be enjoying it no more than your correspondent.

“This is the hold,” Stefan explains, “that I used against a bloke who tried to hassle me for money in a New York bar.”

“Arrrgg!” I tell him. “Gurrrg!”

“It’s a good hold for a bar situation,” the hairdresser continues reflectively. “You can get what you want without making a mess. The decent martial artist doesn’t want to make a mess.”

Demo over, Stefan resumes his seat and rubs more cream into the scalded flesh around his right eye. (A few minutes before the interview, while testing a new sports car he was buying for an employee, Ackerie made the mistake of removing the

radiator cap. The ensuing geyser came within a whisker of putting his winking eye permanently out of action.)

Despite quite severe pain and the concern of his staff, Stefan sticks to an undertaking to give me an uninterrupted hour of his time. He’s talking now about hairdresser jokes . . . and the day in the early Sixties when he fought in a Longreach pub after a local insisted he was a poofter and a smart bastard.

It was before he studied *kung fu*, and as the pair of them crashed around the bar making a mess a third man rushed in, demanding to know if the stranger was indeed a ladies’ hairdresser. He turned out to be a local investor who needed someone to run his salon, ladies’ hairdressers being thin on the ground out west.

For the next year Stefan worked 15-hour days on the hair of women whose men were riding high on the wool prices boom. Then he came to Brisbane to lay the groundwork for the business empire he had dreamed of from the time he swept Antoine’s hairy floors in Batroum.

“Back then,” he says, “I thought ten shops would be good. Later, I figured 50 would be nice. Now [with 67 outlets, including — among six in NSW — a shop in Centrepont Tower that turns over a million dollars each year] I see 100 shops as very realistic . . . 30 more, at this stage, is nothing!”

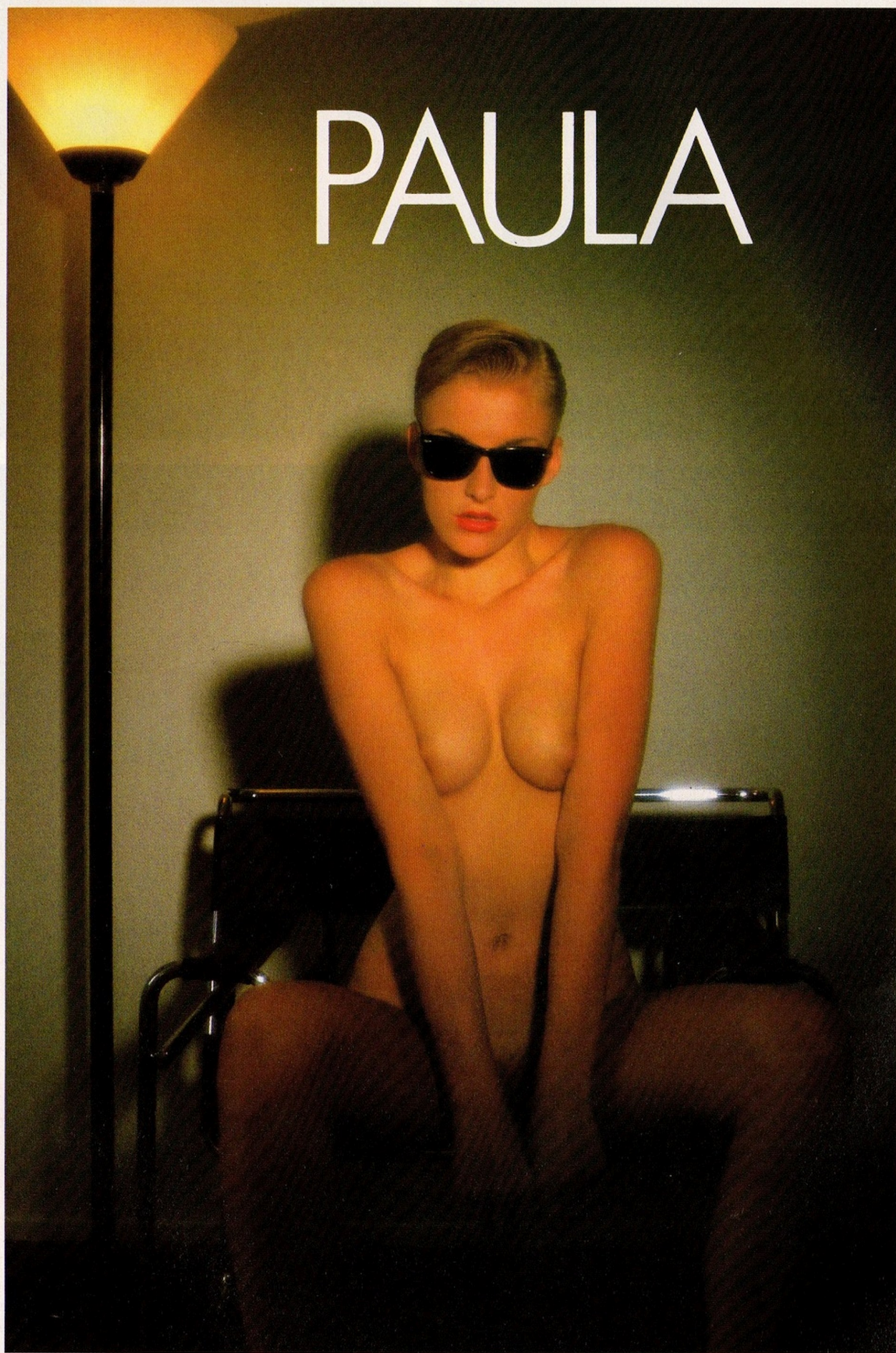
Already the largest independently-owned hairdressing chain in the world, with an annual turnover of about \$30 million, the Stefan company has rejected several American takeover bids. Its continued growth seems assured, partly because Ackerie is a skilled businessman with a fine eye for detail (money-back guarantees at all salons; *real* orange juice and non-frozen fish at all his restaurants), but also because of the man’s sheer momentum as a public figure.

In the public mind Mr Hair, dispensing largesse and lifestyle platitudes to the masses, is far more than just another *nouveau riche* moneybags. He’s more like the star, the centrepiece, of a long-running, immensely popular soap opera. And it’s the kind of soapie fans *believe* in . . . not just as a story, but as a decided improvement on reality. Just as there are folk who think of Ronald Reagan as the tough, square-dealing cowboy he often portrayed for Hollywood, and others who think of Sylvester Stallone as Rambo, a lot of people regard Stefan as a sage free-enterprise superhero. Like the woman who once thought him “an uppity wog” but changed her mind, they admire him intensely.

A sceptic, however, might question whether Stefan’s image hadn’t been painstakingly orchestrated to ensure his business success on a scale only intense and sustained public exposure could bring about. It’s a question that makes the Hair

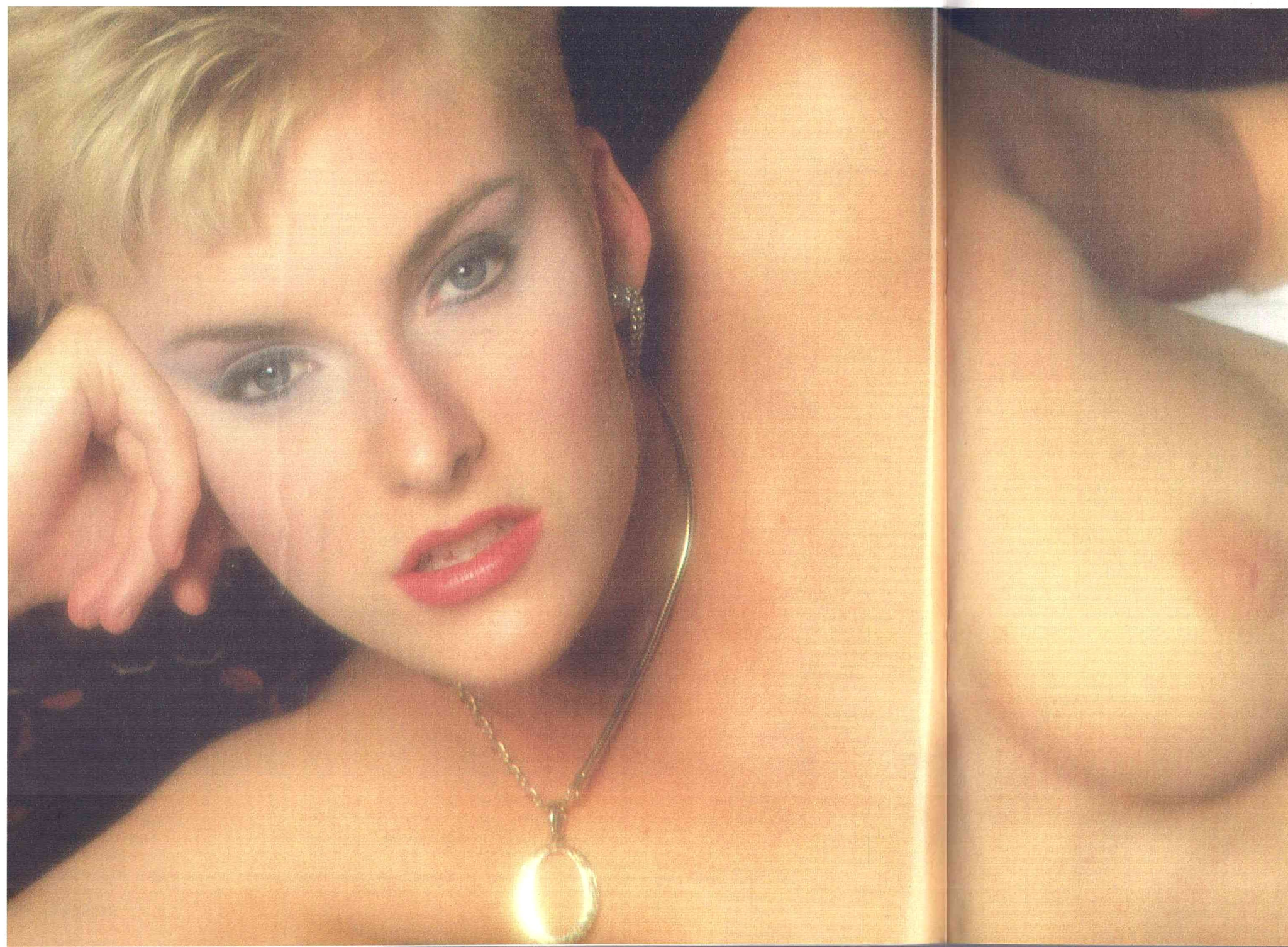
*Continued on page 144*

# PAULA



Hair by Helen Ryan; Make-up by Oliver Scheffler and Libby Coman; Clothes courtesy of First Edition, Brisbane.





It's not too far-fetched to compare Paula Sutton with a long summer drink that cools the throat and warms the vitals, making you want more — and soon. This Brisbane blonde is indeed calming to look at, much as a classic marble sculpture soothes the eye and invites you to touch its cool sensual smoothness. But there's mischief in Paula's eyes, a tantalising tilt to her head and a lasciviousness in this 18-year-old's lips that excite a warm and pleasant tingle.

# COOL CLASSIC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL NOLAN

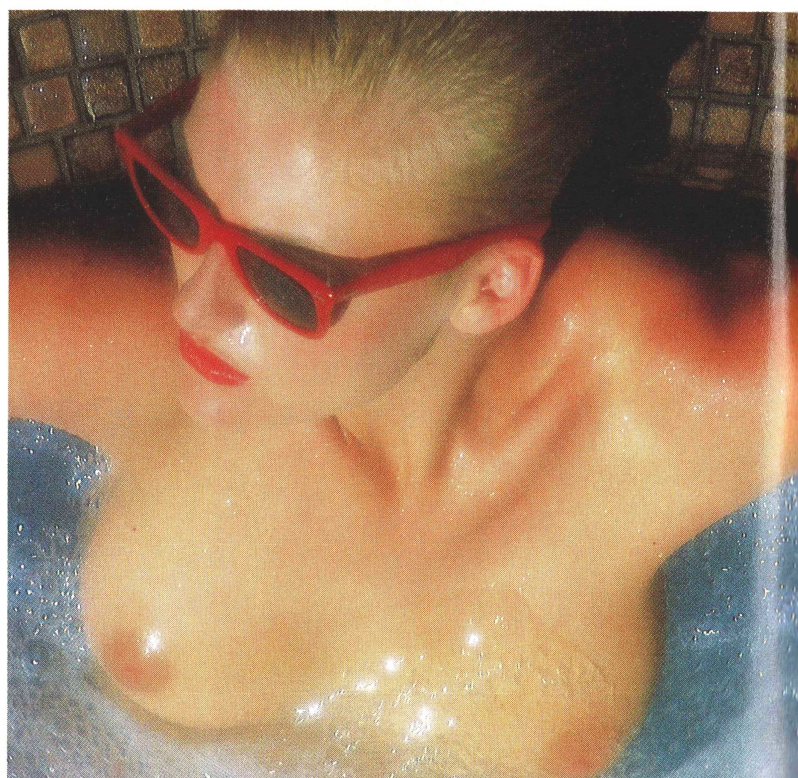




Standing an imposing 180cm, and most of it gloriously long legs, Paula Sutton looks every bit the professional model she is. Her height and willowy grace have made her a sought-after catwalk mannequin in the two years she has been modelling in Sydney and Melbourne. Later this year she will work for several months in Germany.

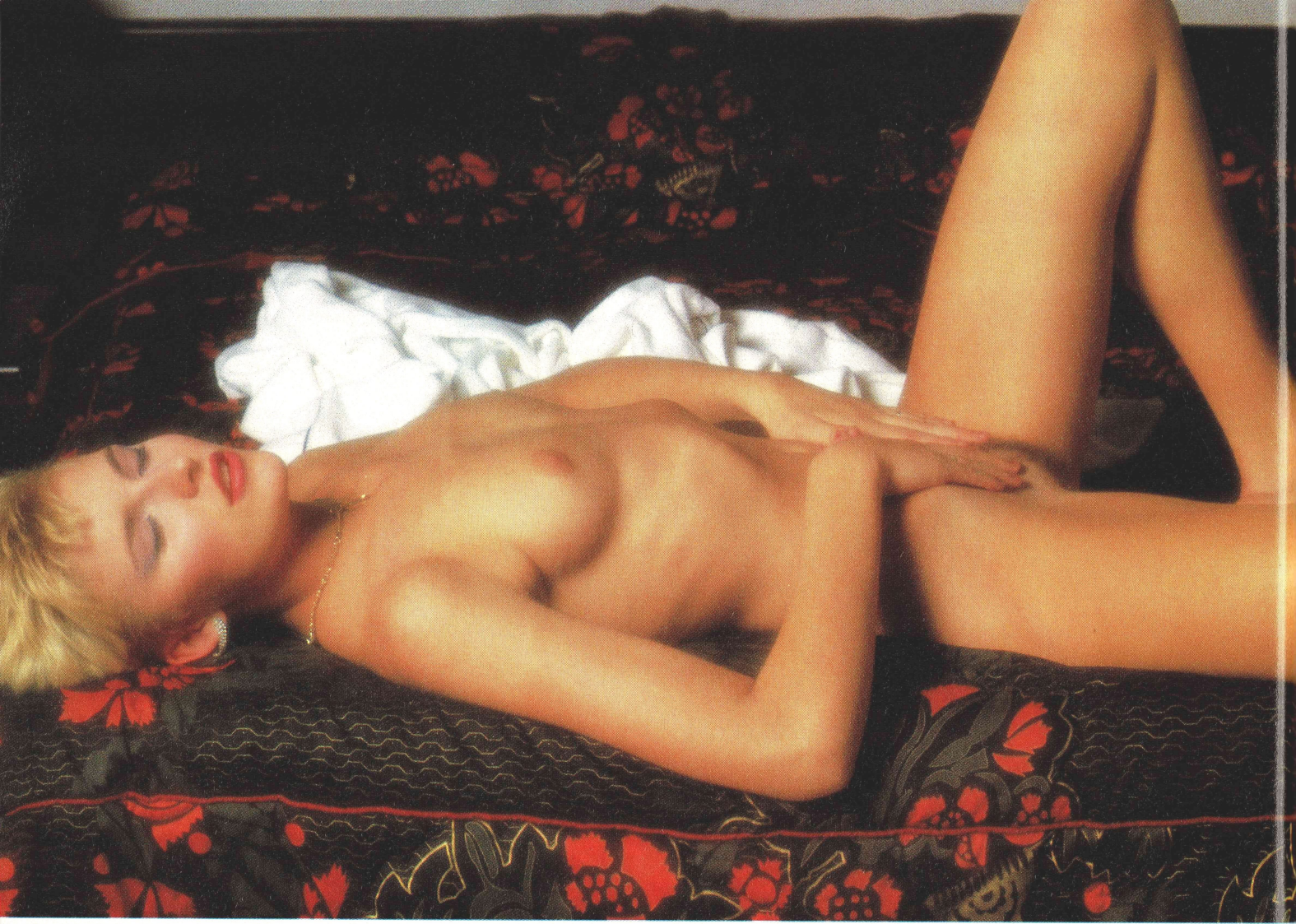






Paula's unusual beauty is a product of Dutch and Welsh parentage. With her parents, three brothers and four sisters, she came to Australia from England six years ago. She tells us her sisters are all as beautiful as herself, or more so, which must establish some sort of record.





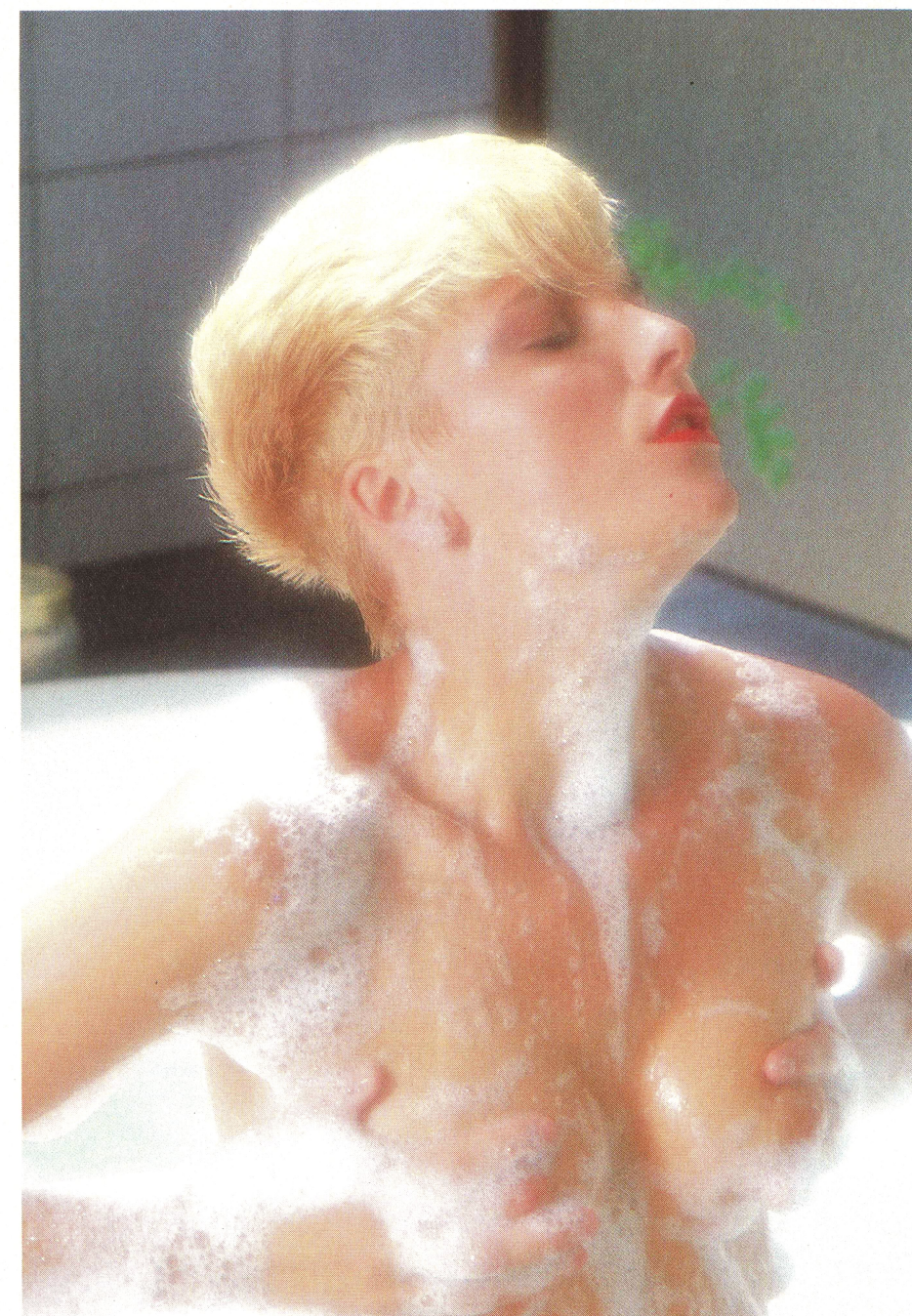
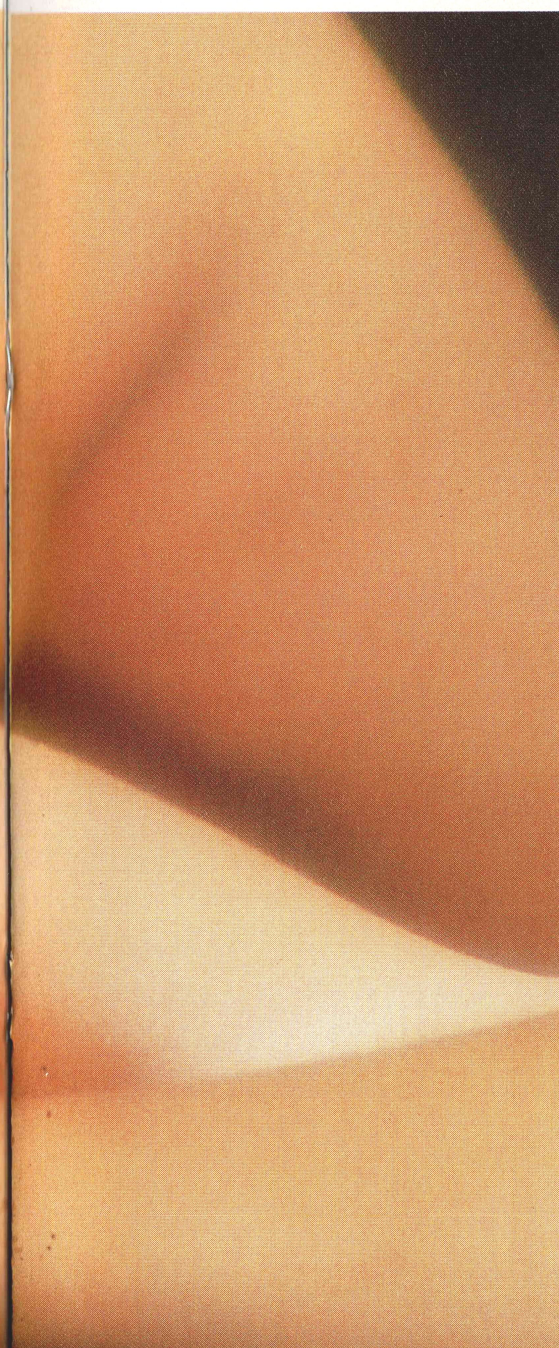
While modelling and designing her own range of sophisticated evening and high fashion swim wear has taken up most of her time lately, Paula says she often took time off to daydream about appearing in *Penthouse*. "My two favorite fantasies have been to go skydiving and to appear in *Penthouse*," she admits. "*Penthouse* came first."



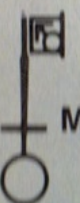


The skydiving will no doubt come later. But her headlong leap into our pages has the advantage of allowing us to share the dizzying delights of this exquisite young woman, and to help us in the nicest possible way to conquer our fear of heights.

OT 15







MISS PAULA SUTTON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Penthouse presents  
the worst moments in  
Australian sport

# HOW DO YA FEEL?

BY PETER McDONALD

**I**n sport there are winners and losers, and from an armchair perspective it's easy to get the impression that for the winners — the superstars of sport — the major problem in life is turning up at the game on time. But there's another side to sporting stardom. It's there because champions are no less subject to the vagaries of Murphy's Law than you or I, and thus can be as hapless, hopeless and helpless as you or I when their luck runs out.

Some of sport's lowest moments have passed into Australian folklore: the famous underarm delivery bowled by Trevor Chappell in a one-day cricket match against New Zealand; Terry Alderman's ungraceful departure from Test cricket after executing a high tackle on an errant England fan; the misdirected pain-killing injection that rendered St George captain Graeme Langlands a pathetic passenger in the 1975 Sydney Rugby League Grand Final. There are other well-publicised examples of sporting lowlights, but many more have gone virtually unnoticed.

In order to bring some of these to light, and to test the widely-held assumption that Australians have as a national characteristic the ability to laugh at themselves, *Penthouse* contacted a selection of major sporting stars and asked them to describe their worst moment in sport. Their responses — some mildly amusing, some hilarious, some melancholy and some delivered through teeth still gritted in frustration and anger — fell into four broad categories with which weekend sportsmen are painfully familiar: the disappointing personal performance, the embarrassing predicament, the poignant irony, and the act of God which resulted in an irredeemable cock-up.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE





## THE EMBARRASSMENT FACTOR

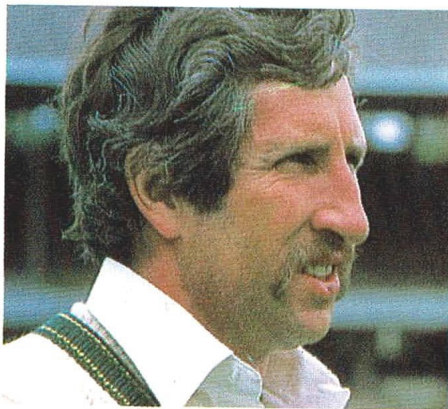


GRANT KENNY

It's possible to imagine the golden boy of Australian sport, **Grant Kenny**, screwing up badly on land — but never in the water. However, in 1982, when he competed in his first World Kayak Championships as an 18-year-old, Kenny did the unthinkable. In the semi-final, with a crowd of around 10,000 looking on, he got involved in a neck-and-neck tussle for first place with the former world champion. Approaching the finish line, Australia's Iron Man champ lunged forward and fell out of his kayak.

"That's something that just doesn't happen in kayaks," Kenny reflected. "I mean, it's flat water. Sometimes you'll see guys fall out of canoes because they're much harder to balance in. But in all the years I've been paddling kayaks, I've never seen anybody else fall out — and certainly not in the World Championships."

Kenny didn't know anything about the crowd's reaction to his unprecedented stunt: "I was so embarrassed I spent the next five minutes underwater." Then the final ignominy: when he came to the surface, the Iron Man had to try and retain some dignity by fending off the boat sent out to rescue him in case he couldn't swim. "I managed to swim ashore okay," he said wryly, "so they rescued my kayak instead."



MAX WALKER

Stalwart Test cricketer **Max Walker**, now a Channel Nine sports commentator, became the butt of numerous jokes after an eye-catching performance in a Test match at Nottingham on the 1977 England tour. It was Geoff Boycott's comeback match

and the English crowd was packed in to the rafters when Australia's captain, Greg Chappell, signalled to Max to warm up in preparation for a bowling stint. While he was going through the motions — touching the toes, stretching the hamstrings, loosening the groin — Walker noticed he was copping an inordinate amount of flak from the spectators. "They were yelling out all sorts of stupid comments like: 'Nice bum, Maxie,' and I figured I wouldn't give them any satisfaction by acknowledging that rubbish." So he continued the ritual, touching the toes a few more times, stretching the ribcage, until he was just about ready to go.

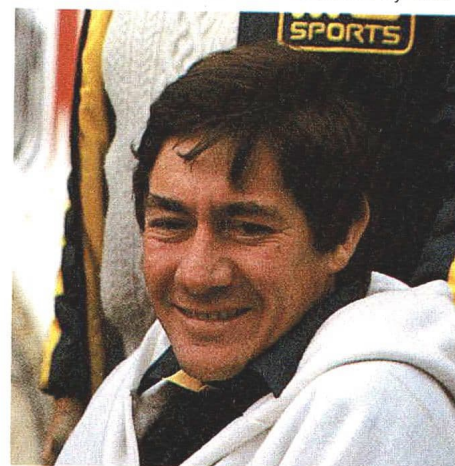
While walking in on the last ball of the over, Walker nervously went for the crotch of his trousers, only to find his trousers didn't have a crotch. "She was gone, right from the crotch up to the waistband — and all I had on was a jockstrap. I'd been bending down and touching my toes for at least four deliveries, and it then dawned on me that the spectators weren't having a lend of me — they were for real." Those who know anything about the construction of a jockstrap will realise that Max had mooned the crowd repeatedly, and just as effectively as if he'd been stark naked. He left the field immediately, his ashen face fixed resolutely on the dressing room door.



MARK RICHARDS

Four times world surfing champion **Mark Richards** is undisputedly the greatest competitor in the history of the sport. He was in big demand after the 1979 Marui Pro contest in Japan and found himself carted around the country on a promotional tour which culminated in an on-stage appearance in a huge theatre in Tokyo prior to the screening of a surf movie. Along with surf stars Shaun Tomson and Reno Abellira, Richards was hauled up before thousands of awestruck Japanese kids and asked to pretend that he was surfing his favorite break back in Australia. "We each had to lie flat on the floor of the stage, pretend to paddle for the wave, pretend to stand up, turn and ride the wave. I had to explain, through an interpreter, how to surf the tube at Burleigh Heads while I was crouching on the stage with all these Japanese standing there holding their arms over my head, pretending they were the tube. We had to go through the whole thing

from start to finish — it was really, really silly. I've never felt so ridiculous in my life."

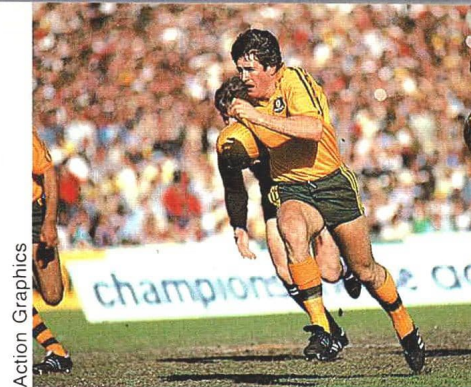


KEVIN BARTLETT

Sometimes the media contribute unwittingly to the creation of a sportsman's most embarrassing moment. That was the case for champion race driver **Kevin "KB" Bartlett** at the 1981 Hardie-Ferodo classic at Bathurst. Driving a Channel Nine Camaro, KB was challenging for the lead when he went to lap a tardy Commodore whose driver was apparently not too keen on the idea. The Commodore veered across the track in front of Bartlett and whipped the valve out of his front left-hand tyre, which meant KB had to limp back for a lengthy pitstop to repair broken brake lines and such. His chances of winning the race were blown completely. "I was quite shitty when I got back because I was a damn good chance in that race, and immediately one of the television commentators poked a microphone under my nose and said: 'What's up?' Well, I went off my brain a bit and said: 'That bastard who hit me — I'm gonna go and give him a smack in the mouth!'"

When he finished his driving stint the redoubtable Bartlett, aware that he'd promised a showdown on national television, went in search of the errant driver. At that stage he knew only the number of the car, not the identity of its driver, who turned out to be a former professional lightweight boxer by the name of Ron Wanless. "The guy would have smeared me across the scenery like you wouldn't believe," said KB. "I had to hastily revise my tactics. I went up to him and said: 'Listen, mate, I'm a bit upset — but I'm not that upset.'"

The sudden shrinkage of the Bartlett bravado was embarrassing enough, but things got worse in the ensuing weeks, when KB was approached by a succession of characters asking ingenuously: "Hey, Kev, have you smacked that bastard in the mouth yet?" To top it off, Bartlett was given a rap over the knuckles for his intemperate comment by the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport, which subsequently banned immediate pitside interviews with race drivers.



DAVID CAMPESE

The media were innocent of any deliberate attempt to embarrass Barlett, but that of course is not always the case. **David Campese**, currently regarded as the hottest rugby union property in the world, learned that lesson when he toured New Zealand as a virtually unknown 19-year-old winger back in 1982. In the first two Test matches against the All Blacks Campese was up against the veteran Stu Wilson, then reckoned to be the world's best rugby winger. Unfurling a prodigious sidestep, the young Australian blew his illustrious opponent clean out of the water, beating him with miraculous ease time and time again.

After the Second Test, Campese was sitting next to Wilson at a dinner, and remarked sympathetically: "You're not playing too well, Stu," to which the All Black had replied: "No, you're right — I'm not." In a subsequent interview, Australian reporters asked Campese what it was he'd said to Wilson. Campese told them. The headlines in the Australian press the following day said: "COCKY CAMPESE TELLS WILSON HE'S NO GOOD" or words to that effect.

"I wasn't being a smart-arse at all," said Campese. "It was meant as a sympathetic gesture — but it was embarrassing to get back home and have people coming up to me in the street and saying, 'Oh, you're a cocky bloke, aren't you?' I learned a lot about talking to reporters as a result of that incident."



KERRY BOUSTEAD

**Kerry Boustead's** embarrassing brush with the media was a different matter again. This revealing photograph of Australia's

number one rugby league winger was published in the game's Bible, *Rugby League Week*. "I don't think the people at RLW noticed the funny looking thing hanging down to my knees," said Boustead, "but they were calling me 'The Stud' for quite a while after that magazine came out. I copped heaps of flak over it. Incidentally," he quipped, "the growth that appears between my legs is, in fact, not mine. My own is half an inch or so smaller."

## THE DISAPPOINTING PERFORMANCE

The worst moments in any sportsman's career are usually those in which, inexplicably, he fails to distinguish himself from the average Z-grade no-hoper. Displays of amateurish incompetence are all the more galling to the sporting superstar because he knows himself to be so much better than that.



ROGER GOULD

**Roger Gould's** worst moment in sport is a classic example. As Australia's rugby union Test fullback, Gould has often inspired comparisons with the Rock of Gibraltar; his ability to handle the high ball under intense pressure is second to no-one in the world. When the Australians toured the British Isles in 1981-82, they ran out against Scotland before a crowd of around 67,000 and scored three scintillating early tries to lead 14-12. The Scots had kicked four penalties and had never looked like scoring a try when they put up a high kick to Gould.

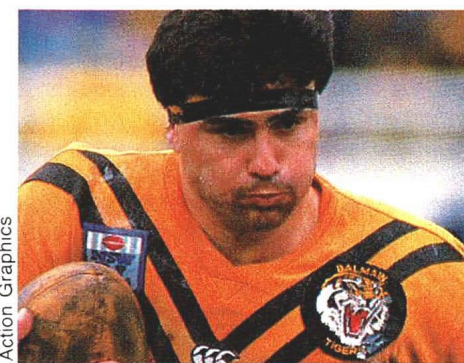
"Nobody was really around me at all — there was no pressure," the fullback recalled. "I don't know what happened. I thought I was underneath it, ready to catch it, and it must have moved in the air somewhere but I didn't see it move... I didn't even get a fingertip to it. There I was, standing flat-footed, watching it bounce about a metre out of my reach... I was just standing in the wrong space... and it bounced straight into the arms of Jim Renwick, the Scottish centre, and he scored under the posts."

"That made it 18-14 and they went on to win the game with a couple more penalties. The worst thing was that they never looked like scoring a *real* try; that was the only one they got, and it came from absolutely nothing..."



IAN CHAPPELL

Debut matches are a fertile breeding ground for soul-destroying performances. **Ian Chappell**, one of Australia's greatest postwar batsmen, played his first Sheffield Shield tour match for South Australia against Victoria at the MCG. As the grandson of the remarkable all-round sportsman Victor Richardson, Chappell's entry into the first class arena was accompanied by a good deal of publicity, and he'd made a 50 in his initial Shield appearance in front of his home crowd. As he walked out to face the Victorian attack, Chappell noticed the MCG wicket was way over on the far side of the ground: "It would have been a 130-yard walk from the gate to the wicket. I walked all the way there and faced my first ball from Ian Meckiff. He was a left-arm bowler and he slanted one across me; I played forward and got an edge to the keeper, Ray Jordan. So I had to walk all the way back after facing one ball. I wasn't that concerned about the crowd reaction; I was just wishing I was a hell of a lot closer to the boundary line. It felt like about three miles on the way back. Throughout my career I was always the keeper's best friend, so I suppose it was appropriate that I started out in that fashion."



BEN ELIAS

Few sportsmen have made a more spectacular balls-up of their first moments in the big-time than Australia's brilliant rugby league Test hooker, **Ben Elias**. Hailed as a potential superstar after his performances as a schoolboy in the televised Commonwealth Bank Cup, Elias made his first-grade debut against Brisbane in a mid-week Cup game at Lang Park in 1983. The late afternoon sun was directly in his eyes as the tyro hooker ran out to the jeers of the parochial Queensland crowd. "The Bris-



bane side kicked off and I went to take the ball and completely lost sight of it in the sun. It bounced off my head and into the arms of a Brisbane player, and they scored a try under the posts immediately. The worst moment was standing behind the goalposts waiting for the conversion, alongside players that I'd idolised since I was a kid . . . and after two minutes we were down 6-0."

Action Graphics



## MIKE O'CONNOR

**Michael O'Connor's** worst moment in sport is a classic of its kind. O'Connor was one of the sensations of the 1985 rugby league season, having previously been a rugby union international. But he'd bowed out of the amateur code in 1982 under very inauspicious circumstances. Playing his last game of union for Queensland against the touring Barbarians, O'Connor was involved in an outrageously theatrical move called "dummy handstand." The idea was that when five-eighth Paul McLean got the ball from the scrum he'd feign a pass to centres O'Connor and Andrew Slack, who would both perform handstands in the hope of stunning the pants off the opposition while McLean spun around and passed to fullback Roger Gould on the blind side, who would then have a clear run to the line. "It was my idea," O'Connor confessed. "I'd done it in a schoolboy match and it worked that time, so we thought we'd try it. This was the first time it was done in an adult match and it'll probably be the last."

The then Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser and Prince Phillip were among the amazed spectators when O'Connor and Slack went into their handstands. Unfortunately, five-eighth McLean hadn't heard the call and fired a pass at perfect catching height to O'Connor. The ball struck him on the ankles; it fell to the Barbarians, who made a long raid and scored from the ensuing ruck. "When it happened I don't think the crowd could believe it," O'Connor recalled.

As it turned out, "dummy handstand" was the deciding factor in the international, which the Barbarians won by a narrow margin.



## WALLY LEWIS

**Wally Lewis**, known to Queenslanders as "King Wally" and widely held to be the

most complete rugby league player in the world, was still seething when *Penthouse* asked him to recall the lowlight of his career. The incident took place at last year's mid-week National Panasonic Cup clash between Brisbane and Balmain at Leichardt Oval. The Brisbane side, captained by Lewis, had scored an early try and looked like giving the Tigers a walloping. "We were walking back to our places after the try when the crowd on the sidelines started pelting us with hard lemons. A couple of guys got hit and I was lucky not to have copped it."

The Balmain players unaccountably reversed the trend and ran out quite easy winners. "After the game, when we were walking off the field," Lewis recalled, "the crowd was giving us a hard time and, I suppose, myself in particular. These young grubs were spitting all over us — kicking us in the backside and running off. I just had the shits — I felt like bashing some little bastard — but of course, you're in a position where you can't do that. Walking off that field was the worst moment I've experienced in football."

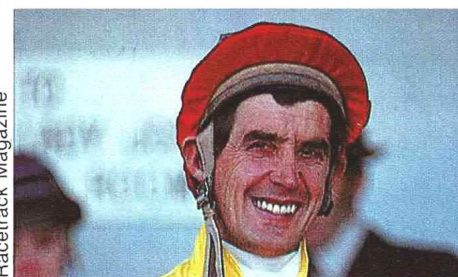


## DARREN CLARKE

The great white hope of Australian athletics, **Darren Clarke**, was also less than happy about a very recent incident in which he was unfairly accused of treachery. At the inaugural World Cup held last October in Canberra, Clarke was running the anchor leg for Oceania in the 4 x 400 metres relay. "While the third runners were coming into the straight, the Russian was pushing and jostling me, trying to get me out of my lane," said Clarke. "And naturally, I was just pushing him back all the time so I could get a clear run. Well, just as we were about to receive the batons, he got in my way again so I gave him another shove — and he fell on to the American, so they fell off the track, and it ended up with runners everywhere. It was a shemozzle."

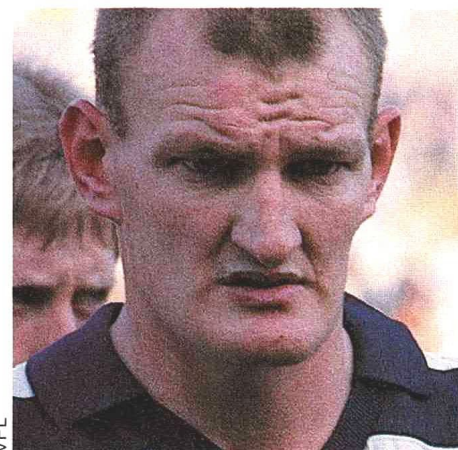
"Well, after the race the Americans started blaming me for what went on: a lot of words were exchanged and we just about came to blows under the grandstand." The relay resulted in two protests. Africa was disqualified for a dropped baton and Clarke was ultimately vindicated when the Russians were outed as a result of the melee on the change-over. "I don't know

if that was the *worst* moment because I don't think I was in the wrong," said Clarke, "but it was the one that's stuck in my mind and it will for a long while to come."



## NEVILLE VOIGT

Champion jockey **Neville Voigt** has never won the Melbourne Cup. That's why he can't forget the one that got away. Voigt was to have ridden the champion Tails in the 1971 Cup, but on the Thursday prior to the big race he went to a provincial meeting at Hawkesbury, NSW and copped a suspension for careless riding. Tails eventually went into the race as a 15-1 chance and managed only a third. "I knew that horse backwards," Voigt lamented, "and I reckon I could have got him home. It was easily the biggest disappointment in my career."



## MARK JACKSON

**Mark Jackson**, the clown prince of the VFL, almost deserves a category of his own. In describing what was purportedly his worst moment in sport, "Jacko" appeared to be recalling his best moment — or, at least, the one which gave him the most satisfaction. It would, however, have been a black page in anyone else's sport-ing scrapbook.

Halfway through last season, the burly full-forward was playing with injuries. "I had a sore leg and my knee was just about shot to bits and I was thinking, 'How the hell am I gonna get right?'" The seeds of revolt were already present as Jackson trotted on to Prince's Park to play the 12th Round match against Hawthorn. "I got hit right in front of the umpire, and I was a bit cranky because I'd been three or four weeks without a free kick, so I turned to this umpire and said: 'Are you gonna report him

for that?' He said he wasn't. So I decided to take things into my own hands. I hit one bloke — and I thought, well, there's a one-week suspension . . . so I hit another bloke — there's another week . . . so I thought bugger this, I'll go for it. I hit another six blokes — couldn't catch the other ten — but I knew what I was doing the whole time. I wasn't hurting them, just letting them know I was there. I ended up getting eight weeks — one for each bloke I clobbered." Jackson couldn't resist adding: "It was nice of the Tribunal to give me all that time to recuperate and get my knee right."

## THE IRONY AND THE ECSTASY



## MICK DITTMAN

It's moments like these when your average sports star wonders whether it's all worthwhile. Jockey **Mick Dittman** had that feeling after the 1982 Melbourne Cup. The great Kingston Town looked an easy winner until Dittman threaded Gurner's Lane through the pack and with a dream rails run pipped the champion at the post.

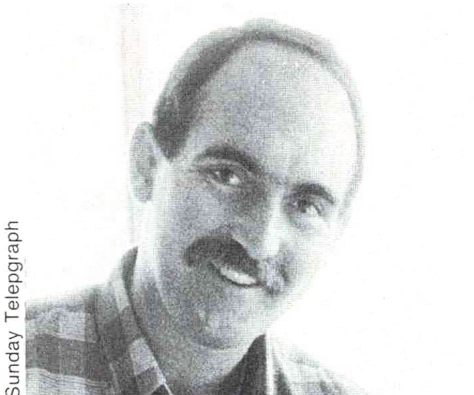
An hour after the last race, and with a few drinks under his belt, the Cup-winning jockey headed for home. "Normally I'd just go outside the course and hail a cab or find someone I knew who'd give me a ride. But everyone was grogging on, the people I did know all seemed to have full cars, and there were no cabs. I couldn't get anyone to stop — they must have all backed Kingston Town. I live about a mile and half from the course and I ended up having to cart a saddle plus all my racing gear all the way home. That's a bloody long way to walk after you've just won the Melbourne Cup."



## ALLAN MOFFAT

**Allan Moffat**, one of the dominant figures in Australian motor racing, also

knows what it's like to snatch despair from the jaws of euphoria. He remembers the time well: August 1966, the finish of the inaugural Trans-Am race, America's biggest and most prestigious sedan car race. Moffat won the event — his first big professional victory and the one which would launch his career with the Ford Motor Company — and so was beside himself with joy on the cool-down lap. "In those days we didn't have the wisdom to carry a drink bottle to recharge the electrolyte level, and on the cool-down lap I was desperate for a drink. One of the quartermasters threw me a beer and I caught it and knocked it down in one second flat. By the time I got back around to the finish line they had to drag me out of the car and off the track to the emergency room. Because I'd been so dehydrated, the alcohol constricted my throat to the point where I couldn't breathe. It gave me one hell of a fright because I didn't know what was happening. So instead of soaking up the euphoria of the most significant victory of my life, then tearing up town that night, I was nursed back to health by sipping on half a dozen bottles of milk. It took me all night to recover."



## MARK EDMONDSON

Tennis champion **Mark Edmondson** also had cause to reflect on the nature of sporting victory early in his long career. Edmondson came out of the blue to win the Australian Open title as a 21-year-old at Kooyong back in 1976. Having been consigned to outside courts right up to the finals, Edmondson was a virtual stranger to the public when he stepped up to receive the perpetual trophy for the most important tournament win of his life.

"Unbeknownst to me, it was in two parts — a large base with a very large silver bowl on top. When the official went to hand me the other trophy, I sort of leaned forward and the silver bowl started to over-balance. . . Well, everything went crashing to the ground, the crowd was laughing like mad, and the pictures on the front page of the paper showed me on my hands and knees trying to put the trophy back together. As it turned out, the only damage was to my ego."

The irony of that moment was not lost on Edmondson, nor on the millions of television viewers privileged to witness it. ☐

VFL

## SIMON MADDEN

**Simon Madden** has established himself in the very top echelon of VFL stars. Yet in the 1983 VFL Grand Final, in which he played for Essendon against Hawthorn, Madden lurched from one disaster to another in a match that will remain forever etched in his memory. The very worst moment came in the last quarter, but it was made more poignant by two previous events. "First off, in the first five minutes of the game, I went to bump a Hawthorn player who was going for the ball. I lined him up but I went in too fast and ended up bumping Stan Kelly, one of my teammates, right in the head. Stan didn't go off straight away but he sort of staggered around for 15 minutes before being replaced."

A terrible start, but worse was to come. "At about the halfway point in the game, down in the back line I went to hand-ball to a team-mate and proceeded to hand-ball it straight past him to a Hawthorn guy, who ran 20 yards and kicked the goal." Then came the clincher. Madden's Essendon side had been humiliated by a record Grand Final margin when, in the dying moments of the match, the ball landed at Madden's feet on the forward line. "I picked it up and turned around to kick for goal, when out of the corner of my eye I spotted another fellow and handballed to him. It was the right handball at the right time in the right place to a player who had the wrong jumper on. I'd given it straight to a Hawthorn guy in the goal square. He was so surprised at what I'd done, he actually ran it through the goal for a point."

## THE IRREDEEMABLE COCK-UP

There are times in every sportsman's career when he finds himself in an irretrievably bad situation. Sometimes it's his own fault, sometimes not. In most of the following cases, the sporting star was cast as a bit player in a mini-drama which moved beyond his control toward a pathetic end.

Action Graphics

Racetrack Magazine

Racetrack Magazine

Sunday Telegraph

Sergeant Photo



WORDS BY CLAUDIA VALENTINO

In March of last year, Argentine-born photojournalist Christopher Pillitz travelled 6000 kilometres in one month — from the north to the south of Vietnam — in order to discover what scars and remnants of the war he might find on the land and in the people of Vietnam.

Pillitz, who is 27, recalls that he was only 17 when the war ended, but he always had, as he says, "a strange fascination with this war being fought so far away," yet claiming so much media attention in the West.

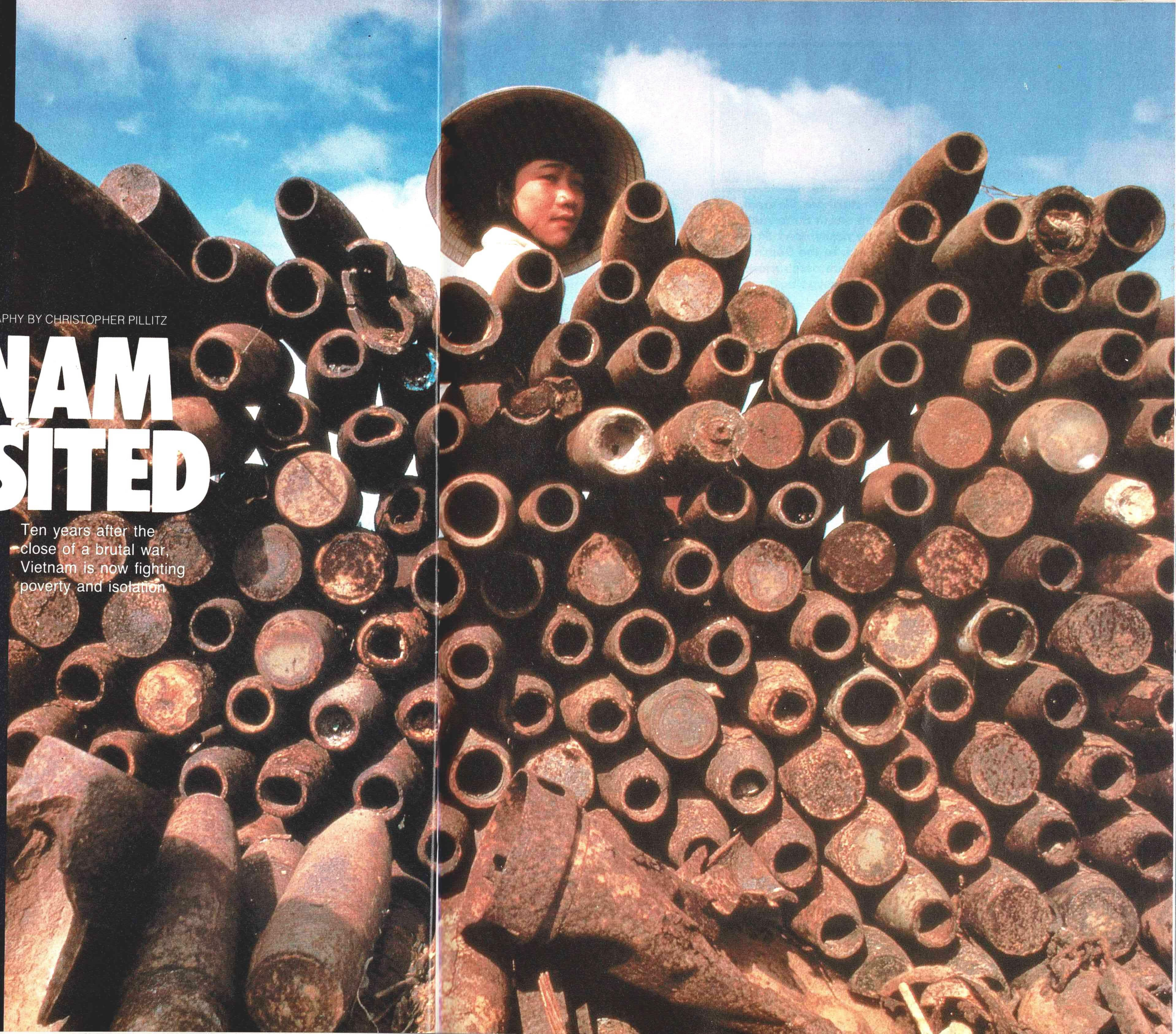
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRISTOPHER PILLITZ

# VIETNAM REVISITED

Pillitz's itinerary was, as a matter of course, approved by the Vietnamese Foreign Ministry. He was obliged to travel with a guide, and although he is certain that his visit was somewhat restricted, his photos capture conditions in what is now a thoroughly impoverished, but sometimes quite beautiful, country.

As a photographer, Pillitz prefers generally to let his pictures speak for themselves, and it's appropriate that he does since so many of our memories of the Vietnam War are visual. Our TV screens during those years were filled with violent and incomprehensible scenes of guerrilla warfare being fiercely waged against a committed and powerful hi-tech opponent. Death at the hands of one's enemies was the order of the day. Several of those unforgettable images are juxtaposed in these pages against Pillitz's more current ones: the now-famous street execution of a Vietcong officer, wounded GIs awaiting rescue in a sandy trench, a young Vietnamese girl fleeing, naked, after a napalm strike. Now, the startling variety of

Ten years after the close of a brutal war, Vietnam is now fighting poverty and isolation







**"In northern Vietnam, people seem more militant and they really don't like to be photographed. In the South, everyone appears much more easygoing . . ."**



Pillitz's view brings our memories and sense of Vietnam up to date.

The withdrawal from Vietnam and the fall of Saigon and other cities are proudly celebrated in Vietnam, with military parades and visits to military museums, but physical reminders of the war are quickly being removed by the government. Pillitz sought out the remains of military hardware — shells, tanks, and planes — abandoned along the various highways in the country. In fact, he says, "some peasants live along the roadsides, eking out a living from the collection and sale of scrap metal." Pillitz's scenes of children standing among the ruins of an abandoned church indicate the extent of the war's destruction. However, the famous

gate of the Presidential Palace in Saigon — through which the first Communists came in tanks — now stands repaired. And children can be seen riding water buffalo outside Hanoi, over bomb craters that have long since been covered with vegetation.

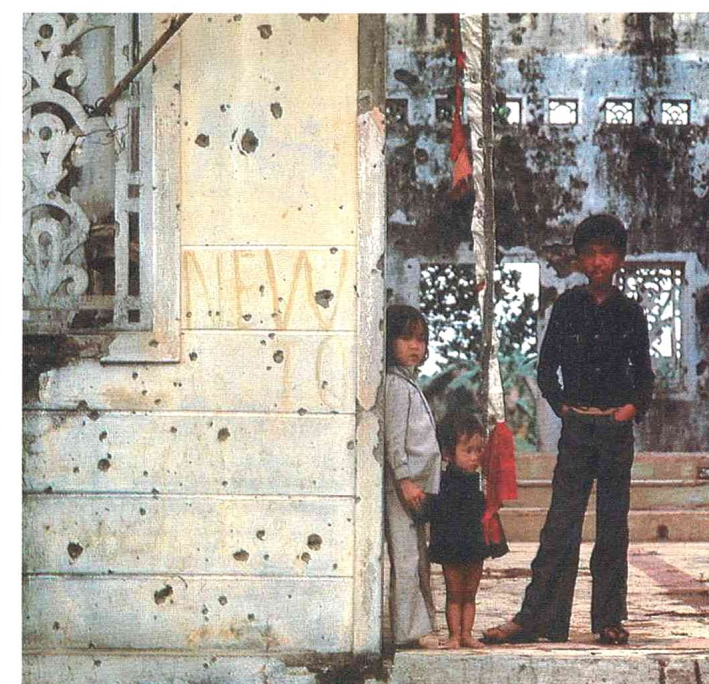
Pillitz found many parts of Vietnam to be "quite beautiful. The countryside was very moving . . . green and lush. And the rural people were lovely and shy."

The cities, though, seem to embody all of Vietnam's problems. People travel through the teeming streets in rickshaws, as they always have. Montagnards, or Vietnamese mountain people, pass through, women and men alike smoking

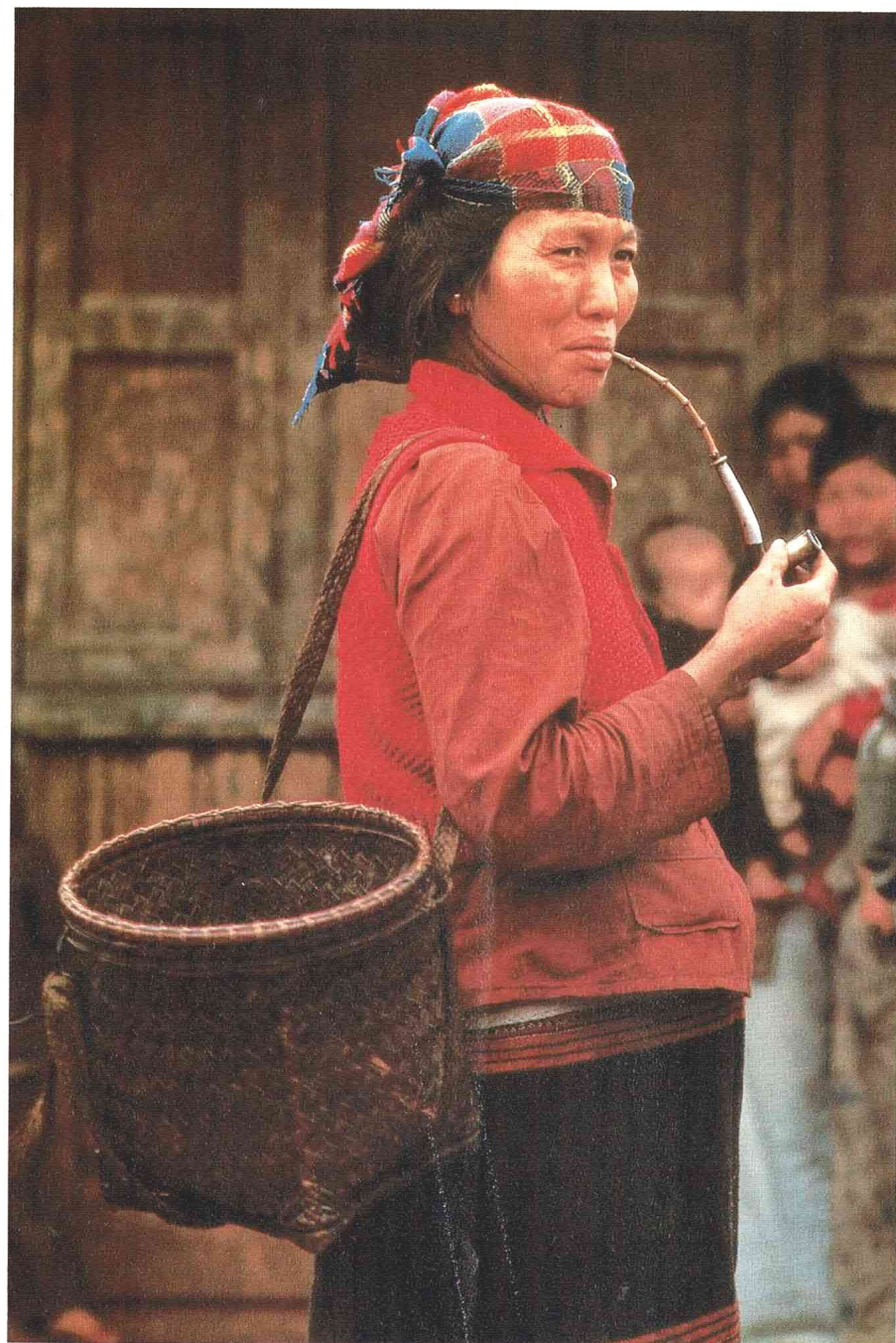
pipes. Motorbikes and bicycles, too, are as ubiquitous as ever. Peasants squat on curbsides or on the river banks, selling vegetables and meat.

Yet in the midst of all this activity, Pillitz says, it is unmistakable that "Vietnam is in a very poor state of affairs. Morally and economically, the nation is very downhearted. The rather more educated people know that Vietnam is in a dire condition. But harsh conditions exist for everyone."

The Vietnamese economy is of great concern to the country's leadership. After dropping by 20 percent in 1975, per capita income has continued to decrease by two to three percent annually. The squalid living







conditions and crumbling remains of the French and American presence are particularly evident in the larger cities.

Wages for the Vietnamese are shockingly low. It can take a woman employed in a carpet manufacturing company one month to earn between 300 and 500 dong, or the equivalent of one US dollar on the black market. Arbitrary currency devaluations by the government steer people toward clandestine economic activity and strengthen the black market, which has always been a feature of Vietnamese life. The government, in fact, recently resorted to taxing black market revenues by 60 to 70 percent.

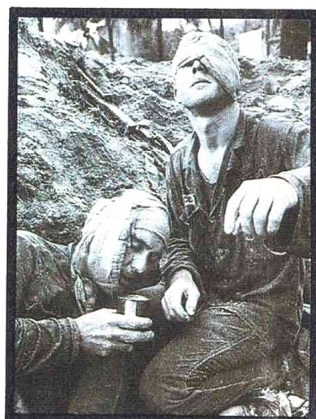
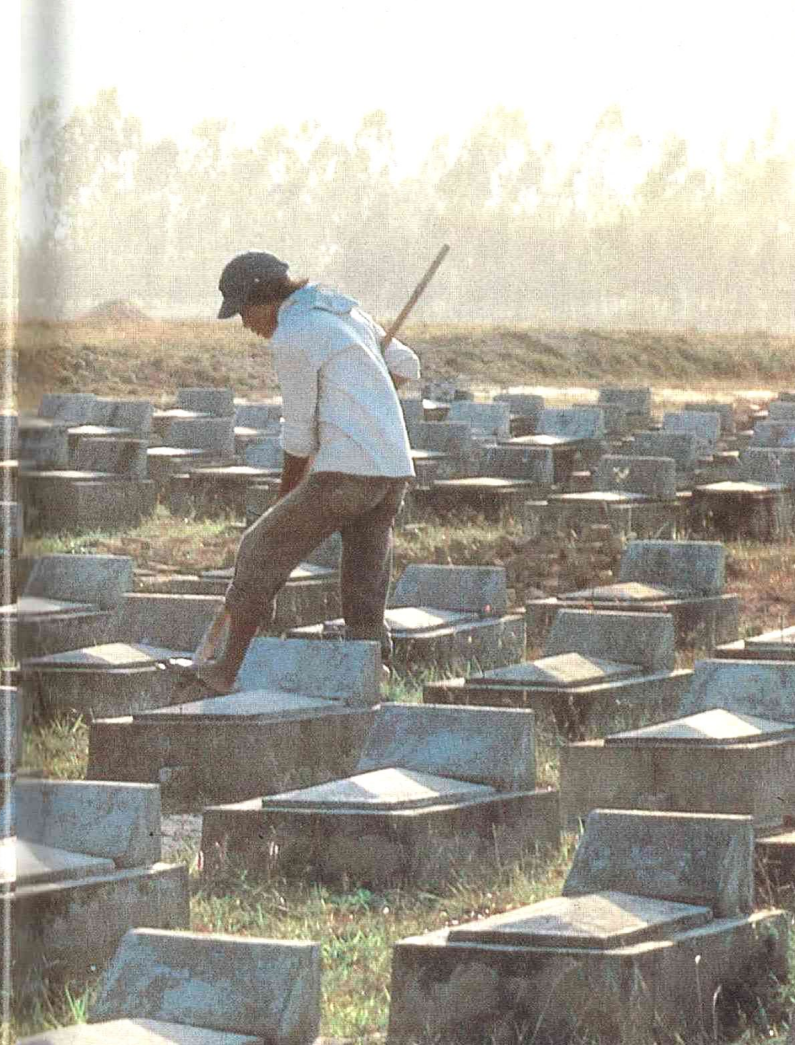
For Americans, of course, the issue of Amerasians in Vietnam may be the most pointed. Of



**"Within several years it will be impossible to find any trace of the war with the U.S. The government has made every effort to remove the scars of the war."**

these offspring of American fighting men and Vietnamese mothers Pillitz says, "I was very moved, almost shaken, by the plight of the Amerasian children I saw. Within half an hour of my arrival in Saigon — now Ho Chi Minh City — I walked along the street formerly known as Rue Catinat, knowing that I was going to come into contact with Amerasian children of all descriptions. Even at a distance they were instantly identifiable. Nervously, I walked up to a couple, who were accompanied by their mother, and through my Hanoi guide/interpreter, I asked them if I could photograph and interview them in their own house. They responded eagerly, knowing that this sort of publicity might speed up the slow bureaucratic decision-making by the





**"In Vietnam, Amerasians are a very sore point. People dissociate themselves from the problem. Many don't go to school. They can't find legitimate employment, nor do they receive the state-provided food ration coupons."**

authorities.

"It took four days of persistence to finally get the go-ahead from the Foreign Ministry. Accompanied by my guide and several policemen, we were taken down a dark, wet, and smelly alley to the squalid living quarters of the Amerasian family. Scores of children and adults from neighboring dwellings swarmed around me. Quickly and ruthlessly, the uniformed policemen dispersed the gathering crowd by occasionally lashing out at someone. On entering the one-room, part-brick, tin and wood 'hut' we were plunged into near-darkness. We stood until a couple of stools were brought in from some other house. No furniture was visible, just a cold stone floor and a small bare light bulb."

Emigration for the estimated 8000 Amerasian children and their 31,000 family members is made all the more difficult by their impoverished status in the midst of an impoverished nation. They are one more sign of US involvement in Vietnam that the Vietnamese would like to forget. They are poor, uneducated, and

many bear the imprint of terrible birth defects — possibly caused by exposure to Agent Orange. The United States hasn't unconditionally opened its doors to these unfortunate people, either.

Pillitz, during his stay, noted some bitterness toward the United States, but says, "People in the street were willing to talk and mend fences." Vietnam is again at war with its centuries-old enemy, China, and has invaded Cambodia. The Vietnamese continue to deny the existence of American servicemen missing in action, and are less than charitable in their treatment of Amerasians. Further, they refuse to guarantee the fate of Vietnamese political prisoners, now being held in "re-education camps," who were tied to the American war effort. All of these factors militate against US aid ever reaching Vietnam. Nor will the United States encourage other nations to trade with the Vietnamese. Pillitz says, "Vietnam is crying out for hard American dollars." But relief for this indomitable nation isn't likely to come soon. ☐







All is not as it seems in paradise

# THREE SONGS IN A ROW

FICTION BY IAN HAMILTON

If you walk round the corner from the sign of the Natural Born Psychic and then down Saratoga Road, right through to the beach, you will come to a place where the silky sands imported for the tourists give way to the real original coarse-grained sands and the coral rocks of Fort de Russy Beach. Here, you will find a man with a broken nose and two luscious daughters. He rents out surfboards, boogie boards and Hobie Cats; he'll also sell you a beach mat or a quart of pineapple slush to slake your thirst. Word around the beach is the two luscious daughters rent out also. Larry, he rented a Hobie Cat.

It was a good sailing day, the sun was high and warm and the sky was clear, and if the breeze was a little fluke here on the beach he knew that once out in the trades he could make this cat stand on one hull and purr.

Way out off the beach, way past the chicken tourist swimmers, there was a girl just floating around. She was pretty: blonde, slim, not much to her.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFFREY NOTMAN



# SONGS

She smiled up at him all blue-eyed as he drifted by and said: "You look like you know how to sail that thing."

"Sure I do. I used to own one. Where you from?"

"Vancouver. You?"

"All over, but mostly San Diego. I sailed Vancouver once; it's real nice. You want to come with me?"

She laughed; it was a deep, happy laugh and kind of sexy. He eased up into the light wind and let the cat float gently towards her.

"I've never sailed on one of those," she said tentatively.

"So come on."

"My husband would kill me if he knew."

"Where is he now?"

"Oh, he's playing golf. I hate golf."

"Well, there's no sin in sailing. It's a good day for it."

She laughed again lightly. It really was a sexy, but very happy laugh. "Okay, why not?"

"Let me help you."

She held his arm and climbed on to the trampoline. She wasn't wearing much, like most young women at the beach. He let his imagination wander and she noticed and said, "We're just going sailing, okay?"

"Of course." Larry gave her his best friendly smile and she grinned back gent-

ly and told him, "So, tiger, let's see you sail this thing."

Once out of the lee of Diamond Head the north-east trades picked up to a good 20 knots. This was catamaran territory: big fat lazy waves and a brisk wind to fly one hull a foot or two, with the other hull carving a neat line through the deep, deep blue water.

"I love it! I love it!" She squealed with exhilaration at the speed of the tiny cat as it flew like a bird from wave-top to wave-top. He pulled in the mainsheet a tad more and pointed a little higher. The windward hull lifted another foot and the sail thrummed like a jet engine as it powered the tiny boat forward, leaping ahead as easily as a gazelle. The two of them were sitting hip-to-hip: without thinking, or caring, she clutched his leg for support.

"It's just so beautiful," she laughed.

For the first time Larry laughed too, pleased at himself, pleased at the skills he thought he'd forgotten. The Hobie had been around when he was a kid and he had raced much more serious cats than this one. But here he was again smelling the wind with his ears, sensitive to every tiny shift and subtly answering the wind by teasing it, by pointing the cat higher and higher and now higher into the wind, squeezing every ounce of speed and sacrificing nothing. He laughed too for the pleasure he was obviously giving the girl.

Gently, slowly, he eased off the wind, let-

ting the sheet slip through his fingers until their speed dropped and then they sat, wallowing in mid-ocean, the bright sail slapping back and forth.

She had tears in her eyes from the wind and the excitement. She wiped them away with her arm, gave him a devilish smile and said, "I shouldn't be having so much fun with another man."

"I told you there's no sin in sailing. You liked that?"

"It was exciting. What's your name?"

"Larry."

"And I'm Annie. It's Anne but I like it better being Annie. You here alone, or with somebody?"

"Well, I'm not married but I'm with a lady. She's shopping at Ala Moana. I just felt like going sailing — it's been a long time. Don't usually pick up hitch-hikers, but I'm glad I met you."

Her long blonde hair was wet and she wiped it from her face as she smiled up at him. She did have the prettiest smile, the most sensuous lips.

"I really am sorry you're married, you know that?"

"Larry — hey — we're just going sailing, right? Ships that pass in the night."

"Is your husband good to you?"

"The best. He's maybe on the conservative side, you know, but he's good to me. And your lady?"

"I need her."

"Then that's good, isn't it?"

"You're okay, Annie. And you're right, we're just going sailing together — no more than that."

"So let's go then, tiger!"

He turned back up into the wind and hauled in the sheet, holding it briefly between his teeth and tasting the salt. The cat sensed she was being called on to do what she did best.

The windward hull flew higher and the rigging sang louder and as the wind strengthened Larry delicately allowed the cat to fall off the wind. The windward hull flew higher still and when the lee hull looked to dig into the next wave-top he made no attempt to stop it. He drove hard into it and the cat tripped and somersaulted at full force. He slid his feet out of the straps, held on firmly to the mainsheet and threw his free arm around the girl as they catapulted off the trampoline. The cat turned over and collapsed on top of them.

Underwater, he let go of the sheet. He felt her hold him, from shock or fear, and he held her face close to his while he paddled to escape from under the cat. Her long lovely hair swept gently over his eyes and mouth; he slowed his swimming and held her closer.

Larry felt her cling closer to him, her legs entwining him briefly. Then she moved her pelvis hard against his, at the same time forcing his mouth open with her tongue. She kissed him, breathing air into his mouth for what seemed to last forever.

They surfaced and Annie was laughing as she punched him playfully on the shoulder. "Hey, you turned us over deliberately! You're a beast!"

"And you're some kind of a wild mermaid, you know?"

"I have a husband waiting for me, Larry. How do we get this thing upright again?"

"No problem. Stay in the water and hang on tight." He stood on one hull and, using the mainsheet, hauled the other against the drag of the water until suddenly the Hobie popped upright, ready for business once more.

"Larry, that was bad of me. I'm sorry. The excitement, or something... I shouldn't have done that to you."

"Who's ever going to know, Annie? There's just you and me, two ships in the night, right?"

"Larry, I don't ever want to feel bad about today. Can we just go back to the beach now?"

"Sure." He turned the Hobie back towards Waikiki, letting her run for a moment. "I've enjoyed knowing you, Annie."

She smiled a strange smile, sexy, but also sad. "I'll never forget the day I hitched a ride on a rented cat. Thank you, Larry."

"Keep looking at me like that and I'll tip this thing over again."

"No, please don't Larry. Don't spoil it." She stroked his lips with one finger. "Let's keep our day just like it is. Please, let's get back to the beach."

"Okay."

He took in the slack on the sheet and he got the Hobie up and sprinting again. And he tightened up on the sheet some more.

Their vacation apartment on the Ala Wai Canal was tiny and tacky, but it was all they could afford. Polly got back around five that afternoon; Larry was already in front of the TV, sipping from a can of beer. Polly was a plain, mouse-haired girl, but she had a good figure, soft skin and big, kind eyes. "How was your shopping?" asked Larry easily.

"I bought this sundress. You like?"

"Nice."

"How was your sail?"

"I still remember how to do it," he told her.

"You want to eat soon?"

"Nah. I really want to go home. I've had enough sun and salt water. It's time to go."

"Suits me," she answered.

"You mean you don't mind?"

"A week was enough, Larry. This vacation was for you, not for me."

"There's a flight at ten tonight. We're on it, okay?"

"Ten, tonight? Why not? You good and rested?"

"You bet. I've forgotten all about that stuff back home."

"That was the whole idea — to get your mind off that courtroom, off those awful accusations. They don't know Larry Harrison

like I know Larry Harrison, right?"

"Uh. Yeah."

"You're a sweet and gentle man, Larry. I know you didn't kill that girl. And you know you didn't do it. And the whole world knows it too, because the jury came right out and said you couldn't have done it."

"Took them long enough."

"It's over now, Larry."

"I guess we never will know what happened to her," Larry replied. "Some people just said she died because she was too sexy, you know, too man-crazy. My old daddy the preacher always said girls like her don't come to no good."

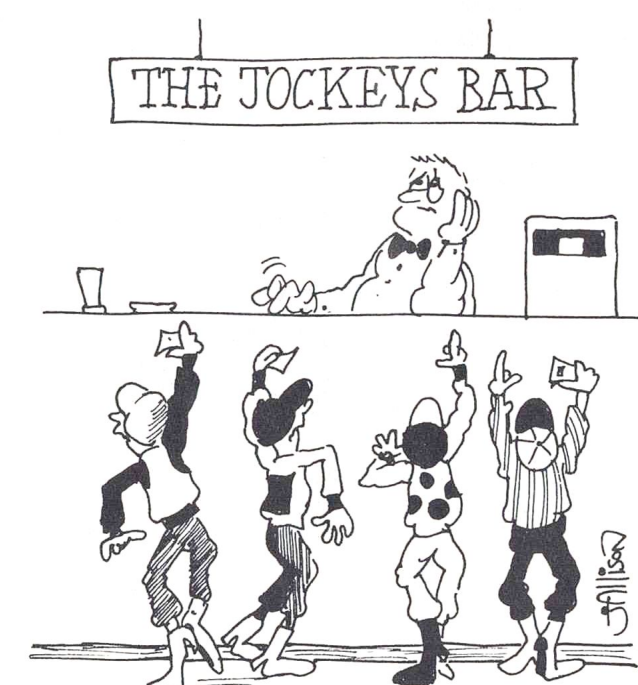
"Your daddy the preacher man was crazy Larry, you know that. Loco! Praise God it don't run in the family."

"It's time to go back to Denver, Polly."

"Okay, let's get home, Larry."

"News update on The Crater KRTR FM-96, where the time is now ten pm and the temperature in paradise is 79 degrees. We have an update on our earlier news-flash concerning the body of a young woman being found near the beach park at Kahala. Police now believe she was a Canadian tourist, holidaying in Hawaii with her husband. Her name has not been released, but police say she was a victim of drowning and no foul play is suspected.

More music, less interruptions on The Crater, where you always hear more than three songs in a row. . . .



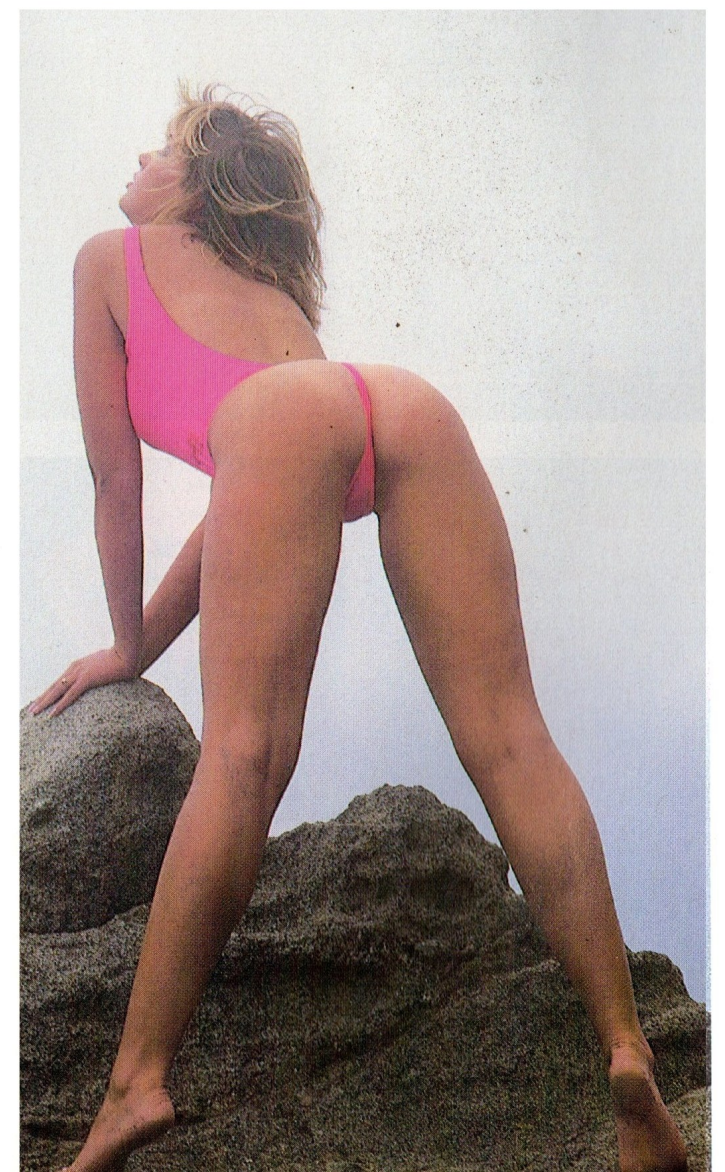




**B**right, brash and beautiful 20-year-old Michelle Walker has a natural store of confidence. She's a business student who plans one day to guide the destiny of a major corporation. "I think big. Let's say I think a lot, and I plan to establish myself early in the business world and ride to the top," she states, leaving no room for doubt.

## SWEET MYSTERY

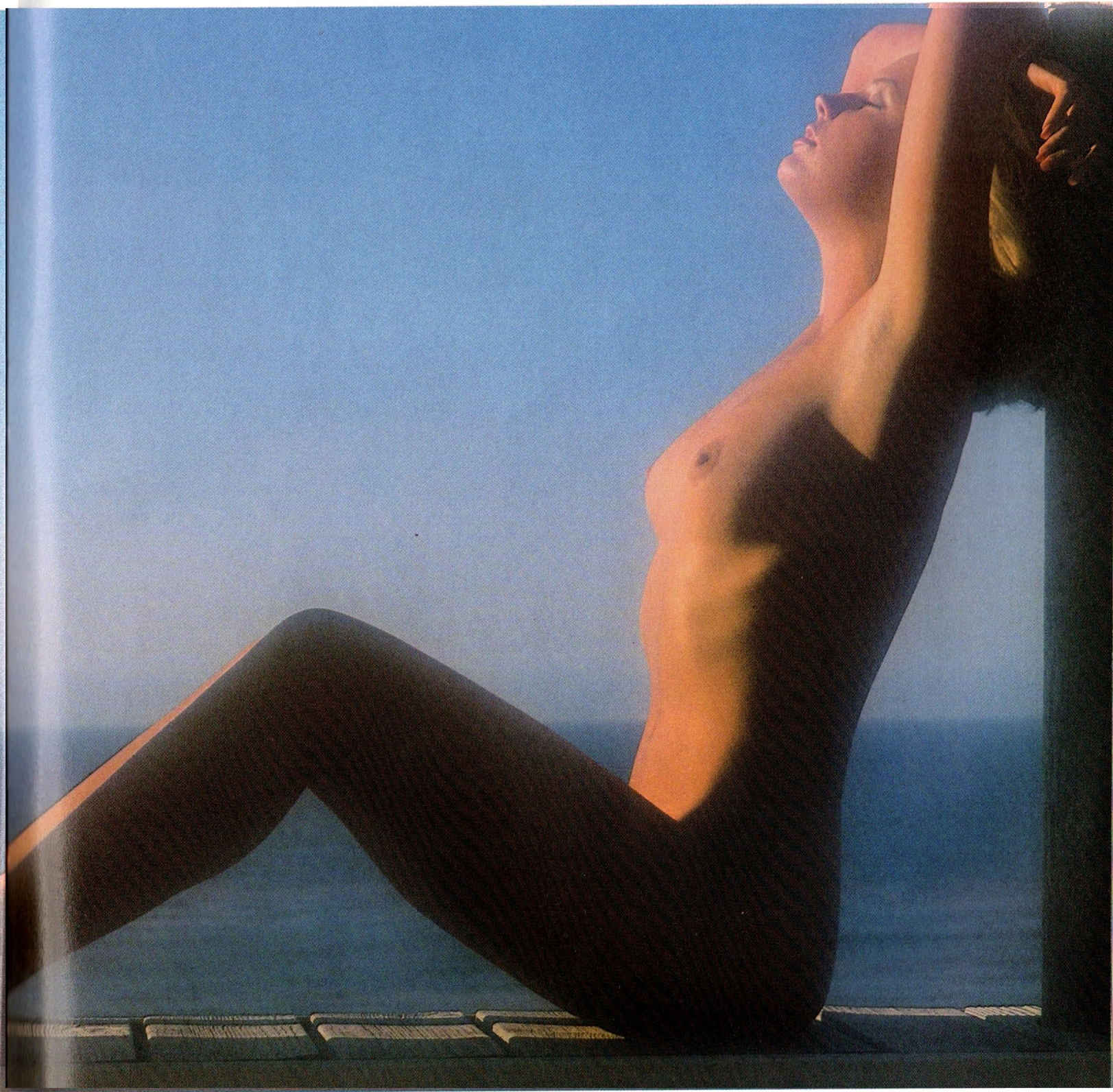
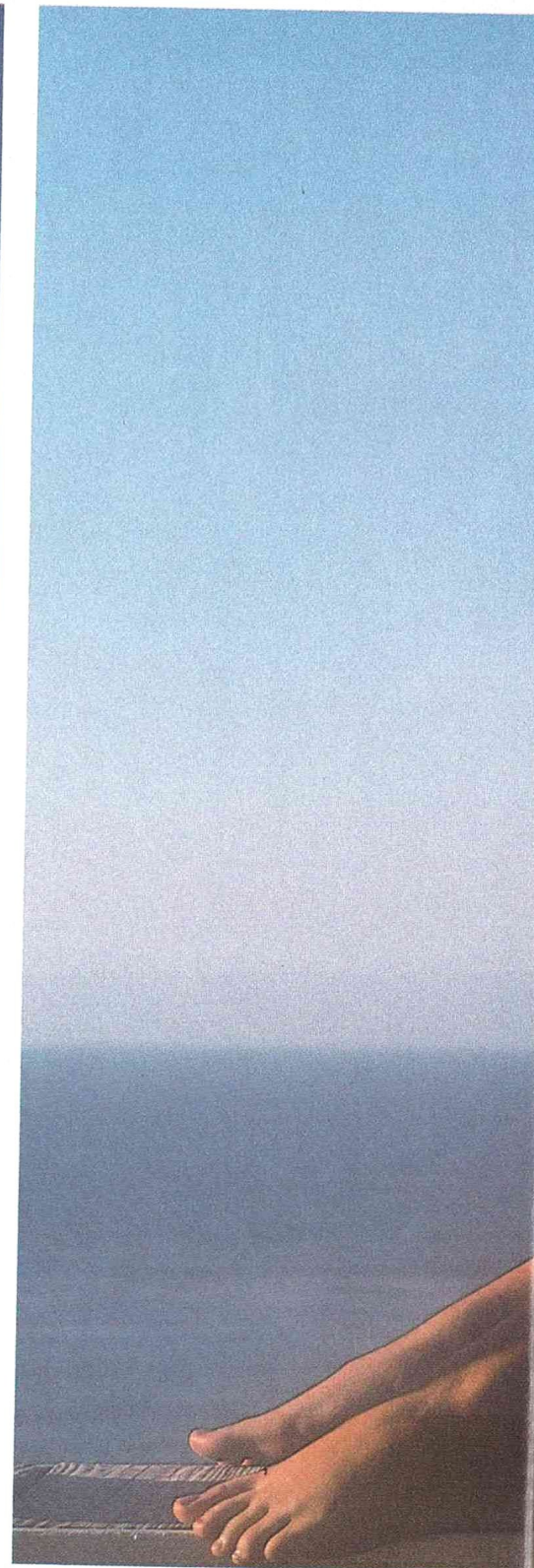
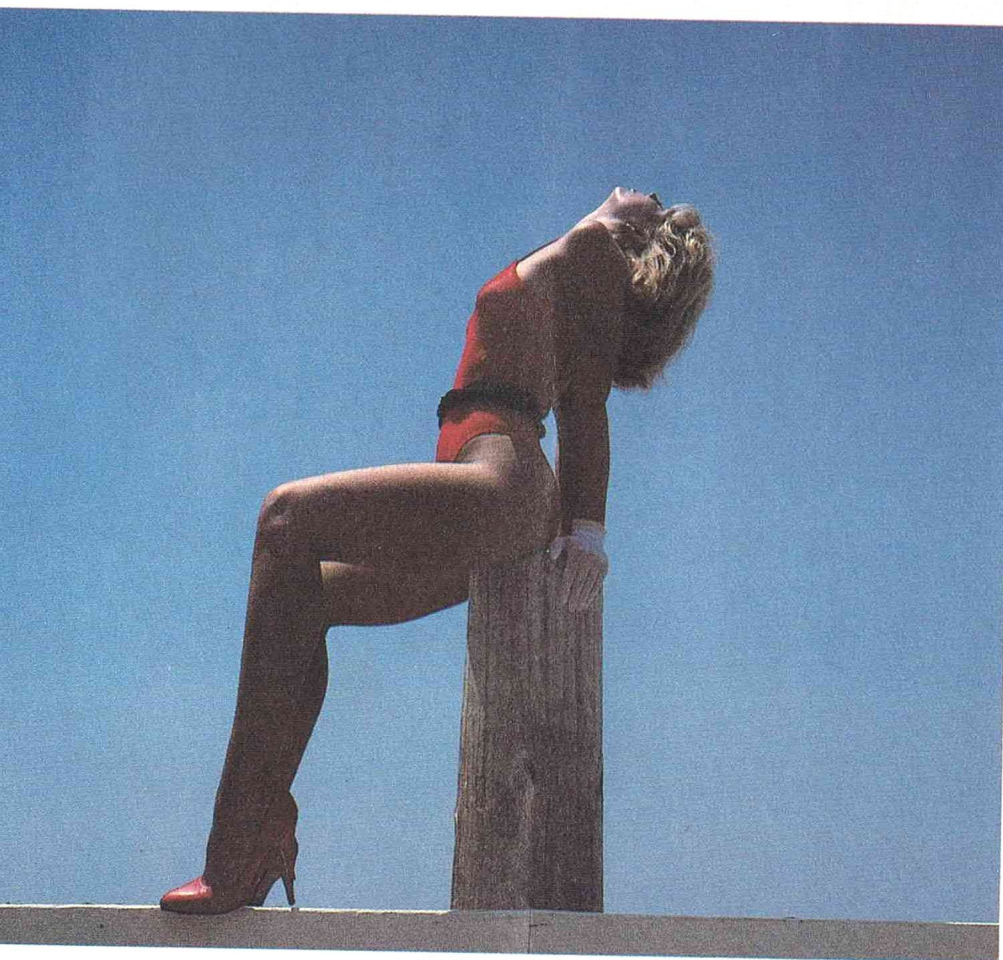
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SCHOEN







Michelle's  
go-getting attitudes  
smack of that phenomenon  
of the Eighties, the Yuppie. Tell  
her that and she'll smile a smile that says  
she doesn't believe she can be pigeon-holed  
so easily. "Sure I like success and  
sophisticated pleasures —  
they're aphrodisiacs —  
for me. But I'm a  
woman of  
mystery."

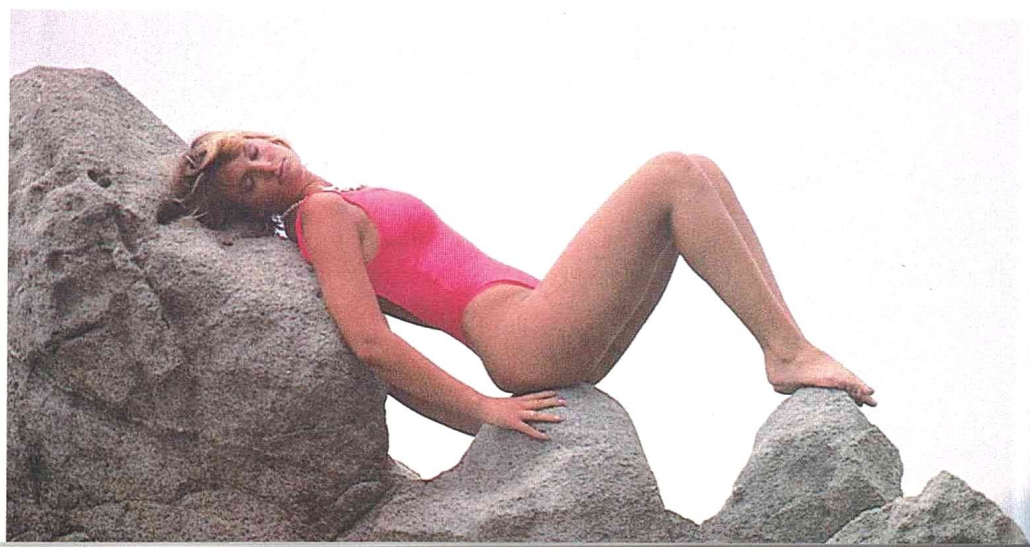
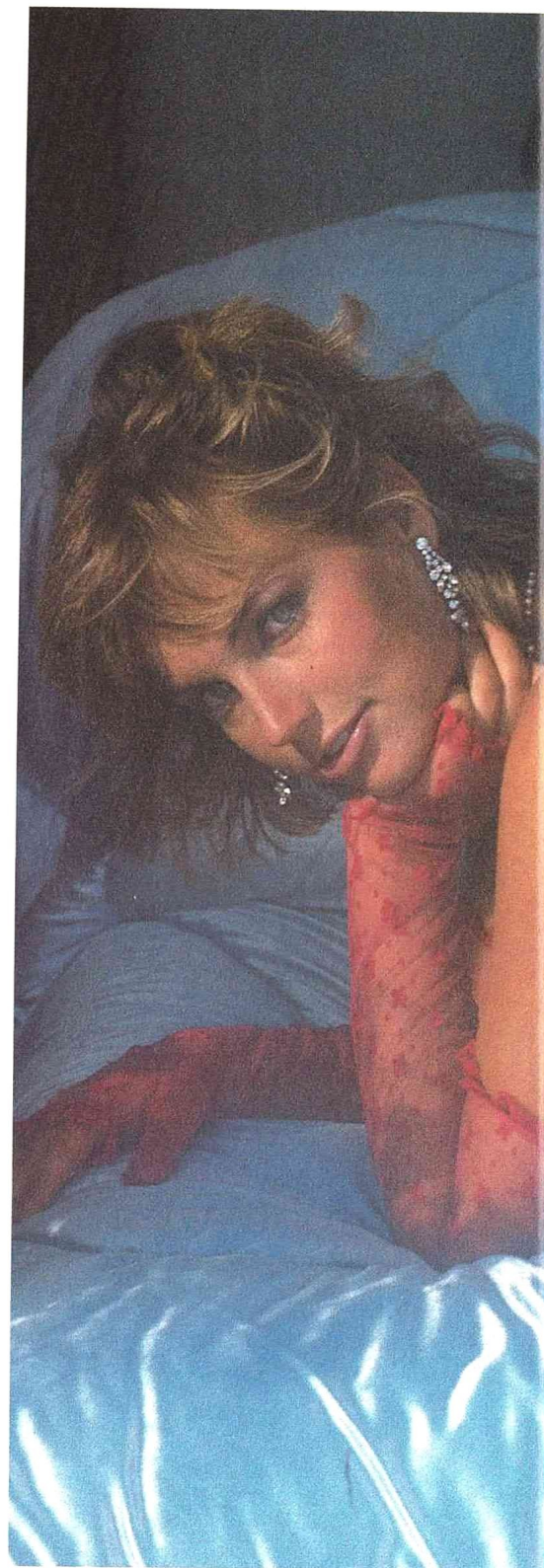




"I like  
fine wines,  
diamonds and silks  
but I like my men simple,  
not simpleminded, of course, but  
with simple hearts. My ideal man has a tux  
that doesn't smell of mothballs, who's  
not afraid to ruin it by walking  
at the beach at sunrise.  
And I like bottom  
line men," says  
Michelle.







"He should know that sensuality is inexhaustible . . . that when you think you've reached the end of it, you really have a whole world to go."





From evening dress, to boardroom, to skinny dipping, Michelle embodies what some may call contradictions. "Not at all," she says, "my contradictions are just mysteries you haven't solved yet."

○+ 1A







## PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“I become more cynical as I become more politically mature, but I think my basic idealism remains intact. I hope to never lose sight of why it is I am here.”

# GARETH EVANS

BY MUNGO MacCALLUM

**W**hen Gareth John Evans burst upon the Federal Parliament in 1978, the political professionals sat back with a degree of smug anticipation. Canberra, they felt, would sort out the Victorian whizz-kid fairly quickly. Evans had a reputation, acquired both from activities within his home state and his work with his mentor Lionel Murphy, in the field of law reform, for boundless energy and also for a somewhat impatient and noisy approach to politics. While no-one disputed his abilities, very few people believed that they were suited to the disillusioned and confused heap that constituted the Parliamentary Labor Party during the depths of the Fraser years.

Evans quickly received the “Garrulous Gareth” tag which he found hard to shake off, but he also brought a certain amount of genuine enthusiasm to a fairly desultory Senate. He progressed to the post of Shadow Attorney-General in 1980, and as a fervent supporter of Bob Hawke, took his place in the first Hawke Ministry in March 1983.

Almost at once Evans launched the controversial “spy flights” over the Tasmanian wilderness area, a blunder compounded by his ingenuous reliance on what he called “the streaker’s defence” — it seemed like a good idea at that time. He finally brought the Franklin Dam issue to a trium-

PHOTO BY HEIDE SMITH



## INTERVIEW

phant conclusion, however, and made it abundantly clear that he was going to follow in Lionel Murphy's footsteps as an energetic and dedicated law reformer.

The trouble was that he often appeared far too energetic for the cautious government he represented, and that, together with his habit of making often embarrassing statements on matters outside his own portfolio, eventually caused his replacement by the much more conservative Lionel Bowen. In the meantime, Evans had unsuccessfully sought preselection for the safe Labor House of Representatives seat of Jagajaga, where he was beaten by his old enemies in the Victorian Left.

With his transfer to the important but unspectacular portfolio of Resources and Energy after the 1984 Federal elections, the predictions that Evans would prove to be a political one-day wonder appeared to have been justified. But despite some undisguised bitterness at being deprived of his beloved program of law reform just when it appeared to be getting somewhere, Evans quickly showed that he was quite capable of mastering the intricacies of a hard economic portfolio, and now commands the grudging respect of that most hard-headed of all Australian lobby groups, the mining industry.

Equally importantly, he developed a hitherto unsuspected talent for knowing when to shut up, and thus keep both himself and the government out of trouble. When *Penthouse* Contributing Editor Mungo MacCallum talked to Evans at the end of his first year in his new job, it was obvious that the Minister was still hurt about missed opportunities for reform, but, like the majority of his colleagues in their second term in office, he was now prepared to settle for the long hard slog rather than the brief display of fireworks.

**Penthouse:** What first got you into Labor politics?

**Evans:** Well, it was both free will and determinism. The determinism came from the fact that I was very much tied to a working class background. My father was a tramway worker for 40 years and a passionate trade unionist with a simultaneous hatred of the Communist Party and love of his union secretary, Clarrie O'Shea. And while that was not an especially sophisticated political background, it was one of very passionate commitment to the Labor Party. So, I was born and raised in that atmosphere.

The free will part just came as a product of conscious choice. There wasn't much idealism in the Labor Party when I was growing up — through my adolescence in the Fifties and Sixties. But I was, as soon as I became aware of the concepts, very strongly committed to the principles of democratic socialism and it was inconceivable that any party other than the Labor

Party could ever have attracted me.

My actual involvement with the Labor Party didn't come until the late Sixties. Most of my energies were thrown into student politics through the Sixties, and it wasn't until I returned from Oxford in 1970 to the then newly reformed Victorian Labor Party that I really became completely immersed in the day to day workings of the political process.

**Penthouse:** One of the things that was said about you when you entered Parliament was that your approach was much too academic. Do you think that is fair criticism?

**Evans:** No, I don't think it is. For a start it's not accurate. Although I had been an academic for six years, I had also been a full-time barrister for two years before coming into Parliament, living in the rough and tumble of industrial jurisdiction. One of my main clients during that period was Norm Gallagher and the BLF, so I don't feel that after 18 months or so acting for Norm on a

I'd like to be remembered as someone who put constitutional reform back on the agenda after a ten-year absence

variety of jurisdictions that I had too much to learn in the world of industrial relations.

The academic tag — and the inevitable charge of naivety — was hung around my neck when I came into politics, but I think that's a function of being passionately preoccupied with causes as distinct from having a passionate preoccupation with no more than the workings of the political process itself. I'm not denying, with the benefit of hindsight, that some of my preoccupations were unrealistic, but I think the charge of being an academic without any capacity to operate is simply unfair.

I had a similar set of expectations generated when I assumed control of the Minerals and Energy portfolio. There was a probably universal expectation, assiduously cultivated amongst the media, that here was some trendy, reformist lawyer about to make life a misery for the hardheads of the mining and petroleum industry. But if you asked them I think you'd find that they've found me much more realistic and in-tune with the particular world they inhabit than they had expected.

**Penthouse:** Do you miss grandstanding?

**Evans:** No, not especially. That again is

part of the mythology. Like everybody else I enjoy good publicity, but the notion that publicity and exposure are intrinsically pleasurable for their own sake is a nonsense. I think — and anyone who has had the experience will tell you this — it's a variation of the chocolate factory syndrome. The first few months that you're sitting there constantly under lights I suppose there is some kind of buzz. But when the lights are as often as not pinpointing the target zone for bombing raids, the experience is much less enjoyable.

The pleasures that I am getting now are the pleasures of doing a job well. I came to this particular portfolio with no great ideological baggage, no big set of objectives — just half a dozen things I wanted to do within a year, including breaking the deadlock on the Timor Gap negotiations with the Indonesians, working closely in conjunction with Bill Hayden in achieving that, developing rational new tax regimes for onshore petroleum exploration, saving the Australian taxpayers a potential \$2 billion in the year 2006 by resolving a pipeline problem which had hung like an albatross around the neck of seven of my predecessors, and so on. All those things have now been successfully achieved — I won't bore you with the details. It's been much different from being Attorney-General, where there was a set of quite specific reform objectives I had in mind, and to achieve those objectives necessarily involved — because of intrinsic controversy associated with them — a lot of media attention.

**Penthouse:** You just mentioned Bill Hayden. Your name has been mentioned as someone who would eventually like the Foreign Affairs portfolio. Is that true?

**Evans:** Well, I wouldn't deny that it's an attractive portfolio for just about anyone, but, notwithstanding the media speculation a few months ago, I'm in no hurry whatsoever to seek it. For a whole variety of family reasons I'm quite anxious not to spend too much time overseas. I am keen to consolidate my body of experience in a hard domestic portfolio, which I've got at the moment. I'd like to think that there was a possibility at some later stage of the Foreign Affairs job, but I'm genuinely not impatient for it.

**Penthouse:** It is obviously difficult for a senator to become Foreign Minister, and that is one of the limitations of being in the Senate. Your last attempt to get into the House of Reps was knocked over by the Left. Do you still have any ambitions in that direction?

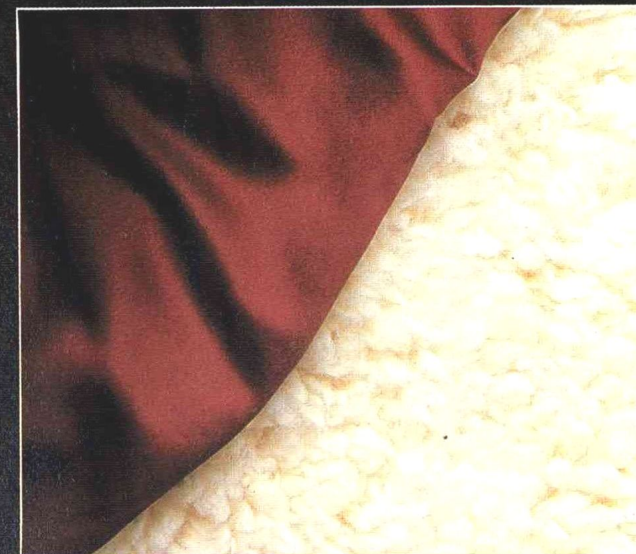
**Evans:** Not especially. I think probably that will prove to have been my one great opportunity to get down to the house I regard as intrinsically more desirable, both in principle and in practice, than the Senate. I think it is a case where I am condemned to a life sentence — I mean that simply because the electorate [Jagajaga] concerned was the one in which I lived. Such circumstances rarely ever occur again, but I'm

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# INTERVIEW

extremely relaxed about it.

**Penthouse:** All this leads of course to the question of just how ambitious you are in politics. Did you ever see yourself as being a potential Prime Minister?

**Evans:** I see myself as someone who is . . . might conceivably be in the running for the job at some unspecified stage in the future. But despite a mass of press gallery conviction to the contrary, I've never had any particularly burning ambition . . . The question doesn't even arise so long as I remain in the Senate and all the indications at the moment are that the Senate is where I'll be for the rest of my political life. But, in any event, in looking around the party at the moment the heir apparent is obviously Paul Keating — there is no question of there being a competitor.

**Penthouse:** Given your present career direction, what would you like to be remembered for the next time your name does go up in lights?

**Evans:** Well, I'd like to be remembered as someone who put constitutional reform back on the political agenda after a ten-year absence, as someone who did the work to make the *Sex Discrimination Act* a piece of legislation, as someone who was centrally involved in saving the Franklin River and establishing through the High Court the litigation that followed — proba-

bly the most important single judgement in the Commonwealth's favor this century — as someone who had an absolutely unwavering commitment to the Freedom Of Information legislation and did succeed in substantially beefing that legislation up in the first few months of office, and as someone who did abolish censorship at film festivals and made a valiant attempt to rewrite the censorship law affecting videos. I would hope to be remembered as the person who did the groundwork in having the concept of a Bill Of Rights accepted and hopefully implemented, and who at least put a bit of ginger into the Constitutional Reform Movement — even though that obviously has a long way to go.

Those things are all in the law reform area, where I've been preoccupied for the last ten years. I'd like to be remembered as a competent and effective minister of an economic portfolio, and as a capable negotiator and designer resolving problems as they arise.

**Penthouse:** Do you ever feel nostalgic about your time as Attorney-General? That did seem to be where you always had your sights set, and you did lose it at a time when there was a lot up in the air.

**Evans:** I feel a lot less nostalgic about it now than I did in the middle of December 1984. I think the reality was that, although there were a great many things in the pipeline that I would have liked to have seen through, the level of impatience within the

government and party for reformist enthusiasm of that kind was such that I would have had a very difficult row to hoe over the next year or so if I was still Attorney-General. I think, in retrospect, had I stayed as Attorney-General it would have been extremely frustrating for a couple of years, and on balance it has probably been a more satisfying ministerial experience to break away from that and to get my teeth into a very different portfolio area. In the process I've been able to break some of the moulds and stereotypes that had developed around me in terms of the perception of the media and I suppose amongst my parliamentary colleagues.

**Penthouse:** But you acknowledge that when Bob Hawke told you that you were being moved out of the Attorney-General portfolio you were very disappointed.

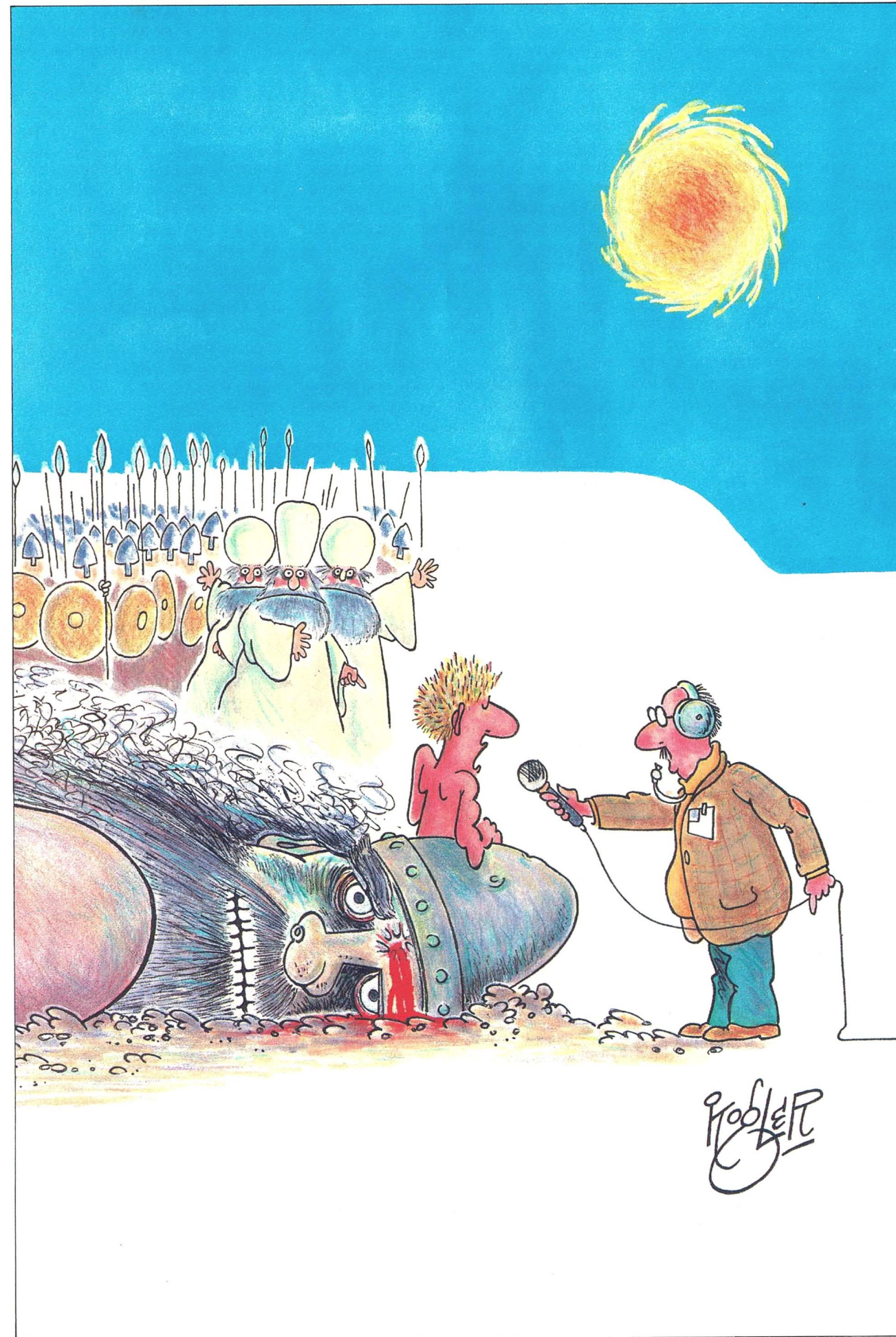
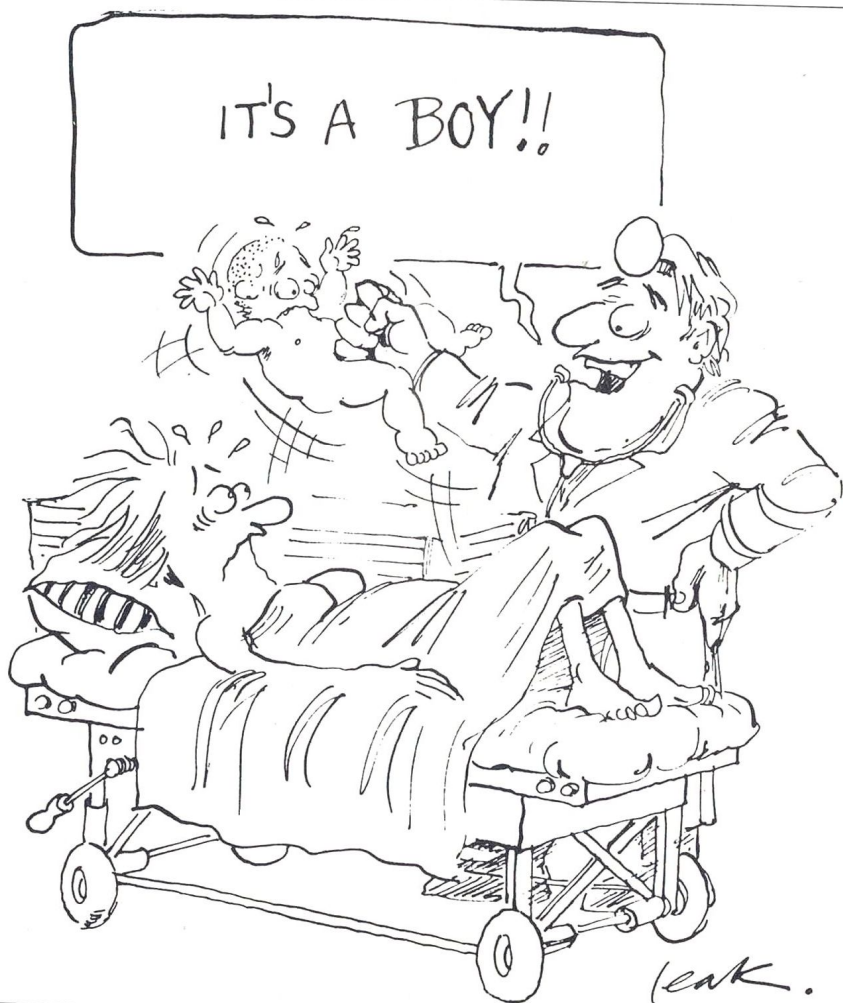
**Evans:** There's no question of that. I told Bob in fairly precise terms that I was disappointed because I had a large number of things that I wanted to see to fruition before I left the job. But that disappointment evaporated fairly quickly when I got stuck into the practical realities of my new job. It was not my desire to be Attorney-General forever.

**Penthouse:** How do you get on with Bob Hawke? You are from the same faction in Victoria as him, but is it a close personal relationship?

**Evans:** I wouldn't say that it was a close personal relationship but it is an effective working relationship — probably Clyde Holding and I were his two closest friends and supporters during his first period in Canberra, before he assumed the leadership. Inevitably, since he's become Prime Minister he's become so preoccupied with the pressures of that office and each of us has become so preoccupied with the pressures of our own portfolios, there is less social contact than might previously have been the case, but I think that Bob would still regard me as one of his firmest allies in Cabinet and I am happy to be so regarded.

**Penthouse:** How do you get on with the factional system in Victoria? Do you find it difficult, especially since you are in many ways identified more with the progressive side of politics than many others in the right-wing grouping of the party?

**Evans:** Well, of course the Labor Unity group in Victoria has always seen itself as something of an umbrella faction rather than just a hard-nosed, relentlessly pragmatic right-wing faction like our comrades in NSW. It covers a multitude of different perspectives, and indeed that was its origin in the early Seventies as the faction to end all factions — embracing within itself shades of opinion right across the party spectrum. I have lived within that Victorian environment for long enough to not be especially moved by any of its numerous idiocies. I have been both a victim and a winner in a whole series of manoeuvres over the years — internal factional plays



"Well, Ken, this time I chose the reliable No. 2 mudstone with plenty of quartz . . ."



## INTERVIEW

and cross-factional plays, extravaganzas of one kind or another. By and large I'm not nearly as closely involved as I used to be, just because of sheer logistic pressures of running a ministry, and that comes as a blessed relief.

**Penthouse:** Now that you have experienced being a minister in a government, what would you feel like if the government suddenly lost power and you found yourself back in opposition — not so much losing the perks as losing the ability to effect change? Would you feel then that it was perhaps time to get out of politics?

**Evans:** I think going back into opposition would be the closest thing to a fate worse than death a male politician could experience. It would be quite hideous. Maybe after a few more years of ministerial exhaustion, of accumulated ministerial exhaustion, I will be as grateful as some of the opposition members would be, but at the moment I simply can't imagine that.

I enjoy politics not just for the gamesmanship, but because of the opportunities that it gives you to genuinely do something that is in the interests of this country and it is pretty clear that the opportunities for doing that in opposition are negligible.

It wasn't so bad during my first experience of opposition because I was learning my craft as a politician and moved through the successive phases of backbench in opposition, frontbench in opposition then into a ministry. They were important learning experiences. While I can't imagine myself getting out of politics altogether for a good many years, certainly I think that a lot of the lustre would come off the experience by going back on to those other benches.

**Penthouse:** Do you find that you fall into that political habit of just being totally prag-

matic without remembering your fundamental goals?

**Penthouse:** I think that your own basic instincts keep on coming through. I think all politicians are driven by two basic motivations: megalomania and idealism. They are present in everybody — it's just that the proportions vary dramatically. It may be the case that people who arrive with a large measure of idealism have that gouged out of them by the practical experience here — and to some extent that is true of me. Like everybody else I become more cynical as I become more politically mature, but I still think that there is enough of that basic character balance that remains for me. I hope to never lose sight of why it is that I am here.

**Penthouse:** I'd like to discuss the Bill Of Rights — even though you no longer have ministerial responsibility for it — because it's an area in which nobody seems very happy. There are a lot of people saying it is in itself an abuse of some liberties — for instance, the liberty not to join a trade union isn't mentioned — and on the other hand civil libertarians are saying it's a cop-out because most of the real abuses of civil rights in Australia are matters for state governments, and the Bill Of Rights is not going to affect the state governments in the immediate future. What's your answer to that sort of criticism?

**Evans:** Well, as to the first criticism, that the Bill Of Rights is somehow destructive of existing rights, I think the basic thing that the critics get wrong is to misunderstand what the Bill Of Rights is all about. What it's designed to do is to create a whole new set of guarantees that can be relied upon as pegs on which to hang claims of right in the courts. For example, if someone claims to have been mistreated by the police in the course of a criminal investigation there is very little under present law which you can do about it. When the Bill Of Rights becomes law it will be possible to directly challenge that police abuse of power.

As to the question of the application of the Bill Of Rights to the states, it's always been my very strong view that the states should be subject to overriding federal guarantees of this kind because it's in the states that traditionally most abuses of civil liberties have occurred. The Bill presently before the Parliament adopts a cautious approach on this. It anticipates a situation where the Human Rights Commission would investigate possible breaches of human rights by state governments either in legislation or executive action, report accordingly, and then the Commonwealth government and Parliament would be in the position to enact later remedial legislation. The approach which I adopted as Attorney-General in my draft legislation was a little more robust than that. It made the state governments and laws directly and immediately subject to the overriding protections in the Bill Of Rights. It's a matter for political judgement as to what the Aus-

tralian communities are ready for in this respect.

**Penthouse:** I think the question a lot of civil libertarians will be asking you when the Bill Of Rights finally does become law is whether it's still going to be illegal to march in Queensland. All those things that are seen as major abuses of civil rights are still going to be there, and nothing much will have changed.

**Evans:** Well, it has to be understood that the concept of the Bill Of Rights is a fairly revolutionary one in Australian legal tradition. It's not revolutionary in the United States or Europe, but we're used to legislatures having more or less absolute and unfettered authority so just simply to get a Bill Of Rights on the statute book in this country, to get courts used to the idea of interpreting and applying overriding guarantees and not treating them like they would *The Dog Act* or *The Fencing Act*, is going to be a major project and a major achievement, when it comes about.

Now, as with everything else there are people who wish to move more quickly to achieve these objectives and there are others who are much more cautious. The Hawke Government is conspicuously pragmatic in its approach to reformist issues: I understand and accept that. But I still would undoubtedly be numbered among the more adventurous in the government in terms of my willingness to move the pace along because I think it is only by ensuring that this kind of legislation will bite effectively in practice that you can ultimately overcome the problems of the denial of civil liberties in Queensland and elsewhere.

**Penthouse:** When the Bill Of Rights concept first came up under Lionel Murphy when he was Attorney-General the idea seemed to be to make it a strong piece of legislation which would not only be legislation in its own right, but would become part of the Constitution. Do you see any prospect of that happening and can I lead from that on to the prospects for constitutional reform generally?

**Evans:** Well, that concept is still around. I helped to shape it originally as a consultant working with Lionel Murphy, and my view still remains that the implementation of the Bill Of Rights be a two-stage process. It would be first enacted as an ordinary piece of legislation, not permanently entrenched in the way that it would be if it was part of the Constitution, in order to test out the practical operation of what are essentially revolutionary new concepts. The courts will take some time in learning to cope with these new concepts and they will certainly, as Canadian experience showed through the Sixties, produce along the way some fairly bizarre interpretations which will undoubtedly be at odds with what the authors of the Bill Of Rights and its legislators intended. It's important that we have a sort of teething period where there is the technical opportunity to rewrite the Bill where problems show up.

You'd then move to the stage of trying to implement it as part of the Constitution. Also involved is the process of educating the public as to what this concept is all about. If you ran a Bill Of Rights proposal to referendum right now you'd have every lunatic right-wing organisation coming out of the woodwork — as they always do — and raising problems and alarms of one kind and another. It's impossible to imagine something as new as this not demanding a long period of familiarisation. So the ultimate objective undoubtedly remains to have a Bill Of Rights enshrined in the Constitution, but it would have to be as a result of an evolutionary process.

**Penthouse:** Realistically, it seems that any effort to change the Constitution — even in fairly minor ways — is doomed to failure if any section of the community campaigns against it. It need not even be a political party. Is there any way around this?

**Penthouse:** I'm not as completely pessimistic as that; I think it's just a matter of striking the moment and taking advantage of circumstances as they arise. If for example we had, as we originally intended, pursued the concept of a fixed-term Parliament in August 1983, I think the circumstances of a run of early elections, a honeymoon for the then newly elected government and the general desire to rationalise the electoral process would have produced a favorable referendum result, even in the face of hostility from the opposition parties.

The opinion polls showed 70 percent or more support in every state for that proposal. But for one reason or another that opportunity was missed.

**Penthouse:** You have acknowledged often in the past that Lionel Murphy was a big influence on you. How did that come about?

**Evans:** Lionel Murphy was about a lot of the things I've always been about: he's genuinely idealistic; he's genuinely reform-minded; he has a genuine impatience with the constraints of institutional disciplines... I've always had a great admiration for his energy, his intellectual creativity, his genuine commitment to reform of institutions and his genuine passion for libertarian causes. Like everyone else I've acknowledged the other side to Lionel's character — his tendency to be fast and loose and to throw himself on his horse and gallop madly off in all directions. There were many times when working for Lionel and following his career since had all the thrills and excitement of a downhill toboggan ride.

That sort of influence is hard to shake off. Some people would say that I got too carried away in my adoption of the Murphy agenda and to some extent the Murphy style, but I think that is the kind of judgement a lot of people — particularly press gallery cynics — tend to make of anyone who has any enthusiasm for anything as distinct from the art of politics. I regard the business of politics as having two dimen-

sions: that of winning and retaining power on the one hand, but secondly that of doing something to justify your existence in power while you are there. It is that commitment to doing something, to leaving one's mark, to creating a better society, that I've always admired so much about Murphy. But I'm also happy to acknowledge all the kinds of problems that are associated with that kind of political style.

**Penthouse:** Finally, a question that I suppose you have been asked before. Have you ever had any ambition to finish your career by following Lionel Murphy from the Senate across the lawn to the High Court?

**Evans:** It's a thought I suppose inevitably lurks around the back of one's mind as a possible long-range fate, but I think that I have got a good many more years of active political life in me yet. So I don't even want to contemplate doing that at this stage.

I am extremely conscious of the great power that can be exercised for good as well as for ill by the High Court, but it still doesn't compare remotely with the kind of power — again for good or ill — that can be exercised by governments, certainly a government with an effective working command of both houses. So as long as idealistic breath continues to be drawn, I guess my priorities in life would remain being an effective member of an effective reform government. ☐

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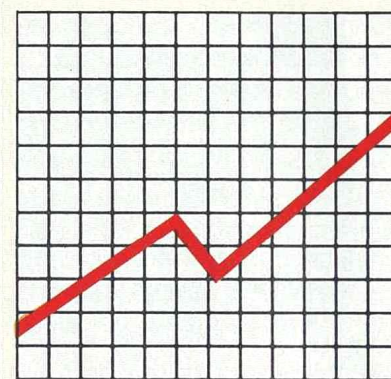
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## PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

### WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?



Human beings began making excuses for themselves right from the start. Adam, you may recall, blamed Eve for all his trouble. She, in turn, blamed that damned snake in the apple tree.

That's not likely to be viewed as a particularly effective excuse these days, but most of us have developed a creative repertoire of other excuses for use when we're trying to duck responsibility for our behavior. This psychograph is designed to find out how great a part excuse-making plays in your life.

Making excuses — to ourselves as well as to others — is one of the most basic human impulses. According to psychologists, the need to make excuses springs from the fact that we all want to be perfect — or at least from the fact that we don't want to be viewed as complete dropkicks. When we get caught red-handed in a lie, a failure, or some other form of stupidity, we trot out an excuse to show the world that this sort of thing isn't typical of the "real" us. Excuses allow us to patch up holes in our self-esteem.

When excuse-making gets out of hand, of course, it can devastate a person's life. He ends up accomplishing nothing because he's so busy thinking up excuses for why he's not getting anything done. Yet excuses can also serve constructive ends. Lacking excuses, we might spend most of our energies avoiding situations where there is a possibility that we could make mistakes. If we couldn't blame our failures on something (or on somebody), we'd probably never take any risks at all.

Excuses can sometimes work as social lubricants as well. If you're invited to a dull party, it's a lot easier for everyone if you beg off with a gracious excuse rather than say, "You people are boring arseholes, and I wouldn't go to your party if you paid me." Or let's say your boss tells you to do something dumb, and you don't do it. If, when he asks why you didn't complete the task, you tell the truth — "because it's a stupid waste of time" — neither he nor you is going to be very happy about the outcome. But if you can come up with a nice, believable excuse, you'll make him feel better and get yourself off the hook. When used with skill and moderation, excuses can make our lives run more smoothly.

To see if your own excuse-making behavior is under control, you must answer the following questions with rigorous honesty. No excuses, now. Just do it.

- With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
  - In most cases, it's hard for a person to rise much above his background.
  - Social background may play a part in determining the progress of our lives, but in the end success is primarily due to our own efforts.
- Are you the oldest child in your family?
  - yes
  - no
- Do you feel comfortable in most social settings?
  - Yes, I'm quite outgoing.
  - Like most people, I'm somewhat uncomfortable in new situations, but I manage to cope with them.
  - No, I generally don't feel comfortable with unfamiliar people or places.
- Do you ever feel you don't really have control over your actions?
  - Yes, sometimes I feel that even if I wanted to, I couldn't do other than what I'm doing.
  - No, I generally feel I'm in control of what I do.
- Do you believe strongly in fate?
  - yes
  - somewhat
  - no

- Do you enjoy any form of gambling for money? (That includes everything from gambling at Monte Carlo to betting in the office football pool.)
  - yes, very much
  - occasionally
  - no
- With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
  - Basically, I consider my life stimulating and enjoyable.
  - Very little really excites me.
- Do you think most people are interesting or boring?
  - Most people are interesting.
  - Most people are boring.
- Do you often have physical ills — headaches, colds, etc — that keep you from performing as well as you would otherwise?
  - yes
  - not usually
- Knowing what you do of your own ability and personality, how would you complete the following sentence? "If I were ever going to be fired from a job, the reason would probably be that . . ."
  - my work didn't measure up."
  - people didn't like me."
- Do you trust other people?
  - in general, yes
  - I may trust an occasional person, but in general I feel most people are out to diddle you.
- Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your work habits?
  - I'll almost always work at a task until I get it right.
  - I'll give something my best shot, but if that doesn't do the trick I'll go on to something else.
- Do you have trouble concentrating?
  - yes
  - no
- Which statement comes closer to expressing your experience?
  - Like most people, I've experienced my share of failures. Some have been minor, but others were important.



6 When excuse-making gets out of hand, it can devastate a person's life 9

- (b) When I've failed, it has usually been at things that weren't really important to me anyway.  
(c) I have rarely experienced any failures at all.
15. Do you ever go out partying when you know you've got something important to do early the next day?  
(a) yes  
(b) Occasionally, but I've usually regretted it.  
(c) I try never to do that.
16. Do you often have other things on your mind that prevent you from doing your best with the task at hand?  
(a) yes  
(b) no
17. Do you often find you're so busy that you can't accomplish everything you want?  
(a) yes  
(b) no
18. Do you find that when people want you to do something with which you are not familiar, they usually don't give you good and thorough instructions?  
(a) yes  
(b) no
19. Do you feel people often try to distract you when you're working?  
(a) yes  
(b) sometimes  
(c) no
20. Have you run into a lot of people who are envious or jealous of you?  
(a) some  
(b) yes, many  
(c) not really
21. Are you generally satisfied with your relationships with women?  
(a) yes  
(b) I suppose they could be better.  
(c) No, I have a lot of bad luck with women.
22. Do you feel many of your problems can be traced back to your parents?  
(a) yes  
(b) no
23. When you fail at something, is it more likely to be because:
- (a) You don't have the ability?  
(b) You don't really apply yourself to the task?
24. Have you had much bad luck in your life?  
(a) yes  
(b) some  
(c) no
25. With which statement would you be more likely to agree?  
(a) Most people in authority — like teachers or bosses — are just decent, average people. You get some great ones and some bad ones, but most are hard-working.  
(b) Most people in authority abuse their power. They tend to be dumb, demanding, and dictatorial.

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 125; the lowest, 25.

1. a-5, b-1  
2. a-1, b-5  
3. a-1, b-3, c-5  
4. a-5, b-1  
5. a-5, b-3, c-1  
6. a-5, b-3, c-1  
7. a-1, b-5  
8. a-1, b-5  
9. a-5, b-1  
10. a-1, b-5  
11. a-1, b-5  
12. a-1, b-5  
13. a-5, b-1  
14. a-1, b-5, c-5  
15. a-5, b-3, c-1  
16. a-5, b-1  
17. a-5, b-1  
18. a-5, b-1  
19. a-5, b-3, c-1  
20. a-3, b-5, c-1  
21. a-1, b-2, c-5  
22. a-1, b-5  
23. a-1, b-5  
24. a-5, b-3, c-1  
25. a-1, b-5

If you scored 100 to 125 points:

You appear to exhibit many of the attributes of the chronic, almost compulsive, excuse-maker. Psychologists say people

like this tend to have an inordinately high fear of failure. Thus, when they make a mistake, they will go to almost any length — and invent the most outlandish excuses — to "prove" they weren't really responsible for the failure. Such people have an extremely difficult time making any headway in their lives.

Excuse-making may have become such an integral part of your life that you don't even know you're doing it. In such cases, psychological counselling is sometimes necessary. The important thing for you to remember is that failure happens to everyone and you don't need an excuse every time you foul up. It's also important for you to become aware of how pervasive your excuse-making is. A diary in which you list every time you're tempted to make an excuse might help. If you review it at the end of each day, you'll probably see a pattern of excuse making that you can begin to work at changing.

75 to 99 points:

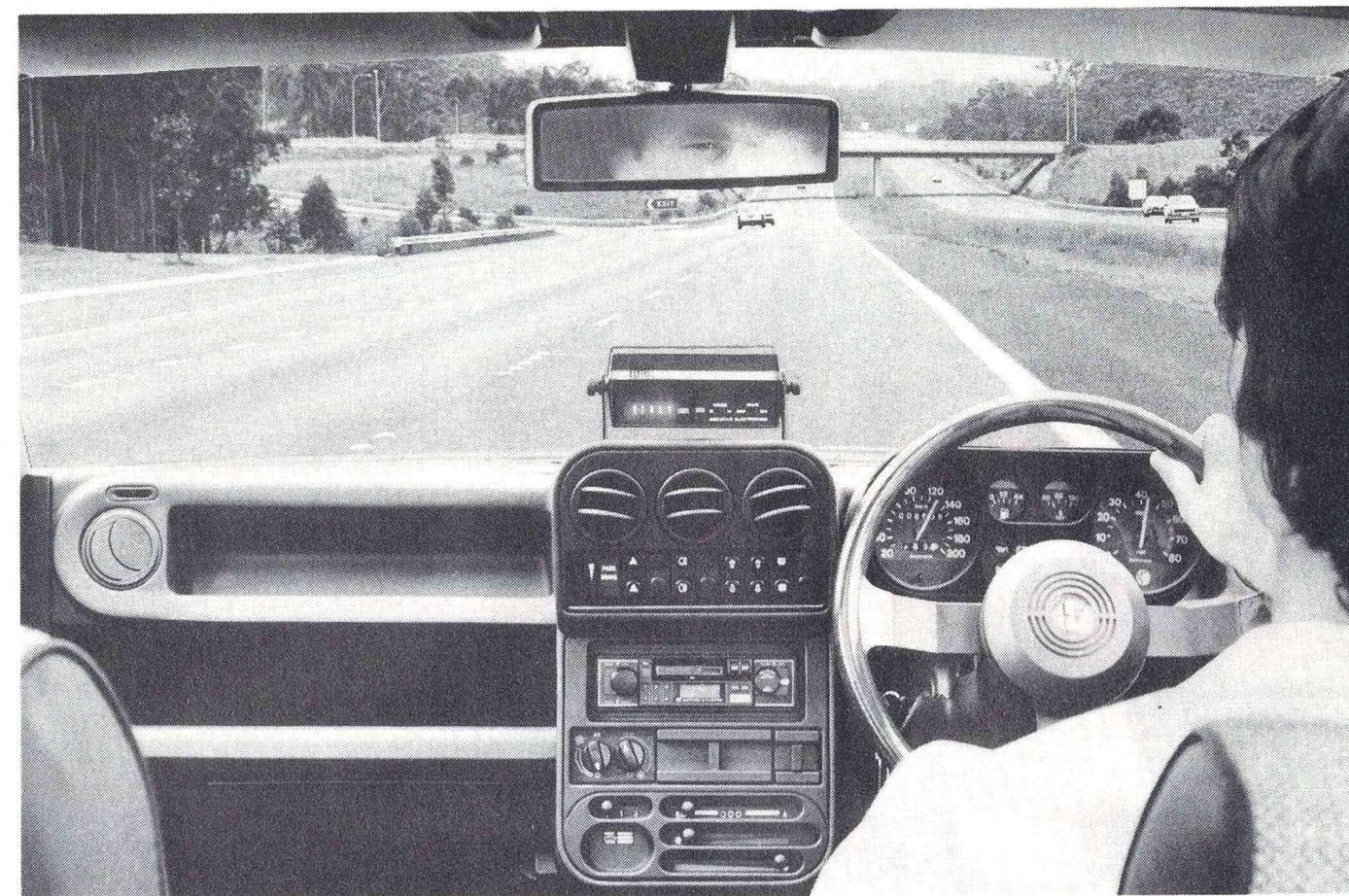
You, too, seem to have a strong need to make excuses for your failings, but you don't carry this tendency to the same extremes as people in the category above. Increasing your skills — by reading, taking courses, etc — may cut into your excuse-making. If you feel more competent, you'll have an easier time accepting responsibility for your occasional failures.

50 to 74 points:

You might be termed an effective excuse-maker. You don't make a lot of excuses, and when you do use them they're likely to be valid. People believe your excuses because you don't overdo it. When you're tempted to make up a phony excuse, you'll often decide against using it. You know that, in the long run, it's usually better to accept responsibility for a failure.

25 to 49 points:

You probably hate people who use excuses. You are likely to have a strong belief that everyone should be responsible for his own actions. Even when you have an airtight, legitimate excuse you probably won't use it, because you view excuse-making as weak behavior. You probably don't even like to make those little-white-lie social excuses that others use to keep their lives running smoothly. You're probably viewed as a prickly, blunt, but extremely honest person. 



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To the wealthy nonconformist, a luxury car is nothing without the personal touch

No-one, but no-one ever messed with a Rolls-Royce. The commandment was etched in stone. And then along came irreverent John Lennon with his outrageous multi-hued flower-power design. The Beatle's Roller looked like it'd been attacked by a group of frenzied, finger-painting preschoolers.

*Nouveau riche* Lennon, of the ever-expanding and marvellously malevolent mind, had stuck it up the toffs. He'd vandalised that adored symbol of the British upper crust. There were wider implications. Suddenly nothing automotive was sacred. No car, no matter how it rated in the motor-ing Debrett's, was immune to self-expression.

Personalising — or customising — motor cars has been a fact of life since Karl Benz trotted out the first horseless carriage exactly 100 years ago. Today, though, it is a huge business with technology rivalling that of the giant car makers and with marketing expertise in many cases superior to that of some of the auto manufacturers. The more accomplished of the after-market merchandisers often have a grounding in motor racing. This provides a ready-made marketing platform as well as being a realistic test bed for the gear.





## MOD CONS

A flip through dusty automobile archives reveals that tarting-up and hotting-up first came to prominence in the Fifties and Sixties. Greased-backed, duck-tailed Happy Days petrolheads recognised customising as a means of turning an otherwise mundane motor car of advancing years into something with personality and character. Today, in Holden Torana and Monaro-land, high-flyers in the social order are those with the fastest and flashiest street machines. The youthful renegades of Bankstown and Sunshine are big on bolt-on go-faster bits. Bliss is idling at the traffic lights with a cam so lumpy it blurs the vision and stirs wanton animal urges in the sweet thing sitting alongside.

Urges of a different nature have been sweeping the more privileged suburbs. Now the pin-stripe end of the market wants a slice of the dress-up action. Like Lennon, they want their motor car to make a bold public statement about their character. Board chairmen are allowed to be different too. It's no longer considered horribly *gauche* to deviate from the well-worn path of conservatism.

The once protective attitude of the car makers has also changed perceptibly. Rolls-Royce, Mercedes-Benz, BMW, Porsche and Ferrari still consider their cars to be above further embellishment, but they now refrain from dispatching hit squads to disembowel anyone suspected of tampering with their precious products.

A market for those who like to alter and adorn eminent autos now flourishes. Names like AMG, Hartge, Koenig, Zender and TWR have blazed new frontiers in personalising motorcars hitherto regarded Untouchable. These days, in Europe and Australia, shelling out a not inconsiderable sum for a new luxury car is often just a starting point of a buying binge for the enthusiastic driver seeking deliverance from the evil of conformity. Selected aftermarket go or show kits can lump 50 percent on to a new car price tag.

Jaguar, despite its racing heritage, is an unlikely subject of attention from the dress-up new wave, given the marque's customer demographics. Race driver and millionaire businessman Tom Walkinshaw is the man behind a range of Jaguar gear now selling Down Under. The feat of riding roughshod over BMW and Alfa to win the 1984 European Touring Car Championship with a V12 Jaguar XJS set the scene for the introduction of a range of Tom Cat gear. Tom Walkinshaw Racing — one of the world's outstanding race and roadcar preparation operations — assigned a chappie named Peter Howard, a lecturer in auto design at the Royal College of Art, to create a functional and visually dramatic body kit for the Jaguar coupe and sedan range. The brief was to improve the cars' aerodynamic efficiency without cutting into

sheet metal. Howard penned a few versions, then played with plasticine models. Wind tunnel tests of the dramatically different TWR Jaguars showed a reduction in overall drag of 12.7 percent, along with significant loss of front and rear lift. The distinctive gear carved a niche for itself even among the staid British Jaguar fraternity.

Then to capitalise on TWR Jaguar's glorious win in the 1985 James Hardie 1000, Sydney touring car driver Ron Dickson made overtures to secure Australian distribution rights. Dickson, a member of Walkinshaw's successful Jaguar/Rover race team, now operates TWR Jaguar Sport Australia out of Sydney.

His gear is not cheap. The Jaguar owner pays a premium price for the look of distinction. The TWR ground effects kit — Dickson speak for aero body kit comprising front and rear skirt, side skirts and boot spoiler — is \$3250 before fitting and paint. TWR alloy 16 by 8-inch wheels are \$2900,

They now refrain from dispatching hit squads to disembowel anyone suspected of tampering with their products

the suspension kit \$2800 and the all-leather TWR steering wheel \$310. Selected Jaguar dealers handle the TRW stuff, which is selling to a point where demand outstrips supply. Naturally there's some buyer resistance, more so among the owners of the conservative four-door saloon. The kit for the XJS — a more rakish, sportier model — is easily outselling the identically priced TWR gear for the saloon. Ironically, the dressed-up four-door car probably looks happier than the modded XJS.

Dealers, initially cautious, now welcome the TWR influence. JRA, the local distributor of Jaguar-Rover, quietly endorses the Walkinshaw accessories. "We're comfortable with anything that enhances the appeal of Jaguar. Like everything Tom does, this is all quality, it's neat and it fits perfectly," said a JRA spokesman. Walkinshaw is certainly a favored son around the boardrooms of Jaguar in Britain and Australia. Due largely to the Walkinshaw-inspired success at Bathurst, Jaguar sold up a storm late last year to finish 1985 with 1200 sales, up 200 on 1984. Stocks of the \$83,000 Cabrio have disappeared and JRA recently introduced the V12 version

of the saloon. Hell, if Tom wants to sell his gear in Australia, well that's okay by happy importers and dealers. Besides, the gear bolts straight on to any model XJS and all long-wheelbase four-door Jags. It's no-fuss, no-fiddle merchandise.

Hartge Motorsport specialises in BMWs. Hartge races Bee Ems, Hartge designs and manufactures performance bits for Bee Ems, and Hartge makes mountains of German marks.

BMW of Munich has always been the sportier of the West German Big Two; its customers are more inclined to want to head for a magical stretch of road and put the hammer down.

Hartge, and fellow BMW performance specialists Alpina and Schnitzer, cater for those drivers who want even more zap and character from their 3, 5, 6 or 7 series. They've watched their business grow rapidly in recent years in tandem with Bee Em's increasing territorial gains. Now Hartge is in Australia, sold exclusively through Carisma in Sydney. And Carisma has dollied up a Bavarian babe to showcase the Hartge gear.

It's a white 323i dreamboat that perfectly illustrates Hartge's commitment to performance without sacrificing traditional BMW comfort and refinement. Lower (by 40mm) and firmer (thanks to Bilstein dampers) the fully-adjustable suspension might be, but unlike those with more primitive suspension mods experienced on other cars, the occupants of the Hartge BMW retain the use of their kidneys.

Under the bonnet is a beautifully crafted alloy strut brace (there's also one in the boot linking the rear shock towers). A special cylinder head conversion kit — head job, cam, two-inch exhaust and manifold — hikes the power output another 26 kW to 125 reliable kW. Acceleration is transformed: zero to 100 clicks rushes up in 7.4 seconds. In the world of modern cars, anything under 10 is considered swift.

The Hartge body kit looks right for the standard BMW's simple, timeless styling. Nothing is exaggerated. Wheels on the Carisma car are Hartge's own "wagon wheel" design. Konig buckets and the top-of-the-line Momo Pininfarina leather wheel are the obvious interior changes. Look closer and there's a Hartge speedo recalibrated to handle 260 km/h.

The 323i BMW has always been one of the great driver's cars. Hartge makes it irresistible although its appeal is tempered, as always, by price. Carisma's 323i is valued at \$60,000.

It's odd, perhaps, that so many of the mod merchants are based in West Germany, home of the world's finest motor cars. Koenig does an outrageous twin turbo version of Ferrari's Testarossa. According to legend, only five exist, two belonging to the reclusive purveyor of musical pap, Michael Jackson. Why he'd want two is anyone's guess. Koenig's work on the Testarossa turns an already swift motor car

into a mind-blower. The performance numbers tell the tale: 530 kW, zero to 100 km/h in 3.8 seconds, and a top of 339.

Another Fatherlander, Zender, has a bad-taste problem but continues to foist occasionally attractive but too-often ugly chopped-topped versions of different European cars.

And then there's AMG, founded in 1967 by a one-time Daimler-Benz engineer, Hans-Werner Aufrecht. AMG does Benzes and only Benzes. And usually — but not always — with commendable style.

Benz certainly doesn't have fond memories of some of AMG's specials for the Middle East. Car-crazy Arabs have masterminded the most heinous crimes against moderation and discerning taste, ordering grossly disfigured examples of the Three Pointed Star. Money, we can confirm, buys everything except style. But the one-off glitter-and-go jobs that AMG does for indecently rich sheiks make up just a small proportion of Aufrecht's business: the cream.

The more popular staple AMG lines offered to those who don't bow toward Mecca are in fact superbly designed and crafted and give the staid Benz models a fillip without jolting delicate sensibilities. Daimler-Benz finds it difficult to acknowledge its cars are in need of AMG's handiwork. But plainly many Merc buyers think differently. AMG is a wildly successful operation. Tricked-up Benzes by the thousand have

gone through its workshop.

The ready market for AMG Mercs obviously encouraged Daimler-Benz to cobble up an unabashed performance car, the twin-cam 16-valve Cosworth-engined 190. Conceived as an answer to the BMW's zappy 3-series car, the 190E 2.3-16 quickly proved to be one of the most popular Benzes yet, just as AMG figured. The engine, with its four-valves-per-cylinder twin overhead cam, was designed and manufactured by Cosworth Engineering of England. But the quick Benz has more than startling acceleration. Chassis specifications have also been upgraded, and the bodywork has some bold aerodynamic aids.

Unfazed by Daimler-Benz muscling in on AMG territory, Aufrecht quickly went to work on a more radical 190E 2.3-16. The Bob Jane Organisation — exclusive Australian agents for AMG — recently built up the ultimate AMG 190 2.3-16. It was a frighteningly expensive project compounded by the fact that Mercedes-Benz does not sell the Cosworth-engined compact in Australia. In fact Benz cannot meet the demand in Europe. If it were available here, it would carry a retail price of around \$82,000. This figure is worthy of mention because the Bob Jane car with everything now owes all of \$140,676.

The ebony traffic-stopper is total indulgence. A complete Nevada leather interior — from the headlining down — was a 25

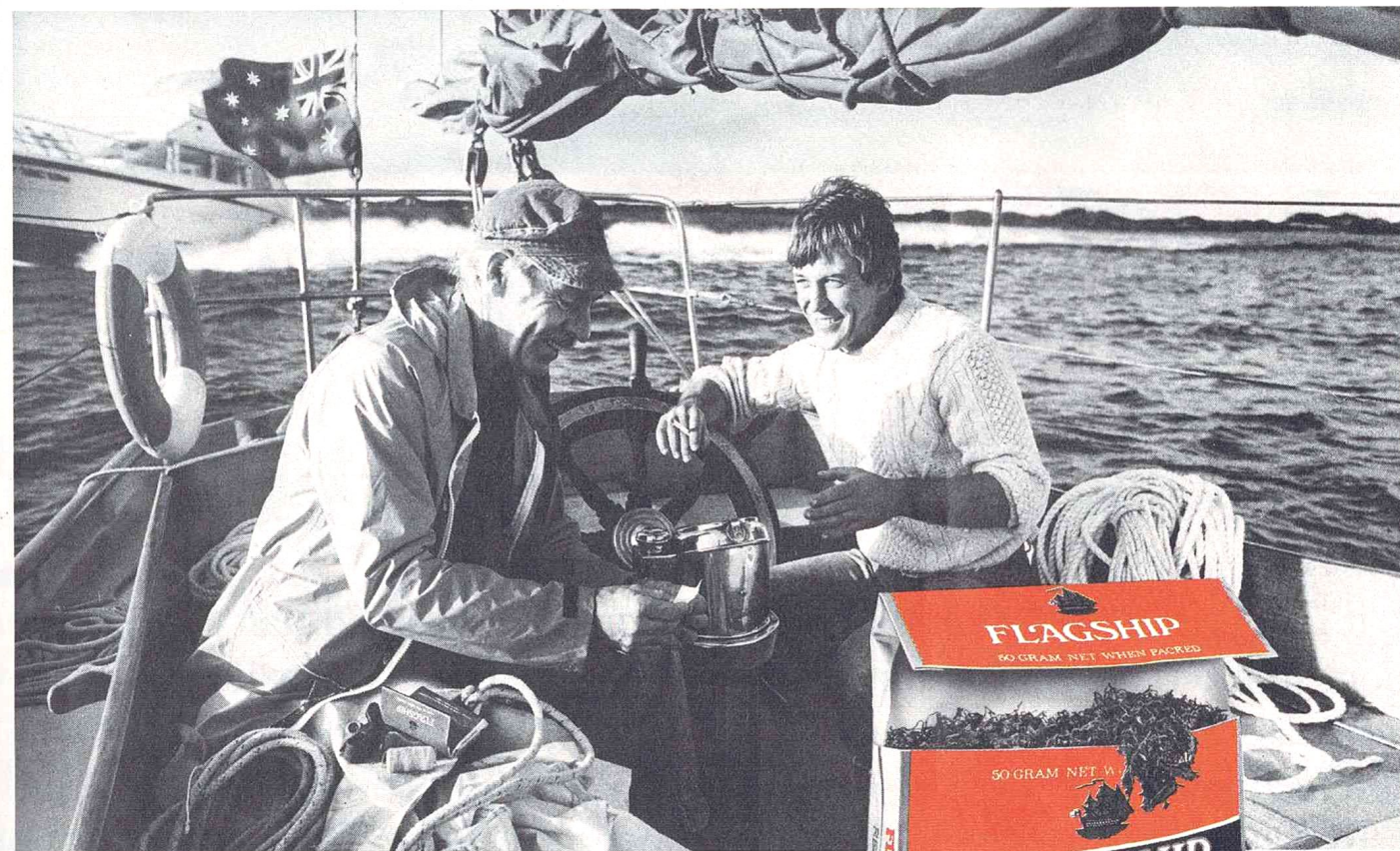
grand steal. The leather AMG wheel complements the total Madam Lash look. There are special electric Recaro seats (heated of course) with a memory to allow the driver to recall his own seat setting at the touch of a button. Sound system — a Blaupunkt Bamberg — is extraordinary. And it would want to be, at \$5668.

Body mods include wide body enhancement. Translated, this means completely redesigned fat front fenders and flared rear wheel arches. And there are extended side skirts and wilder front and rear spoilers. Under the roomier wheel arches go wider 16 by 8-inch wheels carrying the new P700 Pirellis. It's mean, menacing... an effect compounded by the all-black look (all the chrome and mouldings have been color coded) and the lowered suspension.

The engine has been tickled up to pound out 169 kW, up from 136. The standard Cosworth 190E is quick, even with leggy gearing more suited to the autobahn than jack-rabbit starts; the AMG Cosworth is a neck-snapper, from rest to 100 km/h in 7.0 seconds on the way to a top of 260.

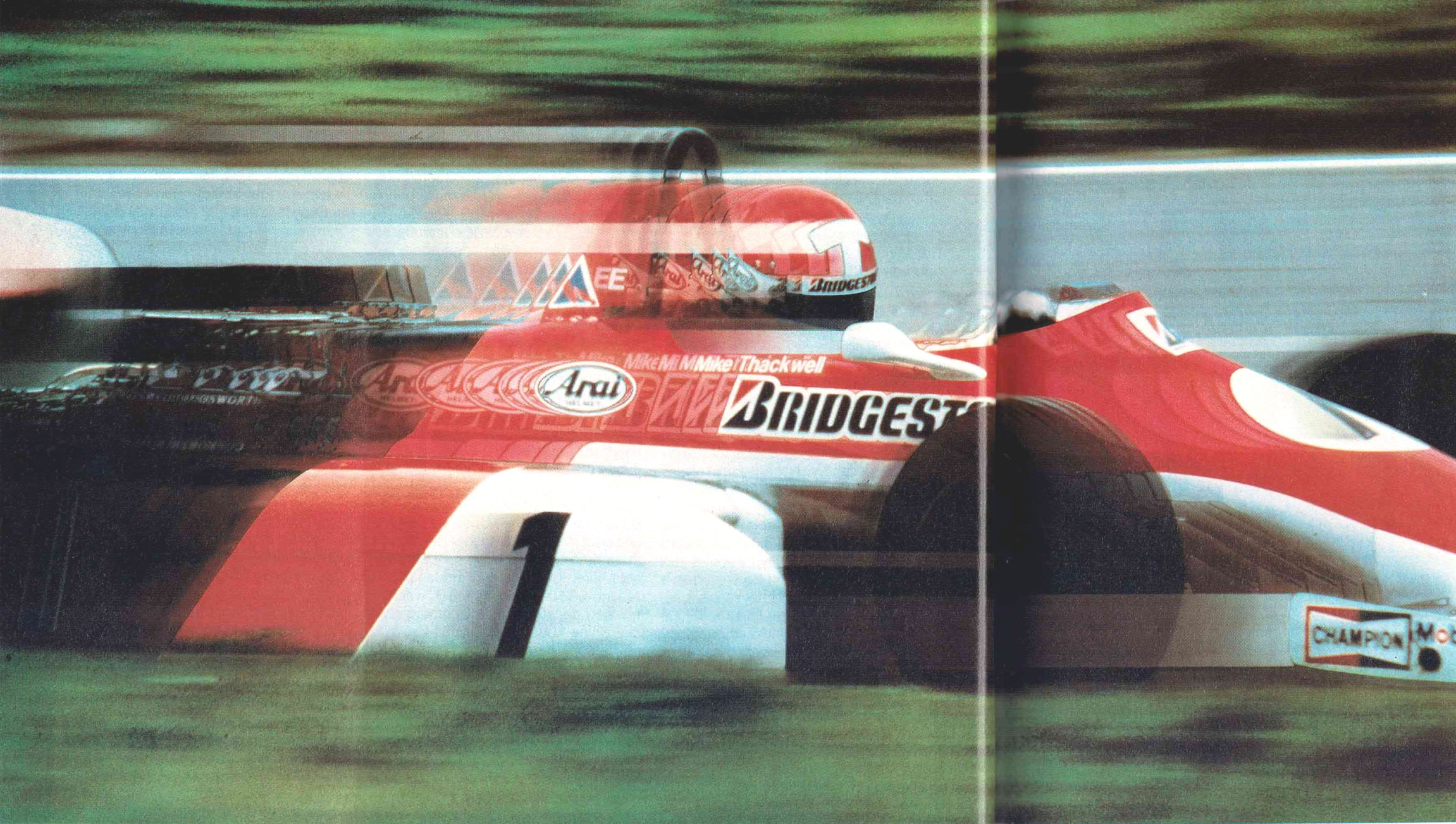
AMG's Aufrecht concedes that AMG doesn't improve Mercedes-Benzenes. He quickly points out Daimler-Benz has the finest engineering standards of any car maker in the world. "What we do," he says, "is make the cars less of a compromise. AMG turns them into better sporting cars."

No argument, mate. 



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# Until recently, you had to drive a race car to drive on tyres this good.

The Bridgestone Potenza is unarguably one of the best performance tyres on the road today.

It is the result of 20 years involvement in international motor racing and massive breakthroughs in steel tyre technology.

In 1981, a car fitted with the prototype Potenza won the European Championship.

In 1985, Mike Thackwell, driving

a Potenza equipped Ralt racing car, dominated the Formula 3000 class on the European racing circuit and the Lowe/Pedders Subaru won the Australian Rally Championships on Potenza E38R tyres.

Now Potenza is no longer the exclusive property of international

motor racers. It is available to the general public.

Porsche are so impressed, Potenza RE71 tyres have been approved for fitment to most of their 1986 models.

Somewhere in the Potenza range there is probably the right tyre for your performance car.

of the Potenza incorporates high tensile steel belts, a super strong carcass, belt edge re-

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**BRIDGESTONE**





SERVICE BY GRAEME SIMS

In the past the invitation to a dirty weekend camping out implied just that. For too long, women have wound up grubby, miserable — and filthy at you — after an "escape" into the great Australian outdoors.

In fact, the most casual perusal of camping supply shops like Paddy Pallin's dispels that image. Technological leaps combined with engineering simplicity have updated the traditional concept of camping as "roughing it", prompting the proposition that camping is now a notably civilised pastime — indeed, it can be an indulgent and luxurious one.

These days, you don't have to suffer a haversack biting into your shoulders; your gear doesn't have to get wet the first time it rains; you don't have to eat cold baked beans, and you don't have to sleep on rough ground. The state-of-the-art equip-

New hi-tech camping gear takes the dirt out of a dirty weekend

# HIGH CAMPING

PHOTO BY NICK GLEITZMAN



# CAMPING

ment, super-lightweight and compact, has opened up a whole new realm of portable creature comforts. You can carry a sophisticated and self-contained love nest on your back with ease. With a basic packing formula and selection of equipment, much of it dazzlingly innovative, you can sleep luxuriously in the wild between silk sheets and feather down. Simple pleasures have reached new heights of opulence.

To illustrate how attainable the status of complete camper is, put together here is a selection of equipment designed to provide a perfect weekend away from it all. It will enable you to invite a partner with the simple proviso: "Bring yourself, one good woollen jumper and a bottle or two of something special. I'll provide the rest." With the added promise of seclusion in a beautiful location, as well as the silk sheets, it's got to be an offer too good to refuse.

The initial outlay for this equipment will be quite substantial, but remember you're paying for quality.

Your choice of clothing is, of course, an area where personal tastes and practicality are essentially applied. However, in two areas specialist technology and progressive design have vastly improved camper comfort: raincoats and footwear.

Until recently, the drawback of wet-weather gear has been that the more waterproof the apparel, the more a walker would swelter underneath it. Gore-Tex, a new fabric, has changed all of that. Its secret is a thin, almost putty-like membrane that is sewn between two layers of liner and face fabric. The membrane contains pores large enough for perspiration vapor to escape, yet too small for water droplets to penetrate. Incorporated into stylish jackets, it means your clothing will actually breathe while you are walking. The Colo jacket, part of the River Series rainwear range, represents the ultimate walkers' jacket. In a whole range of sizes it is extremely light and comfortable and sells for around \$150.

In boots, Scarpa — an Italian import — is considered to have the market amply covered. Its range is made of quality leather, treated to minimise upkeep and improve water-resistance. What makes Scarpa particularly special is its gaiter system, the waterproof knee-length covers that keep water, and leeches, from dripping down into your socks. Gaiters themselves are nothing new, but they have been usually fastened at the boot by simple clasps. In the Scarpa "trionic" system, that attachment is by way of a rubber seal around the entire boot. The material that runs up your shins is (no surprise) Gore-Tex, and it gives the feeling of the gaiters being part of the unit rather than "tied on." Scarpa also has a range of slightly lighter women's boots and walking shoes, priced at between \$100 and \$150.

However, the most essential item for your

comfort is a good pack. If the last time you carried a laden haversack was in the boy scouts you're in for a pleasant surprise. Strapping on a modern pack may be reminiscent of strapping on a parachute, but it's all for comfort's sake. Straps are adjustable, ensuring a perfect fit, as a shifting weight can be extremely off-putting when you're rock-hopping up a creek. The frames of great packs are cushioned and sealed on the interior. You don't have to be a Hillary to justify owning a top pack. The range and variety may even be a bit daunting, but the main decision is one of capacity and that will narrow the field.

A serious walker is likely to choose something around the 55-litre capacity, enough to carry the basics but nothing special, as he will be walking all day. Our trek is a little more pedestrian; we want to spend half a day or so walking to a particular spot, pitch the tent and get the camp fire prepared, and then do what comes naturally

You can sleep luxuriously in the wild between satin sheets and feather down. Simple pleasures have reached new heights of opulence

for a day or two before walking out. Thus we are more likely to choose something between 70 and 80 litres, depending on how much is to be drunk. There are numerous brands, each with their special selling points, but Berghaus appears to be the flavor of the month, so take a Berghaus 80-litre Expedition. It's likely to set you back about \$225.

The main factors to be considered in choosing a tent are its weight and packed size. You can expect a top quality tent to cost between \$300 and \$900; by top quality, we're talking about weight-to-strength, durability and weather-resistance. At the top end of the scale are virtual "designer" labels: meticulous workmanship on materials you'd think might be more at home on a lunar expedition. Weekend bushwalkers couldn't really justify a tent of that nature; down the scale a bit, the Northface West Wind ranks as the ultimate lightweight two-man tent.

Mercifully, gone are the days of hassling around with tents. In this league, tent ropes are redundant. What few poles there are are flexible and inserted in sleeves in the material. The West Wind takes no longer

than three minutes to erect, once you're familiar with its layout. In trying conditions, the swiftness and ease of its erection can mean the difference between life and death. On a trip such as this, it's likely to mean the difference between getting damp and getting soaked if it starts raining.

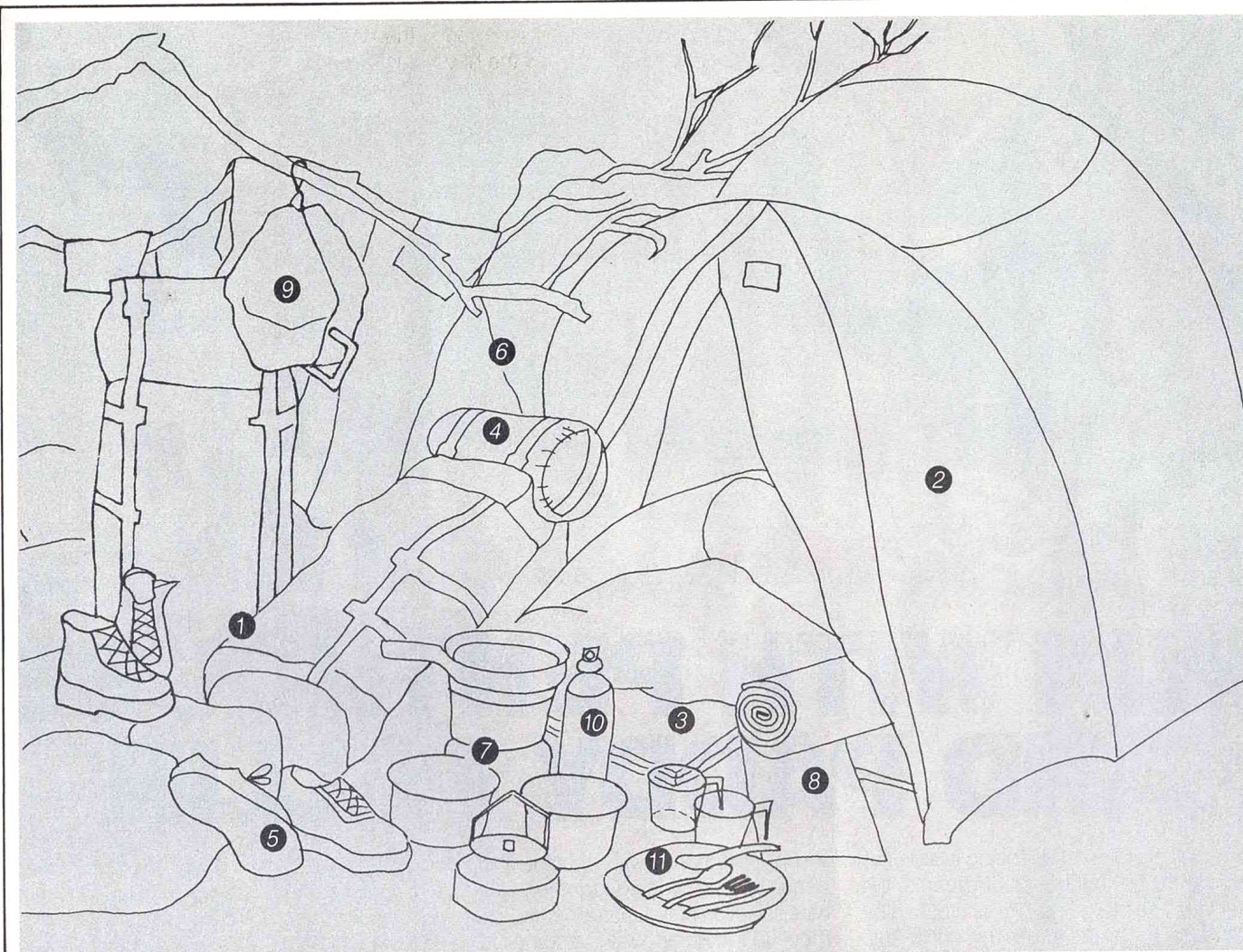
The West Wind is proven in blizzard conditions, but it impresses mainly for its cocoon feel. It's free standing, but peg it to the ground and it's supremely stable in high winds. The flap extension is very useful in keeping wet gear under cover but off the tent floor — boots for instance. The fly, the outer of two layers to keep light tents such as this one waterproof, is separate and able to be pitched by itself as shade — or food shelter if you choose to sleep under the stars. The damage for the West Wind is near enough to \$600.

With your tent pitched in no time, it's time to get serious: bed.

Campers have had three options in choosing a bed in the wild. Air mattresses, or lilos, are the most comfortable portable bed, but they're certainly not the most comfortable to carry in a pack. They're bulky, void of any insulation properties, and characterised by that haunting huff-haw of an air pump in the middle of the night. Walkers have traditionally utilised insulation mats: foam bases to keep you off the cold ground. They're light, but hard. The third option has been to sleep on the ground. It's only been recently that some bright spark put the best properties of both the lilo and the mat together, for padding and insulation. The Therma-rest, an insulated self-inflating mattress, is a Godsend in updating an area that has been the bane of many.

Simply put the rolled-up device on the floor of the tent, undo a tiny valve in the end, and sit back. If your companion thought the tent erection in record time was impressive, wait until the bed actually unrolls itself until it's as plump as a gym mat. An open-cell foam core expands as the air is sucked in. The foam is bonded to an airtight, waterproof cover of durable urethane-coated nylon. When it's fully unravelled, just tighten the valve again and relax. With two beside each other, it would be hard to wish for more. The Therma-rest retails for around \$90 for a single, so either line up a mate to buy one so you can borrow it, or lash out and get two, as they're great for guests at home too.

Choosing one sleeping bag from the numerous high quality products on the market may pose some dilemma, but on a trip such as this the Paddy Made Compact Adventurer is particularly suitable. Of high quality loft down, it weighs only 1.5 kgs, has a rating to -5 degrees Celsius, and has the rectangular shape that allows it to unzip into a doona and zip up into a double. You can buy bags that are lighter, thicker and more expensive, but for our level, and at \$289, it is the practical choice. If in warmer climes, improvise with the bed-



1. Two Berghaus Expedition backpacks, \$225 each; 2. Northface West Wind tent, \$600; 3. Therma-rest mattresses, \$90 each; 4. Two Paddy Made Compact Adventurer sleeping bags, \$290 each; 5. Scarpa boots and walking shoes, \$150 and \$120; 6. Two Colo River Series jackets, \$150 each; 7. Trangia outdoor kitchen, \$70; 8. First-aid kit, \$20; 9. Collapsible water bottle, \$10; 10. Fuel container, \$10; 11. Eating accoutrements, \$20. (Prices are subject to change.) A Champion Swiss Army knife, a Maglite torch and compass complete the essentials for a luxury camping weekend away.

ding, because if there's one thing that this expedition is founded on it's the promise of sleeping on silk sheets. Silk inners not only add the feel of the high life but keep sweaty bodies separate from the sleeping bag, while obviously being much easier to wash and far quicker to dry. Though usually sold as singles for around \$40, doubles are obtainable.

With the light of day failing, it's time to get mellow. From a pocket in your pack you produce a small cylinder, which you unscrew to reveal a completely weather-proof candle in a glass tube. You light it with the Greenlites (waterproof) and hang it from a tie in the roof to bathe the tent in its soft romantic glow. You also withdraw your Maglite: adjustable beamed, lightweight, indestructible torch, waterproof to over 600 metres.

Dinnertime (by candle light), and you pull out what at first looks like a simple lightweight cooking pot, but with brief manipulation it unclasps into your Trangia all-weather outdoor kitchen: metho spirit burner for the heat, two windbreakers (for the flame and the food), a frying pan, two saucepans, kettle and a handle. In seconds

the billy is underway. Although the Trangia is the one most chosen by adventure experts, it costs only \$70. For weight and size it's unbeatable and if rain means no fire then at least you're eating and drinking without a worry. You'll also carry a small container of fuel, depending on how long you're away. As well, don't forget your Swiss Army knife (the champion model for \$50, a "toolkit" with 24 functions) and a compass for safety, for around \$30.

Mealtime offers yet another opportunity to break with tradition and do it in style, with only minimal culinary nous. As it's only a three-day trip, you will have allowed room, more than likely to be found in your companion's pack, for fresh food the first day and a little fruit. Beyond that, an amazing range of freeze-dried food is available. These foods represent no real compromise, as they are a genuine meal.

In this line there is everything from smoked fish in parsley sauce and beef curry with rice to spinach noodle stroganoff or whole wheat fettuccini. You can even get freeze-dried steaks, still raw to offer the cook the chance to exercise his talents. That's main meals amply catered for with

a minimum burden factor. Breakfast might be muesli and pancakes (take powdered milk and eggs — surprisingly good) and for lunch it's probably sandwiches: take black bread as it's the most compact and sustaining, with maybe a salami, cheese and a few tomatoes. Camping is a pastime where eating becomes something of a preoccupation (because there's nothing else to do, say the cynics), so be a little generous in packing snacks of dried fruit, nuts, strength bars and chocolate, along with the smoked oysters, caviar, smoked salmon, cheeses and Saos — whatever you feel up to porting — to tide you over. But stir-fried vegetables, maybe mixed with soy and a tin of salmon, with rice, is an example of what you might dine on the first night. Capped off with your bottle of something special — no point lugging anything dubious — and you have the basis for a classic night under the stars.

With a good meal in the stomach, a comfortable bed (between silk sheets) underneath you, and the soft flickering of the campfire or candlelight, you and your companion can get down to the serious business of getting away from it all. ☺



WIN WITH  
PENTHOUSE!



# WIN WITH PENTHOUSE AND PADDY PALLIN

Though the notion of camping in style has traditionally been the stuff of dreams, the top-of-the-range camping gear stocked by Paddy Pallin's allows the enjoyment of Australia's great outdoors while firmly seated in the lap of luxury. And now *Penthouse* and Paddy Pallin offer you the chance to win the whole package mentioned in the previous two pages in a very special competition — to help make swift your get-away.

The High Camping article amounted to

a shopping spree with absolutely no expense spared, putting together a his-and-hers selection of the market leaders' equipment. In the *Penthouse* Camping Competition, everything from the Northface West Wind tent and the two Paddy Made Compact Adventurer sleeping bags, to the Swiss Army knife and silk sheets, is included in the one comprehensive and indulgent package. All the winner will have to do is pull on his Berghaus 80-litre Expedition backpack, line up the companion of

his choice, pick a patch of ground wherever his whims dictate, and enjoy. Of course, the scenario outlined in High Camping is but one of the possibilities open to you, for the charm of camping is its flexibility. You can travel any way that your nose is pointing and still be sure that you will bed down in luxury.

Simply by answering the questions on the accompanying coupon (you'll find the answers in the article), filling it in, and sending it to *Australian Penthouse*, you are in the running to be an instantly complete camper. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Penthouse* will be the winner. But don't delay as the entries close with the last mail on Friday, May 30.

## CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, and employees of Paddy Pallin and their families.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for the competition will be last mail on Friday May 30, 1986. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends Section.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his/her winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The competition is brought to you by Paddy Pallin and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

Clip out and send completed coupon to *Penthouse* Camping Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the copy on the previous two pages. Only one entry per person is allowed.

1. What is it that makes Scarpa boots special?

\_\_\_\_\_

2. How is the Thermo-rest different to other air mattresses?

\_\_\_\_\_

3. What's a Maglite?

\_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Permit No TC86/270. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act.

# THINKING DRINKING

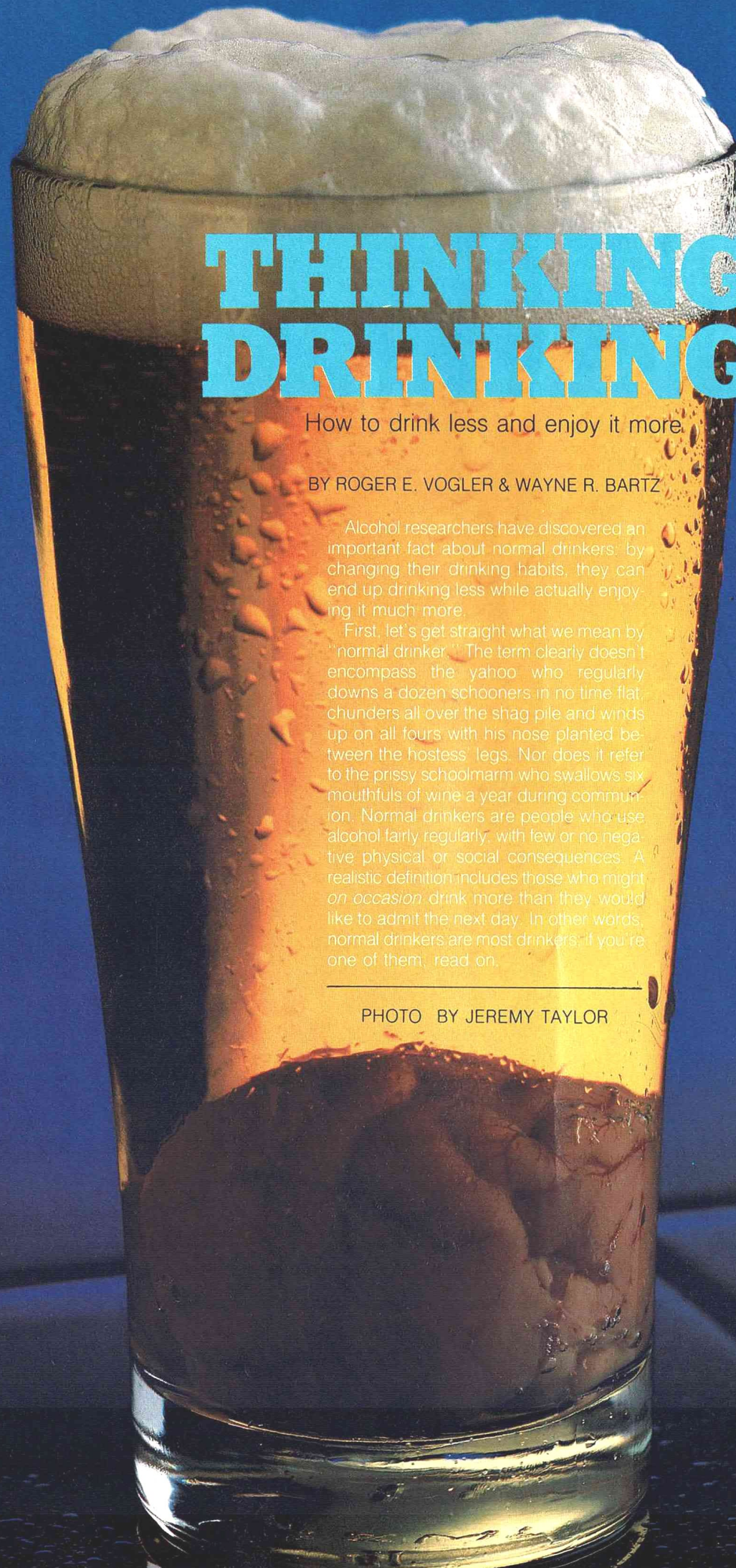
How to drink less and enjoy it more.

BY ROGER E. VOGLER & WAYNE R. BARTZ

Alcohol researchers have discovered an important fact about normal drinkers: by changing their drinking habits, they can end up drinking less while actually enjoying it much more.

First, let's get straight what we mean by "normal drinker." The term clearly doesn't encompass the yahoo who regularly downs a dozen schooners in no time flat, chunders all over the shag pile and winds up on all fours with his nose planted between the hostess' legs. Nor does it refer to the prissy schoolmarm who swallows six mouthfuls of wine a year during communion. Normal drinkers are people who use alcohol fairly regularly, with few or no negative physical or social consequences. A realistic definition includes those who might on occasion drink more than they would like to admit the next day. In other words, normal drinkers are most drinkers; if you're one of them, read on.

PHOTO BY JEREMY TAYLOR





# DRINKING

There are striking parallels, for most of us, between our lifetime experiences with alcohol and sex. We have to learn how to safely enjoy both commodities, but society gives us little practical instruction on how to go about it. As adolescents, we set out with great determination to learn all about both by trial and error; the emphasis is usually on error.

The interminable polls on female sexuality indicate that most men are not stunningly good in the sack: our training, such as it is, seems to have been sadly lacking. The same is true of booze — many of us end up doing a lousy job with it. Again, our early training is all wrong; it encourages us to get stuck into the neck oil like there's no tomorrow. As teenagers we tend to emulate older youths who commonly drink till they drop, and we model ourselves on movie characters who reach for the turps at the first sign of trouble. If our teachers discuss the subject at all, it's only to tell us that if we want to avoid the spontaneous disintegration of our brain and liver we'd better stick to the lemonade.

Rarely does a young person systematically learn how to cultivate the responsible enjoyment of booze. A sad fact, since three out of four people become drinkers and there are a few simple guidelines that can readily be put to use. Here are some hints

designed to increase your enjoyment of alcohol while minimising the risks.

## 1. Pay Closer Attention To Your Own Drinking

Most people have had the unnerving experience of filling out a "Test Yourself" magazine drinking survey. You total your score and find yourself labelled "Complete Lush — Stage 3: Death Imminent." Naturally, you toss the thing in the garbage — and rightly so. The fact is that most drinkers have taken an occasional heart-starter before noon or have been told by someone that they drink too much. When they're glibly designated an "alcoholic" by the quick quiz and so reject the things as nonsense, they tend to avoid any future scrutiny of their drinking habits.

The trouble with this is that everyone should take a close look and decide for themselves whether drinking is a problem. How often and how much do you drink? How drunk do you get? Do you miss work due to hangovers? Do you suffer marital or financial problems through drinking? Has the booze affected your health? If the answers don't look too good, maybe alcohol is a problem. You can be pretty sure it is if you've been arrested for drunk driving, you've ever had overnight care for excessive consumption, you feel no buzz after two drinks, or you consider yourself to have been an excessive drinker for more than five years. These last four items are

serious red flags. See how you measure up.

## 2. Watch Out For Beer

Australians are the world's paramount beer drinkers in terms of alcohol consumed. (The Germans actually consume a bit more beer per head, but our brews are more powerful.) Probably the most common misconception about drinking is: "It's only beer so it doesn't matter how much I drink." A stubby or can of full-strength Australian beer contains as much alcohol as one and a half mixed drinks (of 80 percent-proof liquor) or one and a half normal (4 oz) glasses of table wine. It's a strong alcohol punch.

## 3. Your Body Uses Up One Drink Per Hour

This happens regardless of your weight or the quantity of booze you've consumed (or exercise, or coffee, or anything else). So if you drink more than one drink per hour after the first hour, you will inevitably get drunker even though you may not be aware of it (your body adapts to the signals of intoxication just as your sense of smell adapts to the odor of garlic). The impairment of your co-ordination and judgement increases even if you don't notice your rising blood alcohol level (BAL). So after the first hour, avoid consumption beyond one drink per hour.

## 4. Enjoy Your Rising BAL, Then Quit

Most drinkers report experiencing their most pleasant feelings during the initial drinks as their BAL rises from zero. If they continue to drink they will report feeling drunker, but not better (often they feel worse).

So, ideally at least, enjoy two or three, and then quit. If you are in a continued drinking situation, don't expect to feel better from drinking more. After a couple of drinks hold your consumption to one an hour and you might reach a peak BAL of .05, avoiding the ill-effects of too much booze.

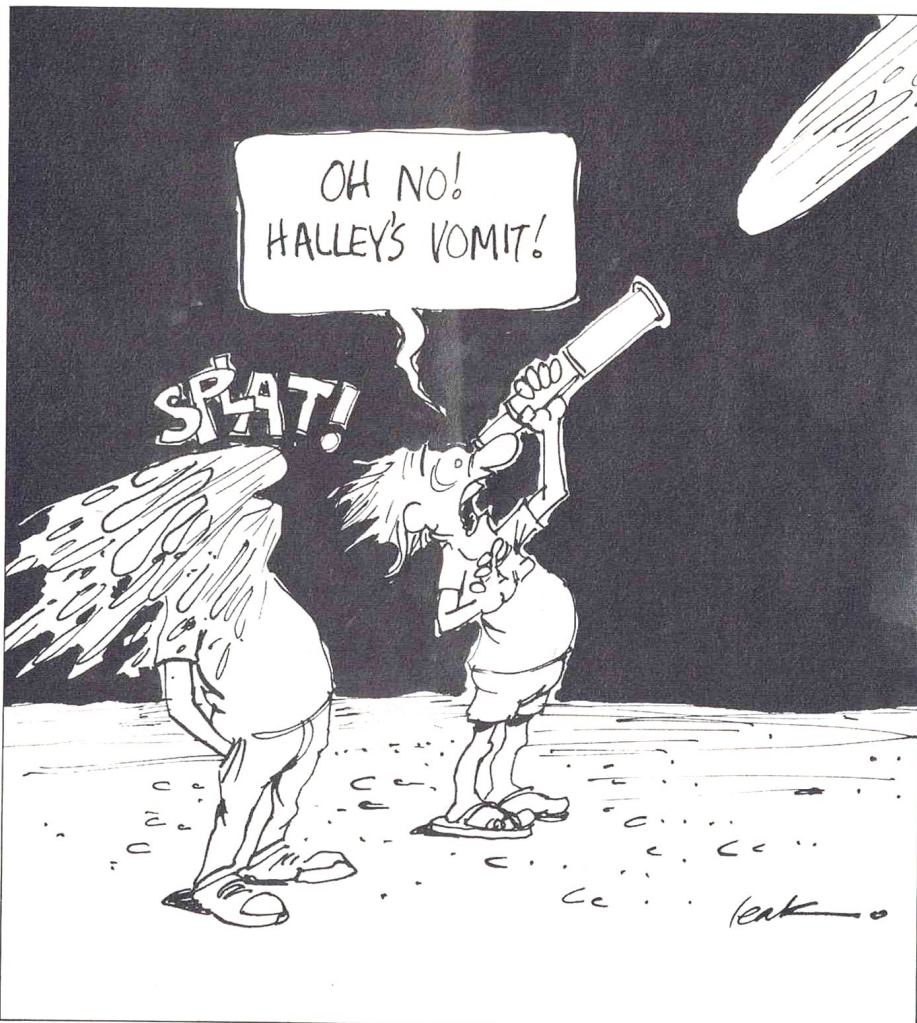
## 5. Watch Others Drink

Once you have some clear idea of your own drinking habits, try watching other people drink while remaining relatively sober yourself. This will enable you to see the positive social effects of the first couple of drinks, as people loosen up and enjoy themselves during the rising BAL.

If they continue drinking, you will notice that the fun tends to fade and is often replaced by unpleasant emotions such as sullenness, anger, or depression. Even if the drinker remains in an upbeat mood, he or she may become socially obnoxious and overbearing. So take a good look at some other drinkers, and work out whether you need a few more so you can be like them.

## 6. Don't Drink Every Day

If you drink frequently, especially every



"Well . . . the rest of the team reckon I did a superb patch-up on your Jimmy."



# DRINKING

day, you have to consume more and more alcohol in order to feel the same amount of intoxication as you did when you first became a drinker. That's because you have developed a degree of tolerance to the effects of alcohol. How much tolerance depends on how much and how often you drink. Long-term heavy drinkers literally don't feel much of anything until well over blood alcohol levels that will bring a drunk driving conviction.

To prevent too much tolerance from developing, it's best to alternate days of drinking to retain maximum sensitivity to alcohol's positive effects at low blood alcohol levels. That way you will dodge the long-term hazard of insidious creeping daily consumption to get the effect you want from booze.

## 7. Don't Drink To Escape

Many normal drinkers can cut back their use of booze for instant stress relief or medication. Alcohol is modern society's quick-fix for stress, but there are other more effective ways to unwind at the end of the day. What did you do in your pre-drinking days for fun and relaxation? Most people can list things like playing tennis, reading novels, listening to music, walking by the ocean, strumming a guitar, watching sunsets, chasing women, playing with the dog or kids . . . the possibilities are endless. Many of those activities are readily available regardless of age. Also, there are a variety of alternative approaches to stress reduction offered in formal classes, self-help books, tapes and records. Deep-muscle relaxation, T'ai chi, jogging and meditation are among the best methods.

So if you drink to relieve stress, learn to relax in some other way before having that drink. You may not need it. It's best to use liquor to enhance pleasant activities, not to get through unpleasant ones.

## 8. Prepare For "Hot Spots"

Some drinking situations may require special treatment. The authors once worked with a young man who was considered quite normal by his colleagues, and he was to our knowledge a normal drinker . . . except when he got together with his brother-in-law Bill at family gatherings. On these occasions he would get very drunk and then proceed to amuse Bill with gaseous eruptions from either or both ends. His wife couldn't understand why he overdrank only with her family. He was typically embarrassed and remorseful the following day, but next time it would happen again.

Many normal drinkers have a particular situation in which they tend to over-indulge — their personal "hot spot" — and they are usually not pleased about it later. But hot spots can be changed with a little planning and effort. The flatulent one, for example, finally resolved to do something

about his problem. To begin with, he set a rigid four-drink limit for himself on family occasions, and did not drink at all before the gathering started. He made a point of arriving a little late rather than early, and after a couple of drinks switched to a non-alcoholic wine. In addition, he loaded up with food as soon as it was offered. (Food slows down the absorption of alcohol into the blood and evens out the effects.) He was also among the first, rather than the last, to go home.

To his surprise, he found that he actually had more fun. Naturally his in-laws, except for Bill, began treating him more respectfully.

## 9. Learn To Refuse Unwanted Drinks

A key element in the above success story was the development of a strategy for refusing unwanted drinks. Resisting drinks is often easier said than done, particularly for men in groups where camaraderie takes

“  
Heavy  
drinkers commonly  
consider themselves to be  
studs, but the honest woman  
will surely inform them  
otherwise  
”

control. The first person to say "enough" is likely to be pressured to continue drinking. A choice confronts that person: he can either label the group a lethal "hot spot" and avoid it entirely, or he can stand up to the group and assert his right to limit his own drinking.

The second option is worth the effort. If the amount you consume is not your personal decision, then whose is it?

## 10. The Lighter Side Of Drinking

If you have trouble with these methods of limiting your alcohol intake, there's a very simple solution: drink low-alcohol beer. That way you won't need to be constantly monitoring your consumption; you can concentrate on having a good time instead. Most of the Australian light beers are around half the strength of the normal brews, but some have an alcohol content as low as 0.9 percent — and with those you really can stay all day. You might be labelled a wimp by beer-gutted buddies, but you'll look and feel much better than them in the morning. And if the amount you drink is a personal decision, the same must apply to *what* you drink.

## 11. Prevention Is The Only Hangover Cure

You cannot avoid hangovers if you drink a lot. Headaches, dehydration, confusion, irritability and nausea are inevitable. Most drinkers take aspirin and antacids the next day for relief, but the only real cure is time and rest. And drinking less is the only effective prevention.

Heavy drinkers sometimes claim they never get a hangover. On the contrary, there is a good chance they *always* wake up with a hangover and simply think it's normal to feel that bad early in the morning. Dean Martin once said he feels sorry for non-drinkers because when they wake up in the morning, that's as good as they're going to feel for the rest of the day. If you agree with Martin, maybe it's time to rediscover the joy of waking up without hearing a jackhammer pummelling into your tender head.

## 12. Sex And Controlled Drinking Go Together

Heavy drinkers commonly consider themselves to be studs, but the honest woman will inform them otherwise. Even short of the soggy-prong syndrome frequently caused by a high BAL, loaded lovers do not tune in well to their partner's needs. And if you're trying to attract someone in the first place, you're more likely to do so without the aid of slurred speech and an idiotic leer.

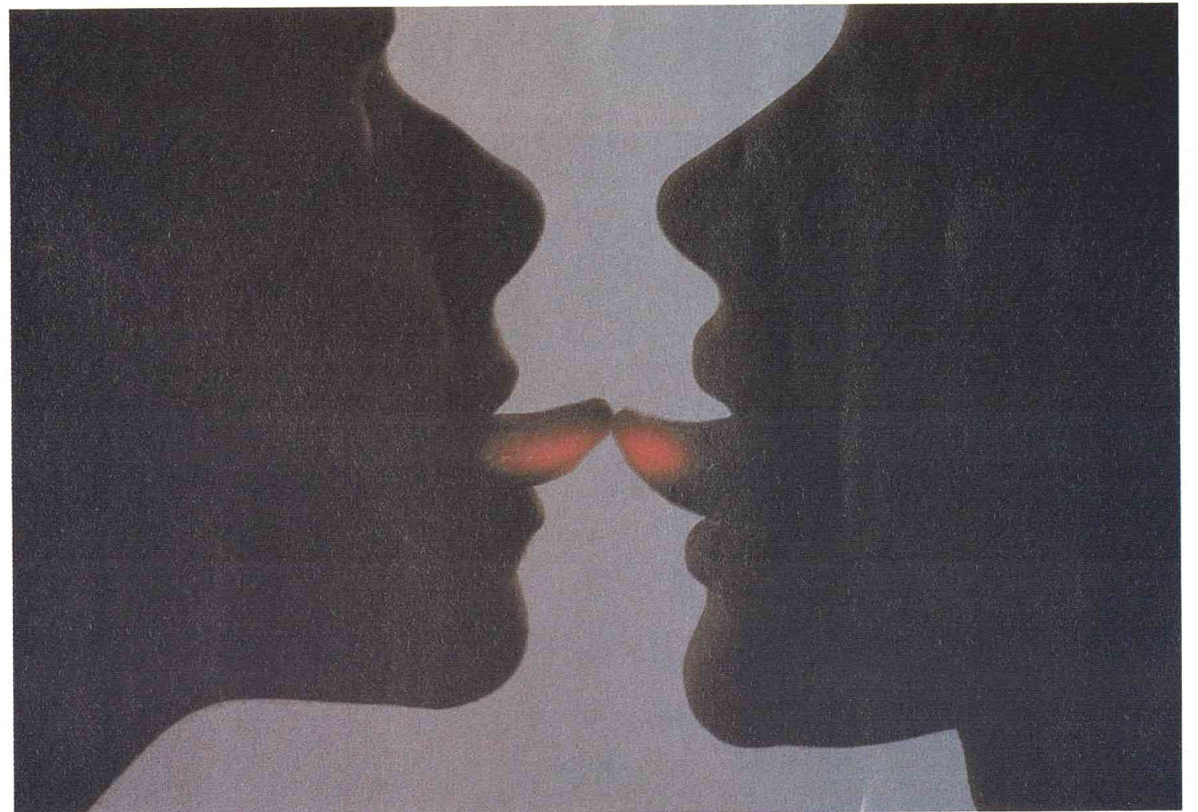
## 13. Drinking And Driving Are Your Unlucky Number

Everyone knows that it's best to be stone cold sober when driving, and governments worldwide are now getting very tough on drunks on wheels. It really isn't that hard to arrange alternative transportation, yet any realist understands that sometimes honorable and responsible people will drive after a couple of drinks.

The best advice is to drive only if your blood alcohol is clearly below 0.05 (two or three drinks for an average-sized man). If you do drive, try to stay on familiar roads to avoid any surprises. The unexpected is what causes many accidents and even at low blood alcohol levels your co-ordination, reaction time, vision and judgement are all impaired. In fact, when driving after drinks it is best to regard yourself as temporarily brain-damaged, and then try to compensate by going slower and concentrating. Don't allow distractions to occupy an already enfeebled mind.

Coffee, push-ups or a walk around the block will have no significant effect on your ability to drive. You are simply not a capable driver after drinking, but with a blood alcohol level below 0.05 and adherence to the above precautions you should make it home in one piece.

Hopefully these 13 suggestions will help you to become an educated drinker, one who uses alcohol as it's meant to be used — as an aid in the enjoyment of life. That's what drinking should be all about. ☐



# DUET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIETER SCHMIDT



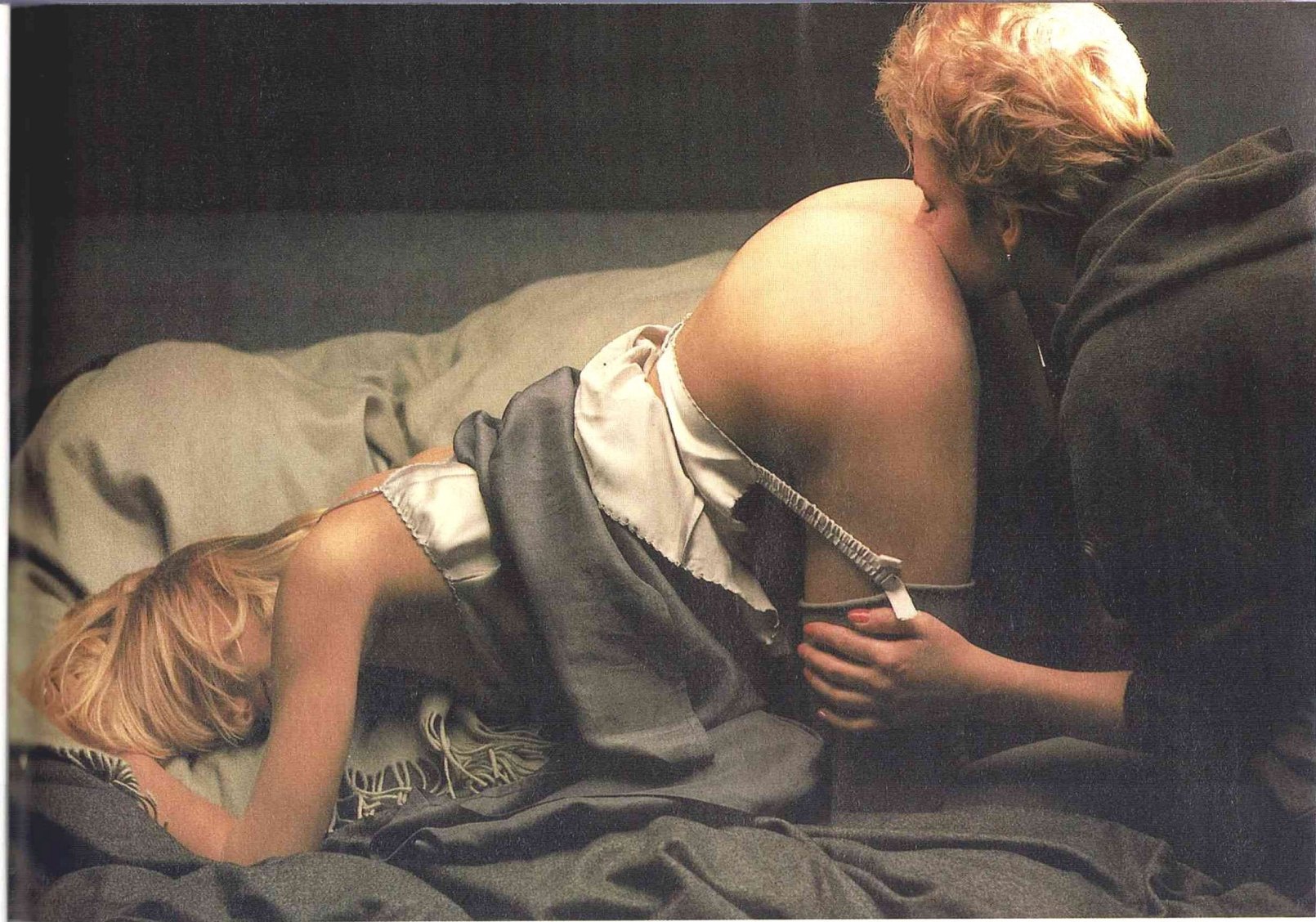
*I*t happened  
slowly at first, almost grudgingly.  
But the two gorgeous solos melted into a  
duet. The curious monochrome light conspired  
to pull them out of time, to share a plateau  
of endless beginnings. Their offerings  
began to be more spontaneous.  
They embarked on a teasing,  
pleasantly agonising  
movement toward  
crescendo.







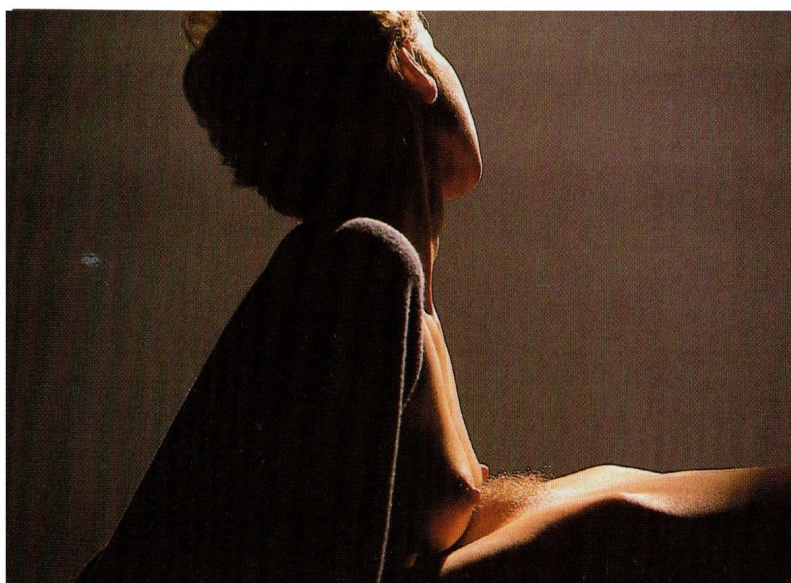
They flirted with the edge, the boundaries between them diminished. Demands needed no longer to be voiced, but were met instantly, intuitively.











In the end  
it was one passion,  
woven, fused, balanced.  
This was a feverish, electric,  
insistent symphony, based not on  
choice but necessity. They hadn't counted on  
anything more than a fleeting coupling.  
But this joyous duet of the flesh  
and senses had brought so  
much more.

○+ 1A



## WHEN IT RAINS, IT SHINES.

Our sporty hatchback has always had something of a reputation for its handling.

In fact, a number of gentlemen from the motoring press were kind enough to describe this in such glowing terms as 'superb,' 'brilliant,' 'tenacious' and 'hard to flaw,' when the 360 GLT was first introduced.

Now, by modifying the shock absorber bushings, rubber mounting pads and roll bar connections, we've succeeded in making its roadholding

even more outstanding.

As is evident when you put the latest 360 GLT through its paces on a really wet road.

Moreover, the car's ride is more comfortable, steering is more precise and road noise reduced.

Yet despite its sporting character, the 360 GLT is just as much at home ferrying the kids to the beach or pottering round the suburbs.

And versatility isn't its only virtue. A steel cage surrounds you, bars

in the front doors protect you from the sides and crumple zones cushion you front and back.

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DESIGN: TREVER J. WILKINS

# LOOSE ENDS



## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

**Y**ou may have heard the joke about the man who hails a cab and asks the driver if he's got room in the back for a dozen cans and a pizza. When the driver says yes, the bloke opens the back door and chunders. Pretty sick, eh? Brother, that's not a patch on the reality of recent strange occurrences in pizzaland. If you're smart you'll think twice before ordering your next family-size extra chilli and pineapple, hold the anchovies. For you may have cause to regret it: if you live, that is.

Fact: Last year a 90-kilogram female thief lumbered from shrubbery in Birmingham, Alabama, to filch a large pizza with everything on it but anchovies from an employee of the Little Italy Pizza Parlor. The assailant had allegedly ordered the pizza, but rather than pay \$17 she had opted to hijack the large pie with the help of a revolver. Delivery girl Brenda Hollingsworth said the woman was apologetic as she brandished her weapon, saying, "I'm sorry, but I just wanted that pizza." Hollingsworth said that after demanding

the meal with menace the thief casually walked off, gun in one hand, pizza in the other.

Mmm. When they say a pizza with the lot over there, the lot doesn't include the milk of human kindness.

Fact: A 17-year-old pizza parlor employee was assaulted while making a routine pizza delivery to a mobile home park in Gillette, Wyoming last year. The pizza parlor lad had taken payment for the large-sized "one with the lot" when he made the mistake of urging the recipient to "Have a nice day." The hungry trailer park resi-

dent responded with one punch to the youth's face and six to his stomach.

Fact: A jumbo 16-inch pepperoni pizza with peppers was stolen at gunpoint from a 22-year-old employee of Domino's Pizza in Flagstaff, Arizona, last year. The story of delivery girl Lisa K. Freeman's attack appeared in a local newspaper under the headline "A PIZZA THE ACTION."

Fact: In El Cajon, California, pizza delivery boy Kenneth Sauade was robbed of a pie from Domino's Pizza. A report in the *Miami Her-*

Fact: In January this year a woman stabbed her husband five times with a steak knife when he refused to turn off a TV football match and go out for a pizza. Police in Scranton, Pennsylvania, said that Edward Kaushas, 33, had offered to go out for a take-away chook at halftime, but his wife Sandra, 29, didn't feel like eating chicken. When a raging penchant for pizza consumed her midway through the second half of the American Football Conference Championship she made her preference known but Ed wasn't going nowhere. The unfortunate gridiron fan copped a serrated knife wound in the face and four punctures in the back. He ended up in a serious condition at Scranton State General Hospital and she wound up at the police station charged with aggravated assault and recklessly endangering another person.

Sure, it sounds like nothing much. A crazy American story filling up space in the newspaper for a bit of light relief. But wait — there's more.

Illustration by Jim Mitchell





ald quoted police as saying the pizza was "laden with cheese, pepperoni and extra onions."

Is there another secret ingredient in Domino's pizza? Something that keeps 'em coming back for more? Heroin, maybe? Whatever it is, it's got the opposition shaking in their boots.

Fact: After a suspicious fire burned through Domino's Pizza store in Boulder, Colorado, police arrested Kirk Alan Hough and charged him with first degree arson, second degree burglary and theft of trade secrets. Hough was manager of nearby Little Caesar's Pizza.

Not all the pizza stories in the Naked City involve larceny, arson and flesh wounds. Pizzas have been known to occasion actual death or have been found lurking suspiciously close to the scene when death has occurred.

Fact: A 28-year-old man from Toronto, Canada died after falling headfirst into a vat of pizza dough.

Fact: A Pizza Hut commercial showing a condemned man eating

pizza as a last meal was withdrawn in South Carolina after condemned murderer Joseph Shaw ordered pizza before dying in the electric chair. In the ad the condemned pizza fancier was pardoned at the last moment. Shaw wasn't so lucky; he ended up thin and crispy.

Surely it's only a matter of time before this frightening trend is washed up on our own shores. Who's to say how long it will be before the afternoon tabloid banners will be screaming things like Perth Pizza Pogrom or Papa Guiseppe Gang War? How many innocent pizza delivery teenagers will be forced at gunpoint to make the Supreme sacrifice? Will the very words of Ham and Pineapple be as a dagger (or steak knife) at the collective heart of our nation?

Be prepared. Be wary of strangers bearing pizzas and be on your guard within the proximity of red-checked tablecloths. If you must go to Pizza Hut, play it safe and go for the *cavatini*. You'll thank me for the advice. And I'll say "You're welcome." — C.J. Mackay



## POCKET TV

It seems an ominous picture of the future when the advertising blurb for the Sinclair Flat Screen Pocket TV tells us, "You'll watch in bed, just as you'd read a book. You'll watch at the breakfast table; you'll watch out of doors, in daylight; you'll watch miles from home, miles from electricity." Frankly, there are lots of other things to do in bed, but with the novelty of its two-inch (fully imported from the UK) screen and paper back size and weight, and retailing for around \$400, mini-TV seems here to stay — particularly with the glut of TV mini-series.

## COMPUTER JOGGING

If you're a bit breathless from the race to keep up with the computer age, then perhaps it's about time you took up serious cigarette smoking and gave away the struggle — preserving whatever dignity remains. The release by Adidas of a limited-edition computerised running shoe has taken the tape.

Maxwell Smart (Agent 86) only had a telephone in his shoe. And at about the time Neil Armstrong took a giant leap for mankind, most kids in the playground were over the moon if they had a secret

compass underfoot. But this shoe can measure the time and distance of your daily workout — thus your pace — and even calculate how many calories you cooked in the process. Located in the left shoe's tongue is the digital display which is connected to a sensor triggered by body weight — thus it is not easily fooled. Only 200 pairs have been released in Australia, most of which have been pre-ordered, but at \$250 a pop there must be cheaper ways of putting the boot into the latest computer advances.

## GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

After all these years Superman is giving Lois Lane the flick. Career-wise, he'll no longer be the mild-mannered cat and flower show reporter at *The Daily Planet*. He's embarking on a stint as a tough-minded investigative reporter, and his lifestyle is moving up, up and away into the Eighties.

He'll no longer even look like the man of steel we came to know and love all those years ago, according to his creators at D.C. Comics. It seems that Clark and his alter ego are considered decidedly rusty by today's comic book readers, who have turned away in droves to find more contemporary fighters for truth, justice and the American way.

Working hard at giving Supe the make-over is artist John Byrne. He's chiselling that Bazza MacKenzie jaw back to something a little more sensitive, and the neatly brilliantined hair is to be tousled with a becoming moussed lock falling over the forehead to highlight the eyes, kohled for a "bedroom" look. Even that bulky muscular body is being whittled by an artistic process akin to the Jane Fonda workout, to give a lithe, defined look. The folks at D.C. are tight-lipped about who Superman will be probing with his newly sensual X-ray vision now that old Lois has been pensioned off — if, indeed, he'll have any love interest. It would seem, though, with all things considered Jimmy Olsen had better keep his back to the wall.



Herbie Hancock (top) and Jean-Michel Jarre add the Fairlight dimension.

## FAIRLIGHT HI-TECH

What do Stevie Wonder, Frank Zappa, Jean-Michel Jarre and Herbie Hancock have in common — other than their creative genius at musical composition, production and performance? The answer is the latest in micro-chip technology to complement their exceptional gifts: the Fairlight computer.

Since the fanfare that heralded the Fairlight's invention in Australia seven years ago, the Fairlight Instrument company (at Rushcutter's Bay, Sydney) has found itself with constant orders from around the world — a list that reads like

a *Who's Who* of the international music industry. The computer's ability to take any natural sound and vary it with 80 different voicings — and store each one — as well as give a graphic display of the sound is a quantum leap in the techno-music business: a fantastic short-cut that is still unrivalled.

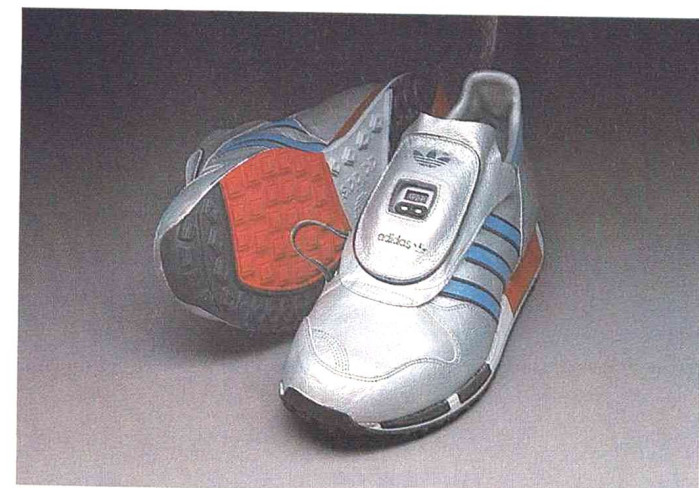
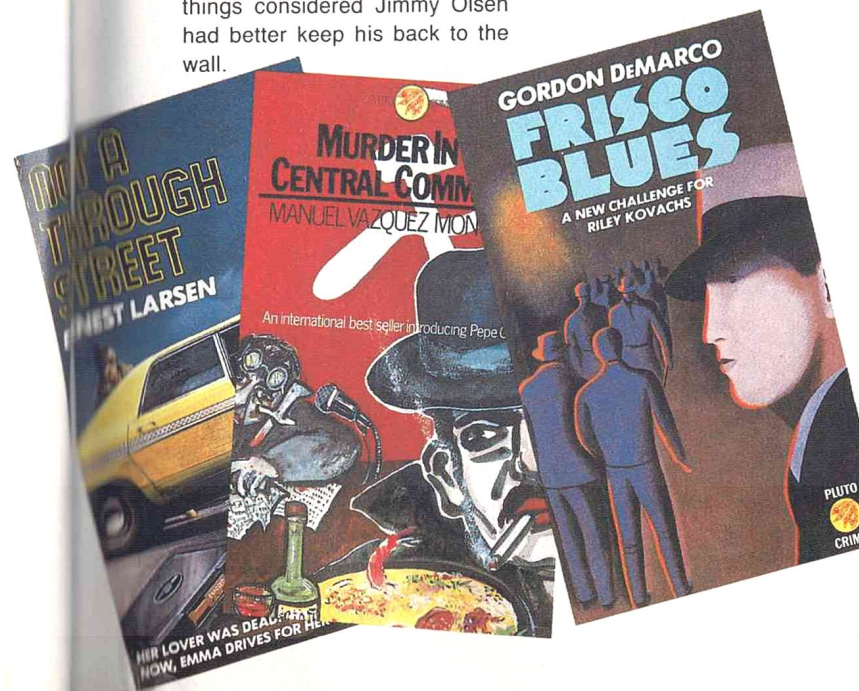
With demand still far out-stripping production — and a price of around 70 grand for the latest unit brand new — at least it gives reassurance to know that the stars have to queue up for something.

## DAMES AND DOGMA

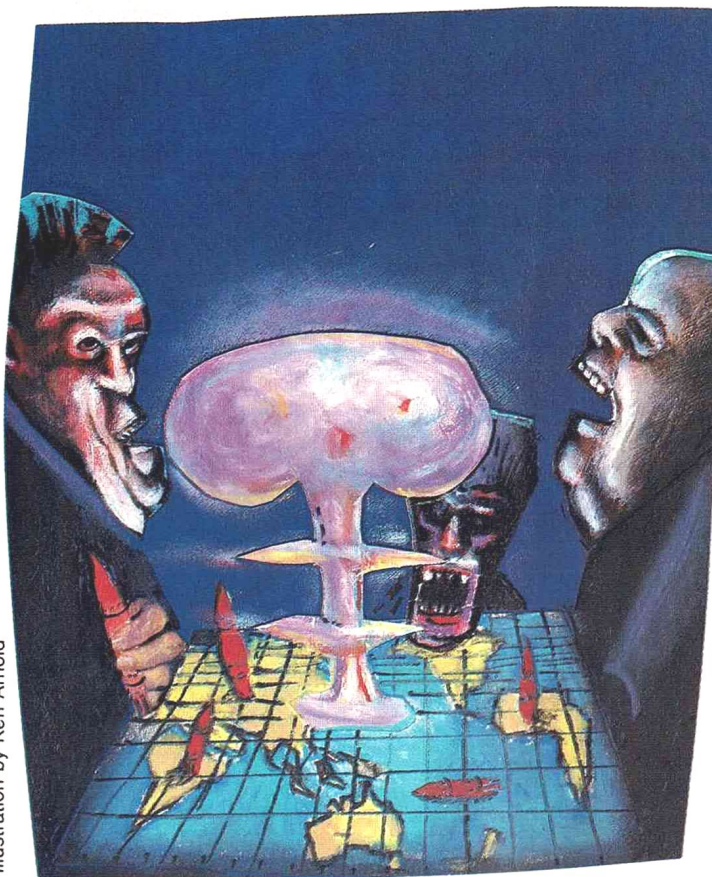
The tough-talking street-wise gumshoe with a shapely blonde in one arm and a devastating right hook in the other has been superseded by a New Breed of investigator. In the Pluto Press series of "socialist — or at least, politically and socially aware — crime fiction", the traditionally bourgeois genre has taken on new settings and incorporated heroes who understand Right from Left and play the game accordingly. None of the 14 books in the rapidly expanding series tries to ram ideology down the reader's throat; storytelling remains paramount

and plots unfold with Chandleresque speed and precision. The stories pack a punch all right, but not necessarily a winding right to the mid-section. They sell in a standard paperback form for \$6.95 apiece.

According to the boss of Pluto Press in Australia, Ric Sissons, the innovative series began with a competition to find a thriller writer with a social conscience. Now the chase is on to locate an author of the great Australian political thriller. "I'm very keen to find that person," says Sissons. Any takers?







## HELL OF A GAME

Whatever happened to the simple thrills of Snakes and Ladders, the anagrammatical purity of Scrabble, or even the moustache-twirling tingle of foreclosing on some poor sucker on Mayfair? Too tame for today's thinking adult, according to the makers of a game called Nuclear War.

US *Adventure Gaming* magazine lauded Nuclear War as "... the quintessential beer and pretzels game." Two Labour party members of the British Parliament condemned it as "disgusting and offensive" and tried to bar its importation to Britain. Douglas Malewicki, the game's inventor, says, "Why should the Pentagon and Kremlin have all the fun?"

Malewicki was an aerospace engineer and graduate student at Stanford University, California, when he invented Nuclear War

back in 1965. He manufactured the game himself and easily sold out the first edition of 3000. He then more or less forgot about Nuclear War.

Meanwhile, a cult following was growing. In 1973, FBI — Flying Buffalo Inc, that is — tracked down Malewicki and offered him a royalty deal to reissue the game, complete with fallout spinner and all its cards for "Saturn missiles," "propaganda coups," "100-megaton bombs," and "millions of doomed people." Since then, the small company has sold nearly 100,000 games in the US, and recent debates over nuclear strategy have increased the game's popularity even more.

Says Malewicki: "The object of the game is to conquer all other countries by using guile and cunning. If that fails — nuke 'em!"

## FISH AND MICROCHIPS

Fish and chips will never quite mean the same thing again, for the micro-chip technology incorporated into DAIWA's new micro-computer fishing reel has taken the timeless art and thrust it into the age of the digital readout. For experts, it can tell them exactly where a fish strikes (for when they're fishing specific

areas), how deep (if the line is going straight down), or how fast they're winding in a lure (which has an optimal speed). For novices, it can make them pay attention to the sort of things that interest experts. It may not tell you exactly what you had for breakfast ... but it can tell you lots about where you hooked it.



## YABBADABBADOO

Red Flintstone would have given Wilma one — a Rock Watch, that is. And a Rock Watch is just as it sounds, a wristwatch made of rock. Each of these fossil fashion accessories is unique — carved from Swiss granite and available in about 20 different shades and patterns of rock. With leather band, these waterproof watches are now selling at leading jewellery and department stores for \$195.

## STOP THE WORLD ...

A major overseas toymaker has produced a series of "Rambo Action Dolls" — shirtless action figures in headbands that "stalk jungles" and "kill Communists."

Officials at the University of California in San Diego have added the Nude Kite Flyers Club and the Homosexual Vegetarian Commune to their list of approved student organisations on campus.

A Massachussets health researcher says that exercise causes cancer.

A New York animal shelter held a lottery for dogs in which the winner was given a cruise aboard the liner *Queen Elizabeth II*, including the services of an attendant to walk the winner around the promenade deck.

One of the hostages seized in the hijacking of the TWA jet that later wound up in Beirut demanded that the airline credit him with 11,000 miles under its "frequent flyer program."

## AND THE WINNERS ARE ...

Mr Ian Wallace of Middle Park in Queensland will be jetting off to Britain sometime soon courtesy of British Airways and *Australian Penthouse*. Mr Wallace correctly iden-

tified photographs of five European cities to win a luxury package valued at \$8000. He and a partner will be taking their return trip to London flying British Airways Super Club Class.

Mr Stephen Peterson of East Corral in NSW is the winner of the second competition in December *Australian Penthouse*. He has taken delivery of a Pacific minifridge and six bottles of Carrington champagne to celebrate his windfall. Cold comfort from Pacific and *Penthouse*. Cheers.

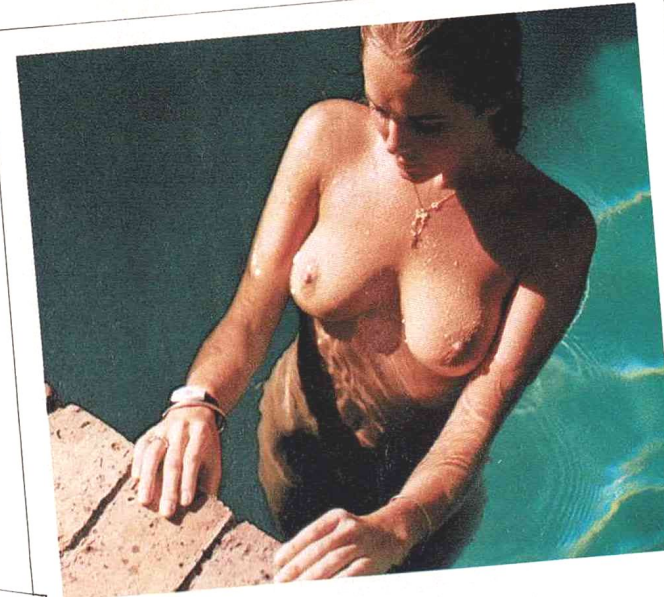


Photo by Gavin Rutzou, St Ives, NSW.

## WIN WITH PENTHOUSE AND POLAROID

It's Polaroid time again! In relaunching our popular reader photo competition *Penthouse* and Polaroid are inviting you to exercise your creativity and share the results for a great photographic prize.

We're looking for truly imaginative photographs of the female form or associated aspects of sensuality. There's a little bit of the artist in all of us, and we're asking readers to let it hang out. Don't just point your camera and click; take a cue from the professionals and inject time and consideration into your shots for satisfying results. Take account of color, lighting, composition and imaginative angles and subject matter, then examine your results with the critic's eye. We're interested in seeing only your best work.

The three reader photographs shown here are a starting point for future contributions. In each case the photographer has used novel angles, props or filters to achieve fine results. Each of these amateur photographers wins a Polaroid Sun 670 Autofocus QS camera — the company's top-of-the-line Sun Camera that lets the user concentrate on the moment, not the camera.

You may submit photos taken on any film, Polaroid or otherwise, for your chance to win the monthly prize of the Sun 670 Autofocus QS or Polaroid's 35mm AutoProcess System, an amazing package that allows the user to develop his own color transparencies in minutes. Please complete the coupon on this page and attach it to your photo entries and post to *Penthouse*.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to:  
*Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: \_\_\_\_\_

Address of photographer: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone number of photographer: \_\_\_\_\_

Name of subject: \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone number of subject: \_\_\_\_\_

I (the subject) ..... of .....  
am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid Sun 670 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature of witness: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

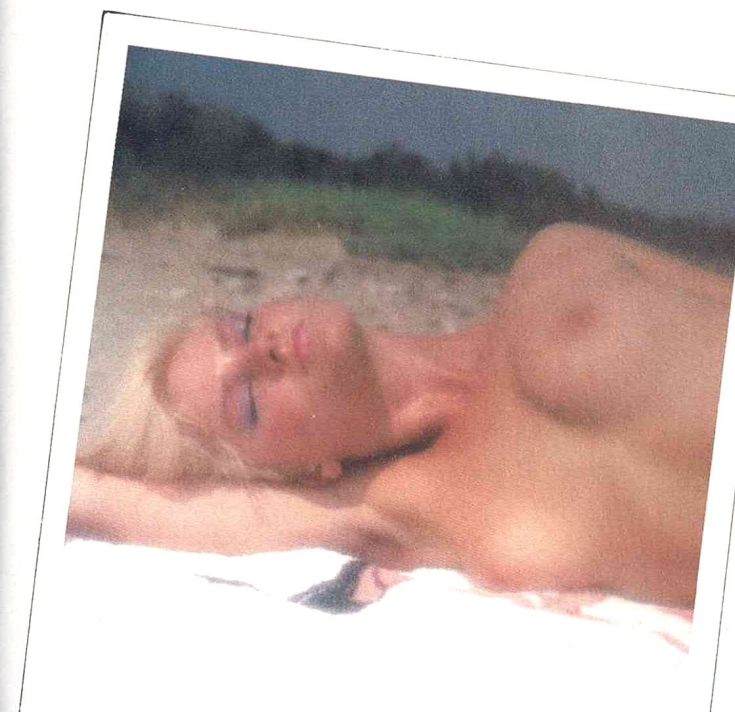


Photo by Brett Mooney, Fannie Bay, NT.

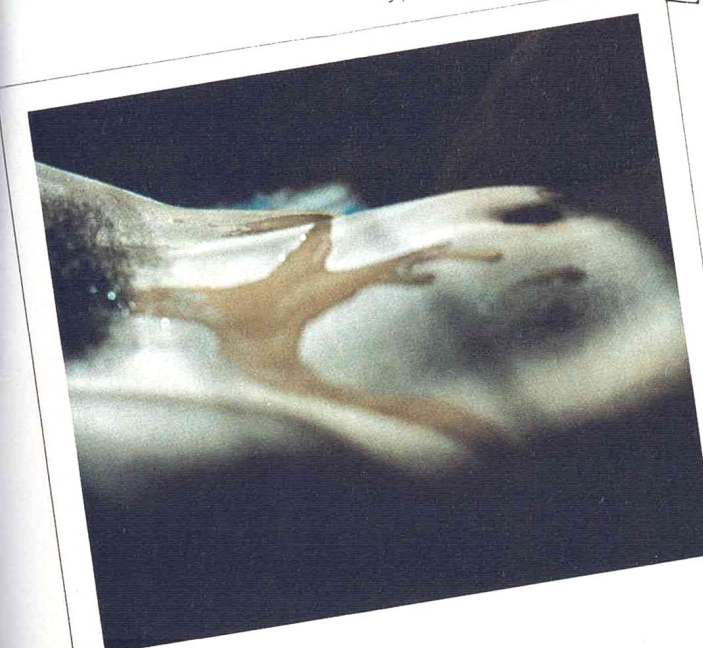


Photo by Fred Smith, Mosman, NSW.





Sydney's Kristina Dwyer

## COMING IN JUNE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

**Ten Worst Cars** — Are you driving one of the ten worst cars of the Eighties? Your darkest fears could be confirmed when you check out *Penthouse* Motoring Editor Peter McKay's blacklist of the most lamentable lemons to roll off the production line this decade. If you're on the road to mechanical mayhem, the time to find out about it is now.

**The Sikh Terror Plot** — When the FBI last year arrested several Sikh terrorists who were allegedly trying to kill the Indian Prime Minister, it turned out that some of these men had been trained in a mercenary camp in Alabama, USA. That revelation caused a world-wide furore. Now the former intelligence officer who runs the mercenary training camp, Frank Camper, reveals the incredible story behind the training and capture of the desperate Sikhs. Camper's story, presented in two parts, reads like a spy fiction best-seller. It's another *Penthouse* exclusive.

**Flights Of Fancy** — How close is close? Two metres apart at 400 knots. That's how fine the RAAF Roulettes — Australia's only sanctioned aerobatics team — cut it when they take a spin on the wheel of fortune. Their high-powered act blasts off in next month's *Penthouse*.

**Sex In Japan** — What accounts for the truly bizarre quality of the Japanese approach to recreational sex . . . the "love hotels", the strange sexual software, and the bars that cater to the most outlandish fantasies? This insightful story, penned by a self-confessed connoisseur of Japanese delight, has most of the answers.

**Feral People** — Intrepid correspondent Frank Robson goes deep into the rainforests of northern Queensland to check out what's happening in the world of truly committed hippiedom. Among other discoveries, Robson brings to light the bizarre Fruit People, naked denizens of the jungle who roam the earth in search of mangoes. Don't miss this enlightening report on the people who time forgot.

**Pet Of The Month** — Kristina Dwyer is a lithe, honey-skinned, blonde-haired Sydney beach girl — and she's cuter than a kewpie doll. Just the thing to pull you through a cold winter's night. Catch her scintillating act in next month's *Penthouse*.

## RAMBO

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Baron very cross.

"A lot of people seem to think reaching this standard is something that just happens," he says. "They think you go to bed, wake up the next morning and say: 'Hey, I want to have a high profile.' Well, first of all you gotta break seven tiles with your hand. Would you like to break seven tiles with your hand?"

Not really, I admit.

"Okay. Then you gotta win the Offshore Class One Australian Championship. Would you like to do that?"

And so on. Do I have 1000 people working with me? Do I own the largest restaurant in the country? Do I fly a plane, waterski on one bare foot? Well — do I?

Point taken, I tell him. But . . . what about all the sports he sponsors, all the publicity it generates? Isn't that part of a pre-determined business policy?

"Well, I love those sports I sponsor. That boat thing today [Stefan was asked to finance a new surf boat for a Gold Coast club] . . . I will probably sponsor that. Why? Because I respect those men."

He rubs more cream on his face. "And," he concedes finally, "I guess it's good business for our business to be associated with good sponsorship."

Of course. Then there is the matter of tax deductions. The \$100,000 he paid for that Q-1 number plate, for example. Being attached to his company car, which is used in promotions, would it not be tax deductible as an advertising expense?

"Probably," Stefan agrees. "I guess the tax man would be very unfair if he didn't think it was [a business investment]."

While busy as the devil's advocate, it seemed appropriate for me to ask him about the kind of gossip that attaches itself to most successful people. In Stefan's case rumors have persisted that he — along with a lot of other notable Queenslanders — is a financier of illegal drugs.

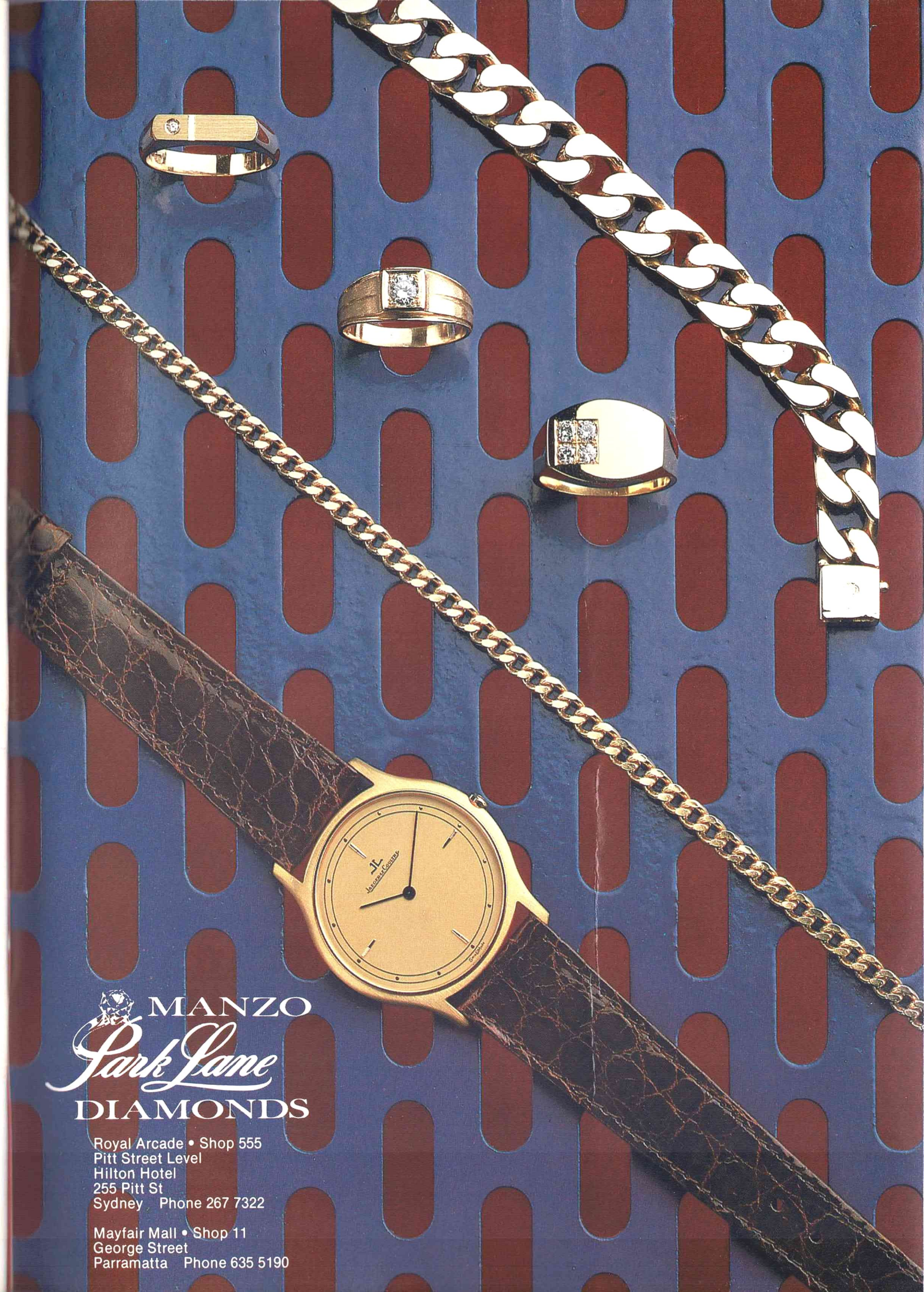
"The gossip people spread is a reflection of themselves," Stefan says calmly. "It has nothing to do with me."

Does it make him angry?

"No! I just told you — it is a reflection of those who spread the gossip. There isn't a successful person in this country who isn't subject to such gossip. I understand how it works: successful people cop it. It doesn't bother me."

Later, he drives me uptown in his personal turbo-charged Porsche with a number plate that spells "HI" and bears a rainbow motif. To my astonishment, even cab drivers defer to us at busy intersections. Stefan talks about the tall poppy syndrome, saying it's natural that little people should want to harvest the big ones.

"They go for the nice colored ones," he emphasises. "The pretty ones . . . the ones that are alive!" ☐



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Pitt Street Level  
Hilton Hotel  
255 Pitt St  
Sydney Phone 267 7322

Mayfair Mall • Shop 11  
George Street  
Parramatta Phone 635 5190





**“Let’s follow  
the leader”**

**“What a  
Sterling idea.”**

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